THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 1, 5cts. THE COPY

1910

More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

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Painted by Denman Fink for Cream of Wheat Company.

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"THE GLUTTON"

How can you expect comfort in an automobile that is rigid in construction?

The first thing to be sure of when you select an automobile is comfort.

Look to the springs. If you do not know what is what in springs go to a good carriage man. Study the proposition yourself. You will find that semi-elliptic or other form of springs cannot possibly equal full-elliptic springs. Automobile manufacturers using them do not claim that they do. They use them because their plan of construction will not permit full-elliptic springs.

Comfort does not stop with springs, although the springs are the main element. There must be flexibility, not rigidity. You know how rigid and hard-riding the lumber wagon is. You would not think of such rigid construction for a carriage. Why accept it in an automobile?

The Franklin, like the finest carriage, is flexible and easy. It has four full-elliptic springs and a wood chassis frame, the only means by which full comfort can be secured.

After comfort the first best investment in an automobile is reliable tire equipment.

There is no tire problem with the Franklin. You have no tire worry; you do not have to carry extra tires nor encumber your automobile with extra attachments and quick-removable devices.

We make the tire question a straight engineering proposition. We are not afraid, because of cost or any other reason, to do it right. We put tires on that are large enough and strong enough, with margin to spare, to do the work. Such tire equipment costs us more, but the ultimate cost, the cost of using, is less to the purchaser.

Compare the sizes of tires on 1910 Franklins with the sizes of tires on other 1910 automobiles.

Reliable tire equipment pays a big dividend every day in the year. The ordinary tire equipment draws on your capital all the time. It may give you value received in rubber at so much per pound, but not in service. Figure it out yourself. Four-inch tires on a 2000-pound automobile are worth twice as much and last twice as long as the same four-inch tires on a 3000-pound automobile. The reason is that every five per cent increase in weight in an automobile adds fifteen per cent to the wear and tear on the tires. Therefore, the average water-cooled automobile with its rigid construction and extra weight due to water-cooling apparatus, weighing as it does a third more than the Franklin, wears out tires just twice as fast.

Is water cooling crude and out of date?

Comfort comes first, but with the scientific construction necessary for easy riding you want scientific motive power—something simple and which is reliable all the time.

The Franklin air-cooled engine is without a rival. Its cooling system is as perfect as it is simple. In comparison water cooling is crude and out of date. No one has ever been satisfied with it. It has been used for want of something better. But you may not be convinced; in that case examine a Franklin engine and a water-cooled engine side by side, and then put both to work on the road, on bad hills or in deep mud. You cannot overheat the Franklin; you can overheat the other.

Franklin air cooling has none of the mechanical working parts of the water system, none of its complication, weight, freezing troubles and liability to get out of order. Franklin air cooling simplifies and lightens the whole automobile. It performs its functions under all conditions. Each cylinder is completely enveloped in a column of rapidly moving air. Fresh air passes over every part of each cylinder, cooling the engine better than is possible with any water-cooling contrivance.

The Franklin new cooling system is the biggest automobile invention of the time.

Franklins are made in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with twelve different body styles. The Franklin six-cylinder automobile, Model H, is the lightest-weight high-powered automobile made. The main advantage of a six-cylinder engine is to obtain an increase in power beyond the increase in weight. In Model H the increase in power is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight. It is the only six-cylinder automobile which obtains the full advantage of the six-cylinder design.

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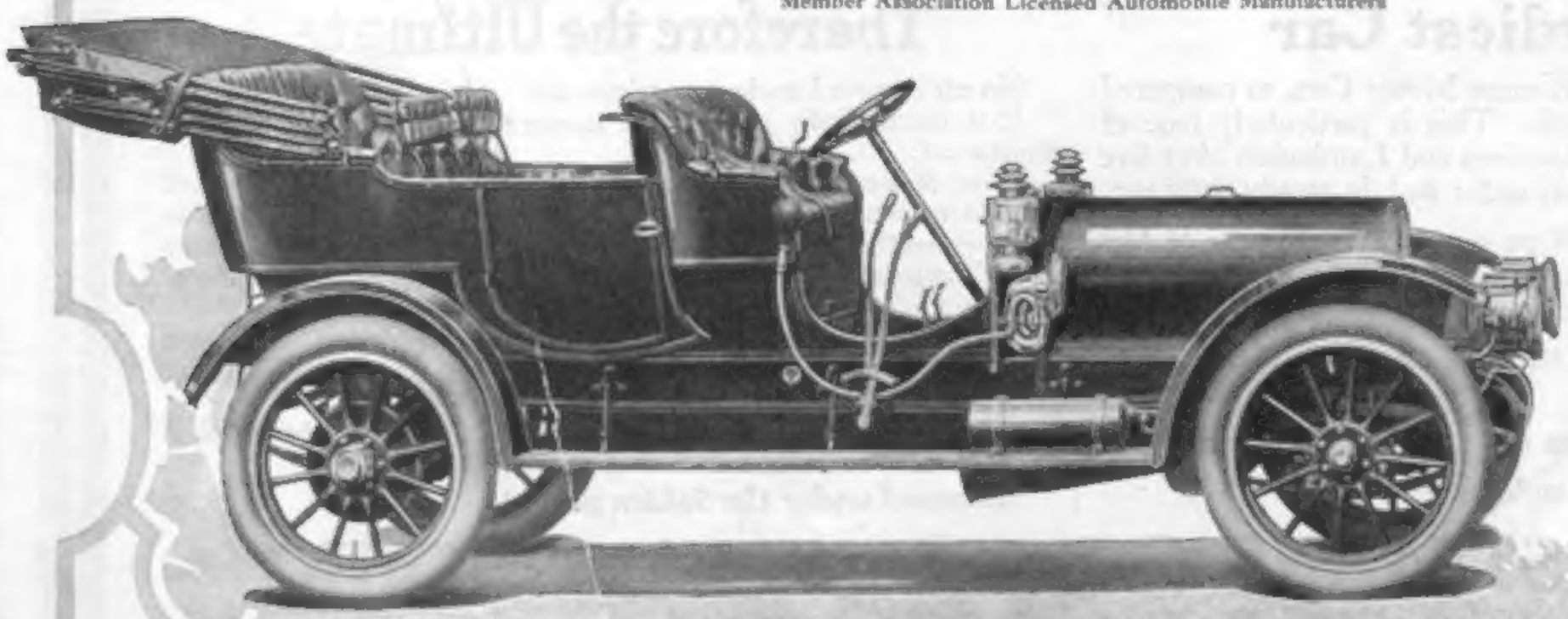

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—the theatre, shopping, calling or evening functions, and in all kinds of weather.

The Town and Country 15-30 H. P. is "the car luxurious." It is designed and built throughout to embody the fullest degree of richness, refinement, elegance and convenience for town and country use.

Its motor is so quiet and evenly balanced that neither sound nor vibration is noticeable. It is so powerful that every road hill is taken with ease, so flexible and can be turned in so short a space that progress through congested city thoroughfares is made quickly without jerking—silently.

Limousines and landaulets are fitted with electric light, clock, note pad, cigar lighter, speaking tube. The design and finish being the expression of the greatest elegance, luxury and refinement.

The Sturdiest Car

The yearly depreciation of Stearns Motor Cars, as compared with other makes, is very small. This is particularly true of our closed cars, as Stearns Limousines and Landaulets after five years of service are in very good order and in steady daily use.

Stearns cars have more reserve power than any car of like rating of any make—the reserve force in a Stearns engine is what has made Stearns power famous.

We spend extravagantly in the making, where the expenditure adds to the strength.

That's why the Stearns costs more than common cars.

But that's why the Stearns endures.

Therefore the Ultimate

No car is more luxurious or aristocratic.

It is mechanically perfect, the sturdiest made and therefore the ultimate car.

Most Stearns owners have owned other makes. It has seemed natural for them to progress gradually through varying grades of quality until they reached the Stearns—the ultimate of excellence. But once Stearns owners, they have settled down into a contented pride of ownership.

The car shown above is the famous 15-30 H. P. Stearns Limousine Town and Country Car. It can also be had in landaulet, touring car or toy tonneau body.

A more powerful car, of equal quality and luxury, will be found in the 30-60 H. P. chassis.

Licensed under the Selden patent. (33)

THE F. B. STEARNS Co CLEVELAND, OHIO

"The White Line Radiator belongs to the Stearns"

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David Lloyd-George and His Budget—By Robert Barr

Mr. Asquith

DEAD DAVID, of long ago, is the patron saint of Wales; live David of the present day is the hero of that mountainous district. The story of David Lloyd-George is one of those sagas of real life whose recital carries inspiration. Born of the poorest family in a district of poverty, his earliest recollection being the forced sale by auction of the few sticks of furniture that belonged to his widowed mother, he has climbed, by sheer force of genius, indomitable hard work and unflinching courage, to the second highest position in the British Empire. Only one step more, and he will have reached the Premiership, and this, his admirers believe, will be attained before he is fifty years old.

William George, the father of the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a good man, but financially unsuccessful, first as a farmer, then as a teacher and, finally, as a farmer again. He lost what money he possessed in endeavoring to establish a sort of high school and, after a four years' futile struggle, was compelled to take a subordinate position in an elementary school at Pwilheli. There he met Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter of the Reverend David Lloyd, a Baptist preacher, and married her. David Lloyd-George is named for his maternal grandfather.

When William George died there emerged into notice the man who, to my mind, is the real hero of this family history. Richard Lloyd, brother of the widow, traveled a long journey from Criccieth, in North Wales, to Haverford West, in South Wales, and came to the rescue of the sorrowful group. He it was who caused their goods and chattels to be sold up. Little Lloyd-George and his sister, learning with dismay that everything was to be carted off, ran weeping to the gate and tried to make it unopenable by piling stones against it, so that the rickety furniture might be saved.

Richard Lloyd was himself in the depths of poverty, his trade that of an ill-paid cobbler or shoemaker in a little village two miles from Criccieth. He is a grim Puritan of the Mayflower type, who looks something like old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. For fifty years he has been the unpaid preacher of the Baptist community in which he lives, for he is alive today and has witnessed the triumph of his unselfishness in the notable success of his nephew. He never married, but devoted himself entirely to his widowed sister and her little family, a girl and two boys, the younger born shortly after his father's death. The widow, too, was an uncomplaining heroine, who never during her life had sufficient money for the ordinary necessities, but did cheerfully the best she could with what was available. She did not long outlive her husband, and then the little family of three was left in the sole charge of the grand old shoemaker.

He devoted his life to them. They were all compulsory vegetarians, never during those early days touching a bit of meat. Nevertheless, little Lloyd-George grew up a sturdy lad, kept rigidly to his books by the stern yet kindly uncle. Together, in the glow of the peat fire, the uncle and he laboriously learned the French language.

David and Goliath in British Politics

LET us thank goodness that amid all this rectitude the boy was human, after all, and a natural-born rebel. Far and away the most brilliant lad in the village, he became an expert poacher. Trespassing or robbing orchards had no terrors for him, and I dare say after Lloyd-George had learned how to snare a rabbit or a hare there was no lack of meat in the shoemaker's back kitchen. With the cunning of a red Indian he avoided the gamekeepers, and he never was caught. One of his earliest cases, when he became a lawyer, was the defending of a gang of poachers, a feeless case taken up through sympathy and fellow-feeling. More than that, he was clever enough to get them off, too.

By one of those dramatic occurrences so popular in fiction, though rare in real life, Lloyd-George poached on the political preserves of the Squire whose rabbits he had so often snared. In 1890 the Conservatives nominated the Squire for Parliament, and the Radicals put up Lloyd-George against him. The Squire was the great man, wealthy in property and in gold, and his opponent lived in a humble cottage on his estate. Surely it seemed a hopeless contest, yet it proved the Biblical story of David and Goliath over again, and in Biblical language did David address his constituency.

"Silver and gold have I none," he said in his first speech, "but such as I have in personal qualifications and service I am prepared to give in the political interests of Wales. I rejoice to think that Wales asks not what a candidate has, but what he is."

He defeated the Squire and became a Member of Parliament.

But meanwhile, all the years before that triumph, the indefatigable old uncle was pegging away at his cobbling, pegging in every sense of the word, making good, conscientious shoes, too, unafraid of the coming American invasion in manufactured footgear. Every weekday, from dawn till long after dark he hammered, never once entering the limelight that his nephew was to occupy, unless you call his preaching every Sunday in the little chapel such. Denying himself all but the bare necessities of life, and even some of those he did without, he managed to accumulate between two and three thousand dollars, which educated Lloyd-George, articled him to a legal firm, where he worked for five years, and finally paid the fee that admitted him to the Bar. Law books are frightfully expensive; Government stamps for the necessary documents are expensive; the journeys to London to undergo examinations are expensive; and then he had to eat his way through the Temple into the Bar, for residence is compulsory in the neighborhood of the Law Courts, and a student must show he has eaten so many dinners before he receives certificate of qualification. All this ate up the shoemaker's money even more ravenously than Lloyd-George consumed the provender supplied to budding barristers.

A Natural-Born Orator and Sermonizer

BUT at last he got through and was a full-fledged lawyer, but now there was not left in the shoemaker's treasury the fifteen dollars necessary to buy the robes of that profession, without which the young man could not appear in a case, even if he was lucky enough to get one.

I say still, and will maintain it against all comers, that the old cobbler is the hero of this piece.

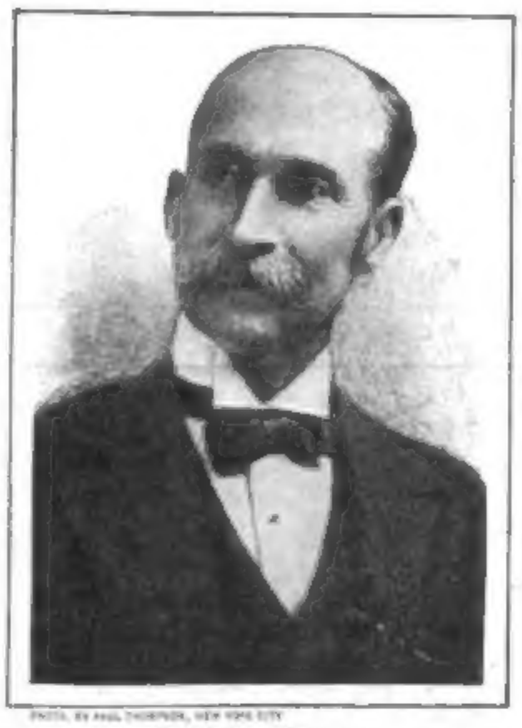
For six years Lloyd-George practiced law, made money, made speeches, and made himself as objectionable as he could to the Conservative party; then, as I have said, he was elected to Parliament, defeating his overlord at the poll. A Welshman enters with all his soul into politics or religion, or both; and in Wales the seeds are not sown on barren ground. On the maternal side Lloyd-George came from a race of preachers, and upon occasion he himself can deliver a sermon as good as ever you may expect to hear from a pulpit. He is a natural-born orator, one who can inflame a sympathetic audience to a frenzy.

A religious revival sweeps over Wales like a prairie fire, and then seems to die down again with equal celerity. The latest revivalist is now practically in a lunatic asylum, or at least being taken care of by his friends. There seems to be no moderation either in politics or religion, so far as Wales is concerned. Lloyd-George, himself the

The Chancellor (in the Center) Walking Across to the House

most temperate of men, delivered speeches the most intemperate that England had ever happened to hear.

Entering Parliament he set himself at once to learn the rules of the House, to make himself master of all those laws, written and unwritten, that govern the deliberations of the Commons. In this he was practically following the footsteps of the late Mr. Biggar, and of others of the Irish party who became adepts in causing the House of Commons to trip over its own rules. Thus equipped, the young man undertook to make himself a howling nuisance.



Lord Lansdowne

When a new member is elected to the House of Commons he is introduced by two members of his own party, between whom he walks from the door to the table in front of the Speaker, where he signs the roll. After this ceremony he takes his seat. By an odd coincidence, when Lloyd-George first entered the House it was budget day, and shortly after his introduction Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, rose to explain the budget of the year. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill, who had thrown up his office in a huff, was also present, the marks of death already in his face, and doubtless took little notice of the undersized, pale, stooping young man who signed "David Lloyd-George" to the list of members, and little thought that his own son would assist this newcomer in bringing upon the country a crisis such as it had not suffered for nearly a century. Nineteen years later that pale young man was going to bring in a budget of his own that would make the fur fly.

David at Hawarden Castle

TWO years after his entrance into Parliament Lloyd-George signalized his complete revolt from all discipline by coming into violent disagreement with no less a person than the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, of Hawarden Castle. The tremendous force of this little Welshman is shown by the fact that the action he undertook did not wreck his career, because the Chairman of Committee, who was forced by his action to call Mr. Gladstone to his aid, was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who, on becoming Premier, made Lloyd-George President of the Board of Trade, and many of the sober-minded members of the Liberal party today wish to Heaven he had been left out. Every one admitted that it was a courageous thing for a man on the threshold of his Parliamentary life to defy so stern a disciplinarian as Gladstone, and, perhaps, if Lloyd-George had known the precedent he was following he might have paused if at all superstitious.

In the year 1282 a Prince David of Wales surprised Hawarden Castle, as another David was to surprise the latter-day owner of it. Prince David attacked Hawarden Castle on the stormy night of Palm Sunday in that year, and he put all its occupants to the sword. Edward the First was King of England, and he was shocked at this tragic event. He captured David, had him dragged along the ground to the place of execution, hanged him, and then, when the body was cut into quarters, distributed the pieces over Wales. It is a little late in the day to pass an opinion on this, but I think David had better have left Hawarden alone.

The next Premier with whom Lloyd-George came into conflict was Balfour, when the Welsh member refused to obey the Speaker. Mr. Balfour promptly moved the expulsion of Lloyd-George for the remainder of the session, and the motion was carried by a majority of a hundred and fifty-one. On this occasion Lloyd-George carried the Welsh party with him, but when he flouted Gladstone only three members had stood by him. All Wales was indignant at his action, for Gladstone was regarded in the principality almost with adoration.

So far as I know, the first hint that England received regarding the quality of Lloyd-George was from his bitterest opponent, the London Times. In an editorial that appeared the morning after a particularly outrageous speech by the Welshman the Times, instead of showing its indignation as many other papers did, talked mildly, something like this (I summarize from memory, not having the article by me):

"A man of Mr. Lloyd-George's shrewdness and capacity must know that in the next Liberal Government he will undoubtedly be a member of the Cabinet. When the responsibilities of office are upon his shoulders he will then find that one of the obstacles to a successful administration will be ill-considered speeches such as he made last night."

England rubbed her eyes on reading this. Lloyd-George in the Cabinet! That demagogue, wild, unruly, a member of a British Government? Why, the thing was unthinkable!

The prediction of the London Times was fulfilled sooner than most people expected. When the Liberal party came into power four years ago, with an almost overwhelming majority, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made David Lloyd-George President of the Board of Trade. This appointment filled the Tories with dismay and caused some qualms among the more thoughtful of the Liberals. England is a country that lives by trade; and trade, despite Napoleon's sneer, is still considered in England a subject of the greatest importance; yet here at the head of this vital Government department was placed a young and inexperienced man who knew nothing whatever about trade; a little Welsh lawyer, as they called him, whose legal tactics had proved he was familiar with all the dodges and quirks of his profession, but who so far had shown nothing of that stable reliability which his office demanded and, heretofore, had always obtained. His eloquence was admitted, but most of his speeches savored of the Commune in Paris. There was no moderate opinion about Lloyd-George: he was either lauded to the skies or damned to the pit.

The situation at this moment reminds me of a story I heard Kipling tell. Years and years ago Kipling was crossing the Atlantic from the States to England, and in the smoking-room of the liner he came rather unconsciously into competition with an American story-teller. Kipling possesses a fund of anecdote, has an excellent memory, and can recite a humorous incident as well as the next man; so these two matched story with story all the way across until, within sight of land, Kipling's store became exhausted, and then the American won by a lap, relating this one: Two men, seated together in a railway car, were talking quite audibly of the merits of a neighbor.

"Sam Peters is the smartest man in our town," said one.

"Yes," agreed the other, "and I guess he's the smartest man in the county."

"Come to that," continued the first, "I don't believe there's his match in the whole state."

"That's so, and before long these here United States will admit he's the top of the heap."

A solemn-faced preacher behind the two men reached forward and tapped one of them on the shoulder.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "I have no doubt Mr. Samuel Peters is an excellent citizen; but, nevertheless, when excessive praise is bestowed you should remember there is One——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the impatient auditor, "you mean the Lord. But then, Sam's young yet; give him a chance!"

This in effect is what Lloyd-George's admirers said to the people of England—"Give him a chance." The Welshman got his chance, and splendidly did he use it. For the first time in the memory of man the Board of Trade became an energetic and thoroughly-efficient factor in the commercial life of England. It began to do things, and to do things that the people wanted done. His Merchant Shipping Act met the approval even of his opponents. The Patents and Designs Act initiated by him was an amazing piece of legislation to come from a free-trade Government, because it was essentially protectionist in its clauses. In brief it amounts to this: If you take out a patent in England for your invention, you must manufacture that article within the United Kingdom, otherwise your patent is annulled. Everything Lloyd-George did while President of the Board of Trade received the approval of both parties, and a more extraordinary thing than that had never before happened in the political history of England.

The Haberdashery of Greatness

JUST before beginning his law practice Lloyd-George came across some words written or spoken by Abraham Lincoln. He wrote out the sentences and has ever since kept them by him, endeavoring to live up to their spirit. Here they are:

"Never stir up litigation. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a supreme opportunity of being a good man."

The influence of this injunction led up to the climax of Lloyd-George's career at the Board of Trade, when single-handed he settled to the satisfaction of both masters and men the great railway dispute that threatened England with a universal strike and the paralyzing of all traffic. Thus was avoided a commercial disaster whose result might have been incalculable. All the newspapers of the land united in praising Lloyd-George for his intervention and in congratulating him and the country on his success. For once the most democratic Radical journal agreed with the most hidebound Tory sheet, and it was evident that David Lloyd-George, in a comparatively short space of office-holding, had completely won the confidence of the British people. If I were writing a biography of the man I should set down here: "End of Book I."

I should begin Book II with a little dissertation on haberdashery, and the peculiar belief of the English people in its efficiency. If you see a picture of the Right Honorable David Lloyd-George in his robes of office you will notice that the haberdashery is particularly gorgeous. It is engraved, as one might say, with embroidery, and is stiff with gold lace. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a British Chancellor of the Exchequer.

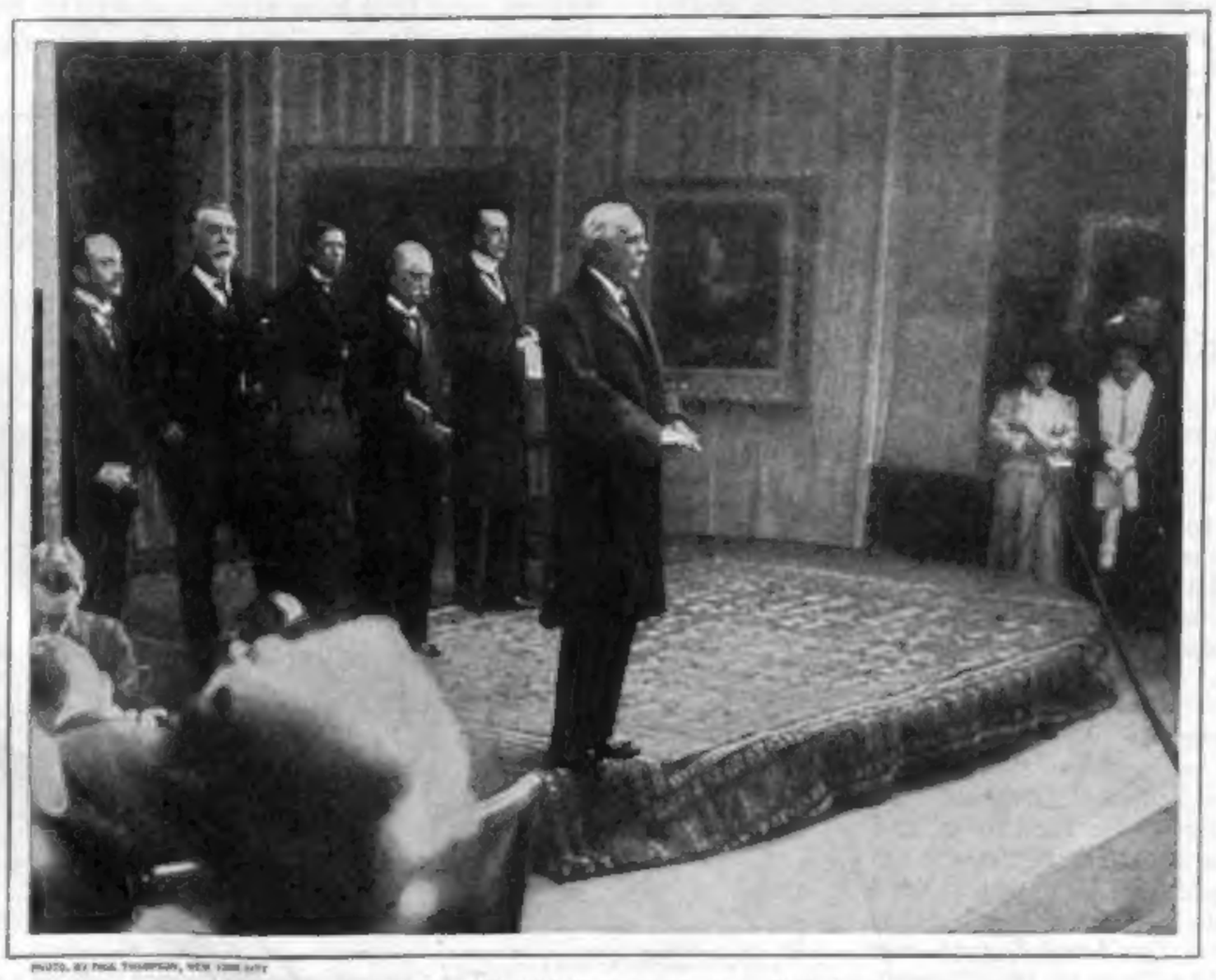
Thackeray's humorous pencil once drew three pictures. The first was entitled "George," and represented a spindly-shanked, cringing, bald-headed old man, a King of England, but a most contemptible-looking object.

The next picture was termed "Rex," and showed a flowing wig, a grandly-decorated robe, and shoes with gorgeous buckles.

The third picture had "George Rex" under it, and it was a composite drawing of the other two illustrations. The placing of the robes on the shivering old man made all the world of difference and presented to the public rather an imposing personage.

All through English official and domestic life runs the influence of the uniform. I often pause in my peregrinations through London to admire the gold-bedecked giants who pose with such dignity as hotel porters. A bewigged and robed judge I regard with awe, and when the Lord Mayor drives along with a fat coachman in front and the two splendid flunkeys hanging on behind by straps, magnificent specimens of humanity, I can scarce find words to express my appreciation of all this grandeur.

The effect of the raiment upon the man that wears it forms an interesting study: the calm, impassive, smooth-shaven face of the butler corresponds in some subtle, sympathetic way with the clothes he wears, and



Mr. Balfour Speaking at the Grafton Galleries

although they resemble those of a gentleman you never make the mistake of thinking him other than he is—a servant.

All barristers take on an expression like that of a judge in embryo, which seems exactly the thing to accompany wig and gown. It is a universally-held belief that if you place upon the shoulders of a rebel against things as they are the heavy robe of a Cabinet Minister you transform him into a dignified defender of the faith. And usually this happens. There is the case of John Burns, for instance, the sturdiest of democrats. His speeches to the men during the dock strike, years and years ago, were those of a revolutionist. I don't remember at the moment whether he got into jail or not, but he certainly came mighty close to it. Now he is one of the most sane members of the Cabinet, a hard worker who cares nothing for the fame of an orator, yet always secures the intense attention of the House on those infrequent occasions when he addresses it.

The other day he sent up a bill to the Lords, who amended it here and there and returned it to him. He didn't bluster or threaten them with extinction, as other members of this Government have done, but said very quietly that he had given a good deal of thought to this measure and regretted he could not accept their amendments; whereupon the Lords, with equal politeness, admitted that he probably knew more about the subject than they did, bowed to his decision and passed the bill, which has now become a law of the land. There was a time when the vociferous John would have spoken with vehemence, but the robe of office seems to have crushed all declamation out of him and, accordingly, what he wants done he gets done, while blusterers on the Ministerial benches around him have their work nullified by an adverse vote in the upper chamber.

I shall now endeavor to set down, in language as plain as I can command without going into technicalities, the extraordinary tangle into which British politics have become wound up, a tangle for which the Right Honorable David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is mainly responsible. The House of Commons, elected by the people for seven years, rarely lasts more than five or six. If a House holds over too long it is usually claimed, and is usually true, that it has got out of touch with public opinion. The right of ordering a new election technically belongs to the King, but it is a right he never thinks of using. The actual ordering of a new election is done by the Prime Minister after consultation with his Cabinet; and one of the points in the present contest is denial that the House of Lords has anything whatever to say as to the time when a general election shall take place. The Lords, by the way, do not claim the privilege of dictating a dissolution; but events have so shaped themselves that their action in refusing assent to the Finance bill practically amounted to the ordering of a general election.

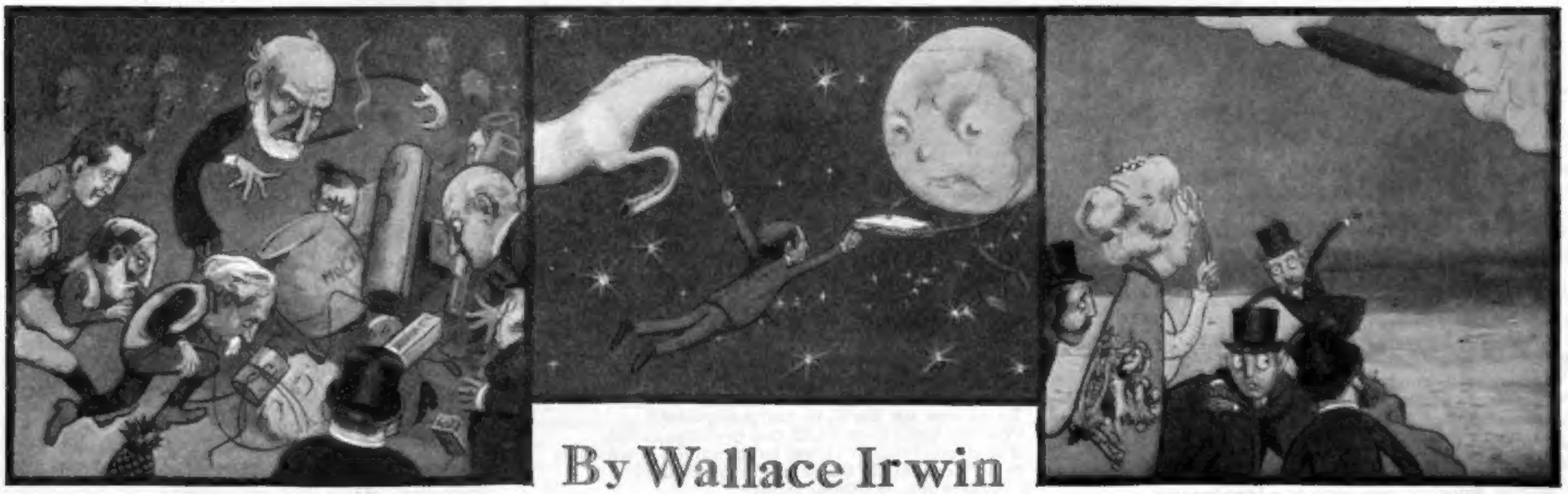
When a bill is introduced into the House of Commons, debated, and read three times it is sent up to the House of Lords and there again debated. If the Lords agree with its provisions they pass it, and it goes to the King for signature, a purely formal action. Whatever may be the technical powers of His Majesty, he would not dare veto a bill that had passed through the lower and upper Houses, as Mr. Taft might do. If the Lords disagree with any of the provisions of the bill they either reject or try to amend it. If amendments are attached to it, it is sent back to the House of Commons, and if the Government of the day accepts the interpolations the

(Continued on Page 38)

The World, the Flesh and 1909

A GALLOPING EPIC IN SIX CANTERS AND A "WHOA!"

DECORATIONS BY PETER NEWELL



By Wallace Irwin

CANTER I

ONE night rather recently, lying in bed,
I dreamed I was sauntering over the sky,
When a Whopping Big Fellow of ponderous tread
Came puffing and grunting and snorting on high.
As he rumbled through space
I observed that his face
Was marked off in Continents, Oceans and Seas;
By his longitudes solar,
His latitudes polar,
I knew him at once—'twas the Earth, if you please!
"O Earth!" I made shriek
When he nearly was past,
"What, what do you seek
That you hurry so fast?"
The Earth, at my query
Looked suddenly leary,
Said "Hush!" then remarked with a mystical sign:
"This speed that I make
Is in trying to shake
That strenuous year, Nineteen Hundred and Nine."
"To shake it!" I cried, lip scornfully curled.
But the planet replied as his axis he twirled:
"Don't be peevish, my boy—it's the way of the World.
And the lesson I teach—for there's weight to my text—
Is this: Drop the Dead Ones, and On with the Next!"
So saying, the Earth, in a manner condign,
Slipped into my mitten
A manuscript written
Quite plainly: "My Notes, Nineteen Hundred and Nine."
Then, throwing high speed on, he rushed down his orbit.
His Journal here follows. Dear reader, absorb it!

CANTER II

When my annual spinning
Was barely beginning
That young feller Taft he was newly elected;
And Teddy the Loud
Was still raising a cloud
Of sparks, smoke and cinders at Congress directed.
While noun clashed with pronoun and verb smote on verb—
The Wolves of the Senate lay smashed on the curb,
'Twas tap Brother Tillman and jolt Uncle Joe,
And fill Cousin Foraker's goblet of woe—
Those letters from Archy
Still being quoted,
Whose terms smooth and starchy
Were frequently noted
Like this: "My dear Senator: Herewith we pungle" . . .
Then March 4th arrived and Ted blew to the Jungle.
While the Dove on her shaft
Cooed "Let Incidents cease!"
As they led in Bill Taft,
The Plump Brother of Peace.
But in Nations possessed by the Eagle and Crow
The Dove in her nest has a hard row to hoe,
And in modern America's scrap-ridden clime
The man who says "Peace" has one giddy old time!

When William was crowned came a speech from the throne
Which journeyed from Washington farmward and townward:
"The haggard Consumer must come to his own;
We'll sit on the Tariff and watch it go downward."
Then gee!
And O me!!
What a bird of a rumpus
From 49 separate points of the compass!
The Friends of Protection—
Each one for his section—
Sent hurry-up calls to the Money Connection;
And Friends of Revision
With equal decision
They hooked on their shields for an Awful Collision.

Soon the two Teams were lined up at the scratch,
Belching forth speeches both pungent and zephyry.
Out bounced the Tariff, prepared for the match—
Cannon was Umpire and Aldrich was Referee.
See, they are off! Ah, my tongue's beyond imaging
Such a mad orgy of swatting and scrimmaging,
Congressmen bucking through Wood Pulp and Hide lines—
Truth in the grandstand, the Trusts on the side lines—
"*'Rah for Payne,*
'Rah for Hale!
Boost the good old Dinner-pail!!"
Bellowed the sport-loving Trusts from the side lines,
While lovely Plutocracy shrieked in her fright:
"I'd die of despair if
You injured my Tariff—
Oh, promise his curfew shall not ring tonight!"
My! what a battle did thereat ensue!
Leather smote Pig Iron and Wool grappled Glue,
Tinware and Underwear, Footwear and Hosieries,
Piled on Molasses and other mixed Groceries,
Kicked to the altitudes, dragged to the latitudes,
Mangled and strangled in various attitudes.
Many a hero, head down, hit the hard line;
Bristow drop-kicked to the twenty-five-yard line,
Smoot raised his boot for an awful high-soaring one. . . .

Then the fine points of the Game began boring one.
For, to be frank,
The decisions were rank;
Friends of the People played startlingly small,
And, when the latter made progress at all,
Aldrich yelled "Foul!" and the Trusts got the ball.
Thus, when the Tariff to William was taken,
William the Tactful, with courage unshaken,
Tactfully signed it and tactfully said:
"It's the pleasantest Tariff that ever I read."
So the People were quite
Overcome with delight—
Except a few million Insurgents dyspeptic
Who lifted their plaint in this monotone skeptic:
"O Wm. Taft, O Wm. Taft,
What shall we think of you?
You said 'Revision downward,'
But that you didn't do.
And when pale Doubt o'ercame you
And made you fuss and fret,
Why did you send for Aldrich
Instead of La Follette?"

CANTER III

Let us turn to more Serious things, if we can,
And take up New Thought or the Progress of Man,
Or Doc Wiley's beans,
Or Flying Machines —
Aha, there's the stunt! Let us warble of Wrights,
Those syndicate, intricate, duplicate flights:
How Wilbur, one day, just blew in from Paris,
His brow high and hairless
With laurel wreaths careless
Entwined in a manner which seemed to embarrass.
So he took out his Flyer
Fresh bays to acquire —
Assisted by Orville — at bumpy Fort Myer.
Flying at first seemed a serious fizzle;
Now 'twas a hurricane, now 'twas a drizzle,
Now something busted —
The engine, long trusted,
Got off its feed, or a fly-wheel was rusted.
Folks grew impatient. Joe Cannon said: "My!
If the darn thing's a flyer, then why don't she fly?"
Others said "Pooh!"
And Minister Wu
Murmured: "Sing hi! well, I guess I won't sign a
Public request for an aero in China!"
When suddenly, "Whush!"
With a whir and a rush
Orville shot upward as swift as an arrow,
Heavenward steered his mechanical sparrow,
Went up and stayed up and captured the pennant,
Bearing as Ballast an Army Lieutenant,
And Fame with a blare
The King of the Air
Judiciously handed, 'midst rapturous hollers,
The prize — thirty thousand American dollars.
And none seemed remotely inclined to complain,
Except a few Knockers who raised the refrain:
"O Wilbur Wright, O Orville Wright,
O tell us, if you please,
How useful is an airship
Which cannot ride a breeze?
In future Cloudland warfare
Will Captains, cautious grown,
Agree to fight their battles
On windless days alone?"

'Twas a glorious year for the Flying persuasion:
Blériot scored with a Channel invasion,
Latham's wild sky-floating,
Farman's mad high-boating,
Monoplanes classic and biplanes empirical,
Curtiss the cup-taking
Paths swiftly up-taking;
Then, when balloons had abandoned the spherical,
Enter Count Zep in his sausage-shaped miracle.
Matronly England looked up with a shriek,
Marveling much
At the high-flying Dutch,
Growing so nervous she scarcely could speak.
"Mercy!" she piped, "we'll be took in a week!"
Then what a drumming went over the Nation!
"War surely coming," the common persuasion.
Each London stripling
Learned verses from Kipling —
Tum-te-tum rhymes about "Armed for Occasion."
And at each empty rumor — though Germany said naught —
Mother Britannia gave birth to a Dreadnaught.
Just when affairs were most Militant getting
Emeline Pankhurst went forth Suffragetting,
Pouring live embers
On Parliament members,
Leading her Martyrs to glorious wetting.
Feminine Britain,
Once meek as a kitten,
Now went abroad with a brick in her mitten,
Sassing the laws for the good of the Cause,
Calling on Heaven and Asquith to judge it —
Asquith already smashed flat by the Budget!

CANTER IV

Speaking of Suffrage, the year Nineteen Nine
Was a very hard year in the Tyranny line.
Scarce was it Spring when the peevish Young Turk
Rose from his couch and salaamed,
Took down his shotgun and got in his work
On jolly old Abdul the Damned.
Abdul the Spender, of Faith the Defender,
Stripped of his gain,
But allowed to retain
Forty-six wives, seven rugs, one harmonica,
Beaten and jolted,
In a box car was bolted,
Ticketed: "Goods for Cold Storage, Salonika."
Sic transit Glory —
On with our story!
Mahmud the Broad being throned with agility,
Long may he sit in his Taftlike tranquillity!

When they had read in Arabian papers
What the Young Turks to their Tyrant had done,
Up the Young Persians cavorted with capers,
Knocked out their Sultan and put in his son.
Liberty thus, like a carrier pigeon'll
Speed with her message — the thought's not original.
Spain's haughty Don
Set his anger upon
Hafid the Muley,
The Moor who so coolly
Gathered in tourists for Mr. Raisuli.
So Spain packed her army and sailed forth to biff
The terrible, turbulent Riff-Raff of Riff.
Now Heathens attacked
By Christianity's swats
Oft rely on the fact
That they're wonderful shots.
So when Don got abusive
The Moors proved elusive.
They slept behind rocks without water or cooking
And peppered poor Don when poor Don wasn't looking.

But this wasn't all: for, meanwhile, in Spain
A red Revolution went crackling amain;
And old Barcelona, near put out of biz
By Anarchy's whelp,
For help gave a yelp
And Royalist forces arrived with a whiz,
Which to the revolt
Gave a death-dealing jolt;
Which was lucky, I guess — for the truth of it is
That Cute Little 'Fonzo, he nearly got his!

CANTER V

Now we'll back to America smiling with Taft,
Where the Friend of the people still paddles his craft
With only Insurgents referring to Graft.
No harsh word is spoken,
The calm only broken
By Pinchot's aspersions on Ballinger's Scoop —
A tactless remark!
And Discussion's wild spark
Burns slowly on subjects as old as the Ark,
Like Eliot Bookshelves and Wiley on Soup.

'Twas thus, while smooth sailing the State's stately ship,
That William the Tactful resolved on a trip
Of Star-Spangled splendor through forty-nine States
To fill a long list of Prosperity Dates
To tell how the Tariff, by many dispraised,
Was the finest darn Tariff that ever was raised.
O'er rivers, through valley, up mountain, down mine,
From Kennebunk, Maine, to the Mexican line,
Where Bill, the Great Peacer,
Addressed the Head Greaser
With garlands of Speech — though I really can't see as
He learned very much from Porfirio Diaz.
Then on with celerity,
Never austerity,
Rushed the Big Wave of Protected Prosperity,
Praising the crops,
Kissing the kiddies,
Thus pleasing Rachels and Dinahs and Biddies.
Speeches on speeches,
Some of 'em peaches!
North brought its blossoms,
South brought its 'possums.
Six hundred dinners he ate of the latter,
Nine miles of edibles, platter on platter.
Surely that trip was a dream of beatitude —
And when some Insurgent
For Arguments urgent
Rose from the mob and inquired: "What's your Attitude?"
William replied with a smile and a Platitude.

CANTER VI

Now let us pause, let us summon our skill
For the Champion Stunt of the Year — it's a thrill!
One day in September,
I clearly remember
The first Morning newspapers read like a book
And we stuttered: "Just look!
Are our senses mistook
By some hook or crook,
And if not, by the Powers, who the Devil is Cook?"
For it seems that a Brooklynite, thinly disguised,
Had dropped in for lunch with the good King of Denmark,
And calmly announced without looking surprised,
"I've just found the Pole and on this left my penmark."
"So ho!" cried the King,
Cried the Courtiers, "So ha!
Sure, we won't do a thing
To Our Hero — hurrah!"
So they gave him a shave and they showered him with posies,
Asked him to banquets and wreathed him with roses,
Beseeching, "Go on with your story," when — Wow!
Great Scott! what a row!
For out of the cold and mysterious North
A yell and a squeal and a bellow came forth
Like the blood-curdling tongue
Of a wolf that is stung,
As it shrieked down the blasts of the Boreal line,
"Don't sit there so smugly,
You Short and you Ugly —
THE NORTH POLE IS MINE!!"

Then the Newspaper Boys,
Enthralled by the Noise,
They put on their hats in a spirit of rapture
And dashed to the North, the Great Story to capture.
Gee, what a mystery!
Never in history
Anything equaled the Polar dilemma.
Lecture-rooms filled with it,
Nurseries thrilled with it,
Many, grown tired of it, shouted: "Whoa, Emma!"
Newsboys yelled thinly:
"Who climbed Mount McKinley?"
Matt Henson, Hero,
Of Latitude Zero,
Went, like the rest, on a lecturing Circuit —
Cook doing likewise for all he could work it.
Newspaper humorists, palmists, geologists,
Royal geographers, journal photographers,
College professors and penny astrologists
Swelled the wild Babel
By wireless and cable
And arguments able, though founded on fable,
Were put by the Bore at the Boarding-House Table,
Until the World, weary of Cook and of Peary,
Sadly inquired in a monotone dreary:
"O Robert P., Commander P.,
You are a gallant soul.
We take your word — no doubt you have
A mortgage on the Pole.
And Dr. Cook, O Dr. Cook,
You have an honest air,
You say you've Proofs in Etah — Oh,
For Land's sake, leave 'em there!"

WHOA!

See! the New Year, full of Youth's ardent mania,
Coming, first cabin, on Time's Lusitania!
Bulky his baggage and radiant his robe —
"Make him pay duty!" cries Custom House Loeb.
So long, Old Year! may all blessings befall you;
Years that are gone don't come back to explain —
What human voice has the power to recall you?
("Knox has, you bet!" murmurs Charley R. Crane.)

THE SPARTAN

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Lanning, of the Courier, Delivers a Black Eye to Romance

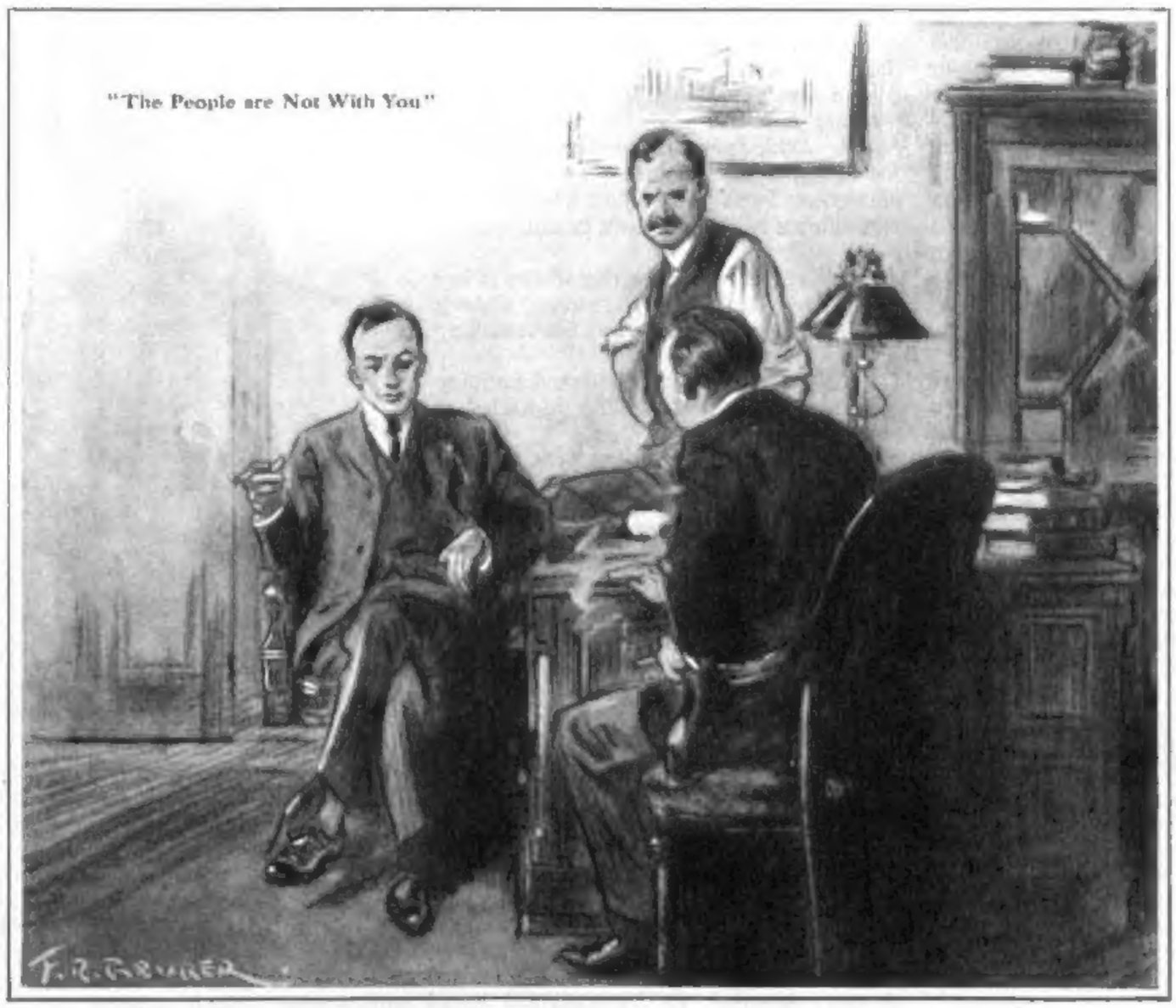
I

WHAT Flagg ought to do," declared Ringling savagely, "is to go up to the mayor's office and hammer Strutter to a pink pulp."

"Couldn't be done," returned hairy-handed Johnson wearily. "He might be pounded to a powder, but never to a pulp. There isn't enough juice in him."

Big and brawny Ringling, he of the oxlike frame and the bellowing voice and the well-earned nickname of "Rough House," paused to inspect contemplatively a curious, bright-winged insect which had by some odd fate found its way into the office of the managing editor of the Evening Courier. Lifting the window-screen he gently deposited the bug outside; then, with swelling veins, he renewed his attack upon the mayor, declaring that he would accept with joy an assignment to break every bone in that gentleman's body.

"Why don't the Courier jump him is what I want to know," he went on. "We made him. We gave him his legal practice. We nominated him for mayor and we elected him. He has proved himself to be a puling ingrate and we ought to rip a hole in his balloon. Why don't we do it?"



Johnson, whose own face bore a savage frown, was silent, and deceptively-boylike Flagg, sitting on the corner of Johnson's desk and waiting patiently for the managing editor to decide a rather knotty point of editorial policy, clasped one knee in his hands and smiled his infantile smile.

"Heaven forbid that I should reveal any office scandal," he observed, "but inadvertently and in an entirely blundering way I am able to slip you the real reason. It is most embarrassing to both myself and the Courier that just at this juncture our respected boss happens to have met the charming and accomplished daughter of our well-known and justly-famous new-broom mayor."

Johnson looked up in quick surprise.

"Is that it?" he wanted to know.

"That, I wish to state with earnest emphasis, is IT!" repeated Flagg. "Lanning," he continued, "has gone clean dippy over her. Now, as man to man, Ringling, I put it to you: How can a gentleman court the girl of his choice with one hand and flay her father alive with the other—it being admitted in the first place that the father and daughter are upon reasonably-agreeable speaking terms?"

Ringling's comment upon this was short and expressive. It consisted of only one word: the name of an earnestly-to-be-avoided and not-as-yet-definitely-located place of excessively high temperature.

"Precisely my opinion," agreed Flagg.

Johnson drew himself together with sudden violence.

"Suppose you accomplished loafers get busy," he suggested. "I trust you have in mind, one Ringling, that we are looking forward in place of backward to about a column follow story on the Jameson will controversy. Flagg, I don't see why you bring this screed of yours to me when you know as well as I do—and better, from what you have just told me—that the Courier is not ready to make a campaign against Strutter."

"I apologize," said Flagg. "It is the wrong psychological moment, that's all. Far be it from such, Johnson, that I should express disapproval of your decision to your face, but after I get outside the door I'm going to seek a dark corner and remark to myself in a low and mysterious voice that this Strutter person is bound to spill the beans within a very short time, in which case all the newspapers in this town, and particularly the Blade, will have him as common property; whereas, by being a little bit forehanded the Courier could have Daniel Webster S. all to itself."

"Your desk, I believe, is still up next the window in the local room," Johnson delicately hinted. "Kindly go to it."

"Ain't you the peevish thing?" commented Flagg, taking his disdained manuscript from under Johnson's hand and sliding off the edge of the desk.

"Leave the copy," ordered Johnson, whereat Flagg chuckled in triumph and swaggered out with Ringling, meeting Lanning at the door. Lanning, usually very pleasant and friendly with these two privileged characters of the office, passed them today with a mere abstracted nod and, frowning, walked on in to Johnson. He stood silently for a while, evidently wishing to say something, but scarcely knowing how to begin. Johnson relieved him of his dilemma.

"Well," he observed, "our dear friend Mr. Strutter has used the harpoon on us again."

"Yes, I saw it," admitted Lanning soberly. "Have you called him up about it?"

"Not this time," Johnson declared with emphasis. "It would be a waste of energy. It seems to me that the point has arrived where we might give the gentleman a little hint through the columns of the Courier. In fact, Flagg has already prepared the—er—hint," and he laid his broad palm upon the copy Flagg had left behind.

"No, I wouldn't attack him just yet," protested Lanning. "I think I shall get around to talk with him myself. I am going out, anyhow. Don't do anything until you see me again."

Johnson looked after him sympathetically. Three years as proprietor of the Courier had improved handsome and carefree young Lanning, who had come fresh from college to invest his all in this paper, into a rather care-weighted young business man. He had made and had won a good fight, one with grit in it and decision; but he had paid something out of himself for it. He walked slowly through the long local room—unhearing amid the clatter of typewriters and telegraph sounders, of hurrying feet and explosive voices—to the front windows and looked down into the street where there had just drawn up a shining new carriage pulled by a pair of handsome grays. He returned hastily to his own office, sent a brief telephone message, put on his coat and hat and went out.

"City hall," he told the driver with unwonted curtness.

His worried abstraction was still with him when he entered the corridor of the city building, and it was not decreased when he saw Cassamine, the proprietor of the Blade, coming out of the mayor's office. Cassamine, clad fussily in smooth brown from his natty soft hat of the very latest pattern to his silken hose and dull-finished low shoes, and, in spite of the puffs under his eyes, making a tremendous effort to look fully as youthful as Lanning, smiled as he passed in a manner that struck Lanning as being rather sly and more or less triumphant.

"Glorious weather, Lanning," he observed.

"Very pleasant," Lanning admitted, passing into the mayor's outer office. "Mr. Strutter busy?" he asked, putting his finger on the secret spring of the latch inside the gate.

"Just one moment and I'll see, Mr. Lanning," said the clerk, getting up with alacrity. Had Lanning been a mere outsider this particular clerk would have finished paring his nails and yawned and said "Yes." He was the son of a cousin of Mr. Strutter's.

"You needn't bother," returned Lanning. "I merely wish to know if any one is in there with him."

"No, I think not," guessed the clerk, glad to resume his important public business.

Lanning opened the gate and strode through. Daniel Webster Strutter looked up with a pleasant smile; indeed, an extremely pleasant smile. He not only smiled, but he arose in all the majesty of his black Prince Albert, offered cold, moist fingers to Mr. Lanning's palm, and with his own hands set forward a chair for his visitor.

"And what can we do for you today?" he asked with an apparent anxiety to spread forth, for Lanning's choice, the riches of the world.

"You might begin by giving us a square deal," Lanning coolly suggested as he sat down.

The effect of that simple remark was instantaneous. Mr. Strutter stiffened. He thrust his right hand into the bosom of his coat, he brushed the fingers of his left through his curly gray hair, he glanced up at the picture of Patrick Henry.

"The square deal," he observed in a speech-making voice not less than four notes deeper than his speaking tones, "has been the motto of my administration."

"I commend you for the motto," returned Lanning dryly. "It is an excellent motto—considered merely as a motto." He had learned this form of attack from his newspaper boys.

Mr. Strutter looked at Lanning suspiciously. He was disappointed. He had expected a direct charge over which he could grow indignant, but he chafed under such carefully put sarcasm.

"If you mean to intimate, sir, that I have not lived up to that motto ——" he began; but Lanning laid his hand gently upon the mayor's coat sleeve.

"Come, now," he said, "I don't see any occasion for oratory. Just tell me this: How does it come that the Blade was able to scoop the Courier this afternoon on the appointment of the new waterworks engineer?"

"Well," Strutter stated with more hesitation than he liked to hear in his own voice, "when I made the announcement Reese, of the Blade, happened to be here."

"By appointment?" asked Lanning quietly. "I presume, Mr. Strutter, that it was not absolutely necessary for you to make the announcement at that moment or, if it was necessary, you might have telephoned the Courier so that it would have had an equal chance at the news."

"I am not a reporter, Mr. Lanning," declared the mayor with great dignity.

"No," Lanning admitted, "you are not. Reporters are invariably loyal."

Mr. Daniel Webster Strutter accomplished a seemingly-impossible task. He squirmed uneasily and at the same time preserved his Patrick Henry pose.

"When I consented to become a candidate for the office of mayor," he declared, "I announced that I would accept only upon the understanding that I should not be hampered by obligations."

"Quite true," Lanning heartily agreed. "You do not seem to be hampered by anything. It was only through a

series of unfortunate coincidences, I suppose, that Reese happened to be present when you announced the new building commissioner, when you vetoed the boulevard bill, and when you used so startlingly your prerogative of interference with the police department."

Lanning hesitated a moment before he went on. This was her father, and that made the position a very difficult one. Nevertheless, the case of the Courier was becoming desperate. He took the plunge.

"Now, listen to some plain talk, Mr. Mayor. I know precisely what all this means. The Blade has attacked you viciously; but you had good reason to expect their continued enmity, as well as the continued support of the Courier. You got both; but in the last month the Blade has scooped the Courier on four notable items which could only have had their origin in your own office. I have noticed that the Blade has ceased its attacks upon you. A feeble-minded infant could add up the two and two that go to make the answer to this situation. I'm going to put the alternatives squarely up to you. For your sins you will have to be attacked by some paper. Would you rather have it done by the Blade or by the Courier?"

"I assure you, Mr. Lanning," began Strutter, very much concerned, so much so that he dropped his Patrick Henry attitude entirely and, with both his lean hands, began twirling a pencil rapidly about in his fingers—"I do assure you that you are very much in error. I very much regret that a series of accidental leaks in this office ——"

"We'll not pursue that subject any further," interrupted Lanning. "There is another matter I want to come to. Flagg groomed you for ten years for this office. Three times he prevented you from announcing your candidacy at times when it would have ruined your chances. When the time was ripe he urged it. In the mean time he made your law practice and used the Courier to increase it. He used the Courier's influence with Senator Danvers to gain you the inquisitorship of the Danvers Investigating Committee, which gave you more public prominence of value than you would otherwise have secured in two or three of your lifetimes. He won your nomination by as shrewd a bit of political manœuvering as was ever devised in this city, and he, with the assistance of the Courier, elected you. In return, what have you done for the Courier and what have you done for Flagg? To save your time in hemming and hawing I'll answer that question for you myself. Nothing. Positively nothing."

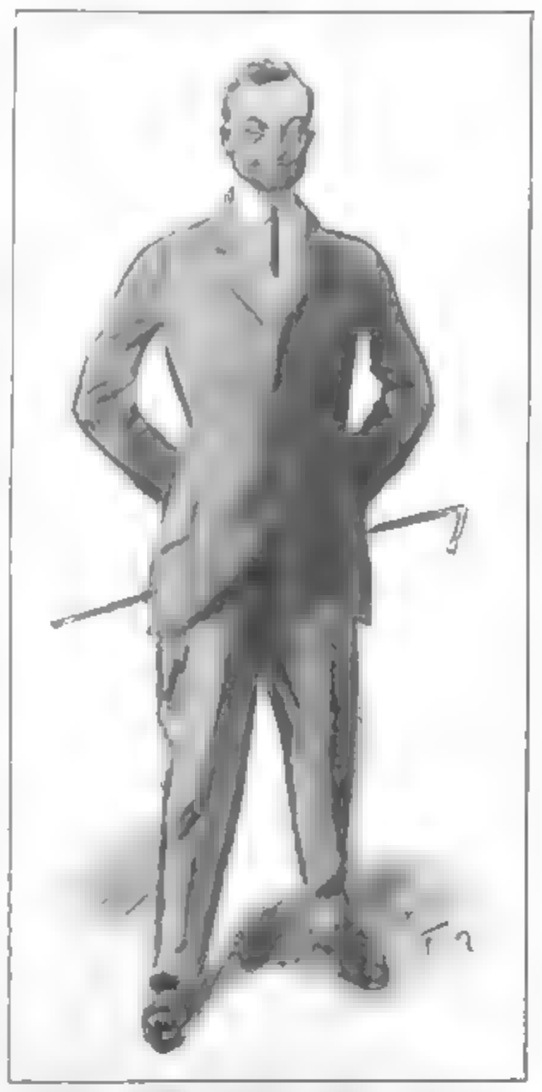
"Now, Mr. Lanning, wait; just wait!" urged Mr. Strutter, in almost stuttering agitation. The hundred little wrinkles about his mouth and nose and eyes, not one of which wrinkles had ever been made by a smile, suddenly became as sharply cut as if they had been incised with a knife. "So far as Mr. Flagg is concerned I consider that I have done my—er—my whole duty. I have offered him three positions which he declined."

"Rather hard to please, Flagg was, I must admit," returned Lanning bitterly. "You offered him three positions, the best one of which paid only twenty-five hundred dollars a year with all possible perquisites considered—and the Courier is paying him three thousand. In the mean time you appointed your brother as director of public service at eight thousand, another brother as director of public safety at eight thousand, a cousin as smoke inspector and a nephew as comptroller assessor. Now, a brother-in-law, eminently fitted for the position because he is a harness-maker, you have made chief water-works engineer. Mr. Strutter, my office force is like a pack of bloodhounds held in leash with difficulty. They have been urging upon me for some time to give you a hint through the columns of the Courier that we expect and demand justice. I told them that I would come to see you this afternoon, but this is the last and only visit of the sort I can make. Aside from our wanting something for Flagg, if the Blade has another scoop emanating from your office, whether it is through an accidental leak or not, we are going after you."

"I do not choose to be threatened in my own office," declared Mr. Strutter, making one more pompous clutch at his vanishing dignity.

"I'm not threatening," retorted Lanning quickly. "I am only telling you what is going to happen."

"However," Mr. Strutter went on as if he had not been interrupted, "I can assure you that there will be no further leaks. I think I know the party who has been responsible for these things, and I shall—er—censure him severely; and you may assure Mr. Flagg, for me, that he shall have the first vacancy that occurs, or that I can make, paying over three thousand a year. Appearances may have been against me, but you shall see that I have not forgotten the friendly attitude of the Courier."



Making a Tremendous Effort to Look as Youthful as Lanning

He had quite regained his Patrick Henryism by the time Lanning left, standing behind his desk in his favorite pose of that illustrious statesman defying the British Government.

II

LANNING, dismissing his driver, took the reins himself when he went out and, still heavy of brow, whirled away from the business district and up shady Lafayette Street, where he stopped before the home of Daniel Webster Strutter, an old-fashioned house with stately Colonial columns and a number of shedlike additions which in some way gave the indefinable impression that it, like its owner, used an imposing front to conceal its inward deficiencies. Just now, however, Lanning had no eyes for architecture; for, upon the porch, already hatted and gloved, stood a young woman much more worth looking at, a rather tall girl, too well rounded and too thoroughly athletic to be quite slender, with the vivacious glow of perfect health in eyes and cheeks and ruddy lips.

"I timed you almost to the second," she said as she gayly came down to the gate. "I gave you fifteen minutes from your office to the city hall, fifteen minutes with father, and twenty-five minutes to drive out here."

"I do not think I spent that much time with your father," he said as he handed her into the carriage; and then, quite irrelevantly: "How much you look and act like your mother."

"That's a compliment of the very best sort," she returned, smiling down at him with a flash of her dazzling white teeth.

"Isn't it?" he agreed as he climbed in and sat beside her. "I consider your mother the most beautiful woman of her age I have ever seen."

"That's one thing we can agree upon, at least," she confessed, laughing. "Sometimes I nearly explode with pride over her. Hers and father's are two ideal heads of gray hair, I think."

"Yes," Lanning admitted, and fell into abstraction again. The grays had already turned under his light but firm guidance from Lafayette Street to the avenue which led out to the river drive, and for several blocks they bowled along silently in the beautiful afternoon sunshine of the early fall.

"I nearly had a quarrel with your father today," he abruptly observed by-and-by.

"You didn't come to an open breach?" she asked, instantly concerned.

It gave him a thrill to note the apparent distress in her voice.

"No," he returned rather slowly, "not yet; but I am afraid that it might, some time, come to that."

"I hope not," she said sincerely.

"And I hope not," he repeated. "It would be a tragedy. In case anything of that sort should occur I am afraid it might make some difference in our present pleasant companionship."

"I am afraid that it would have to," she admitted reluctantly.

"It is just that fact that tends to make a coward of me!" he exclaimed, and then, conquering the hesitation that had been upon him, stumbled bluntly forward to what he wanted to say. "I do not think you know quite how much I would care if anything should interrupt our—our friendship."

She trembled and paled slightly, but was silent. He placed his disengaged hand upon hers and, though startled a trifle, she permitted it to remain there.

"I have seen for some time the chances of an open rupture, not with Mr. Strutter as Mr. Strutter, but as the mayor," he resumed, "and I am free to say that had I known you were his daughter, the evening I met you at the Holdens', I might not have allowed myself to become so—so keenly interested."

Miss Strutter smiled at this; and Lanning had studied her so thoroughly, knew her manner of repartee so well, knew almost her mode of thought, that he correctly interpreted that smile.

"It is presumption in me, I know," he went on, "openly to suppose that I have aroused a like interest in you and that I may, therefore, presume to tell you these things; but I can't help that. I must speak frankly, for I see a very serious crisis confronting me. I am assuming that you value our friendship nearly as much, if not quite as much, as I do."

The smile faded instantly and she turned to him a pair of very frank blue eyes. Frankness begets frankness, and frankness is always blunt.

"You have been quite right in that supposition," she said soberly. "I wouldn't call it presumption. I have always wanted to let people know whether I liked or disliked them."

"Thank you," he replied, grateful that she had made it so easy for him. "There was a big crush at the Holdens', and whoever introduced us did it in that aggravating mumble so characteristic of such affairs. I'm glad I did not understand the name. We spent all that evening together."

"We were rather conspicuous, I am afraid," she confessed with a laugh.

"I met you again a week later at another dinner, and by that time the damage was done. I did not care what your last name was. You were you, and that was enough; but it binds my hands and ties my tongue."

"You can't let it do that," she said seriously. "You must be yourself."

"I am not myself, though," he protested. "I am different and I dread the future. The Courier has always supported your father. It may find the necessity for opposing him, as I warned him today."

They were quite silent now for a little space, then gently she drew her hand away and folded it with her other one in her lap.

"Of course," she said steadily, looking out upon the river, "I don't know anything about these things. It

"Tut! Tut!" Protested the Mayor. "Utterly Absurd!"

seems to me that you ought to be able to avoid so wide a breach, so wide as that, by some mutual concession"

"I shall do my best to bring such concessions about" he assured her earnestly; "but I am afraid that I shall fail."

She considered that, also, in silence for a while

"Whatever happens," she presently said, "you must do, of course, exactly as your judgment dictates. You must be your own self. But if any radical difference does arise between you two there is only one possible answer to my dilemma. I cannot, in any sort of propriety, entertain or be entertained by any public enemy of my father's"

"Certainly not," he admitted, although as he said the words he felt like one pronouncing his own death sentence.

A sharp exclamation followed from them both. A runabout, coming toward them down the river drive at tremendous speed, suddenly swerved sharply from the road and struck the thick stone retaining wall almost head on, shooting its single occupant over the wall and down the embankment as neatly as a pellet from a pea-shooter. Its work done, the little car lay quietly upon its side, its motor stopped by the concussion. Stunned by the tragedy Lanning had stopped. Now he drove rapidly to the point where the accident had occurred, handed the reins to Miss Strutter and, climbing over the wall, ran down the embankment. Half-way to the river lay the driver of the car, flat upon his back. His arms were outspread, his face to the sky, his mouth half open, his dull eyes upturned

There was an expression upon his face of almost ludicrous surprise, and it is doubtful if he had barely more than realized the break in his steering gear before he had been hurled into eternity.

With a shock Lanning realized that this was Porter, the city auditor. He stooped down and felt at the man's heart. Porter was clearly dead. A touring-car had stopped above at the wall now, and four men clambered out of it and hurried down. Lanning told them briefly what had happened and, leaving them in charge of the body, went to telephone the coroner, merely pausing to tell Miss Strutter who the man was and that he was dead, and then hurrying on afoot to a near-by house As he put his hand upon the receiver the newspaper instinct acquired in three years flashed the suggestion into his mind that he should first telephone to the Courier; but he grimly repressed that idea and notified the proper official. Then he called up Johnson and gave him the full details.

"You might add," he said in conclusion, "that the mayor's appointee for the unexpired term will be Flagg."

"Three cheers!" approved Johnson. "But hadn't I better call up Strutter for confirmation?"

"No," replied Lanning shortly. "Go ahead and make your announcement. Put a screamer head on it."

When he returned to the scene of the accident a jostling crowd had gathered on the embankment. He stood and looked at them for a moment and at the long string of empty autos and equipages, then climbed into the carriage. There was no use in his staying. A large enough crowd of the morbidly curious was there now.

He was shaken more than he had thought by the accident and the girl was pale and shaken, too. Neither of them cared to continue the drive and they turned back toward the city.

"What brutal things politics and business are," he presently said, in deep disdain of himself; "what a brutal thing life is; what a brute I am!" and he shuddered as he thought of the man lying there who, but a few moments before, had been warm with life and energy and ambition.

"What is the matter?" the girl asked in quick sympathy.

"I don't like to tell you," he said, "but I must. I don't want a corner of my mind concealed from you. First, I reported Mr. Porter's death to the coroner and then to the Courier; and then I thought, even in this awful moment, to clinch your father's promise to give Flagg the first important vacancy."

To his surprise the girl considered the moral aspect of the question not at all

"And will father do so?" she inquired anxiously.

"He assuredly will," he grimly replied

"Then it won't be necessary for you to have a breach with him," she exulted, and unconsciously her hand strayed over and touched his.

III

THE next morning Flagg arrived at the city hall before the mayor did. He found three other people waiting One of them was Cassamine, who immediately frowned at sight of Flagg. Another was a hitherto unplaced brother-in-law of Strutter's, a man with a bald head, and curious folds of flesh in his upper eyelids, and fat lips of incredible looseness which wrapped themselves in almost any direction around the villainously-odorous stogy he was smoking. He also frowned at Flagg. The third man was Dennison, former gang leader in the city council, big and red-faced and red-necked, red-handed, and, this morning red-eyed. He also frowned upon Flagg, but none of them spoke to him nor to each other, all waiting in sullen silence for his Honor. Each of the four of them smiled, however, although strictly on his own account and for his own benefit, when his Honor, arriving, was accompanied by an uncle who might have been taken as an absurd caricature of the Honorable D. W. His curly gray hair was grayer and curlier and there was more of it, much more. The Honorable D. W. was sufficiently slight to carry all his dignity, but the uncle was slighter, with more dignity to carry. His face, much smaller, was more wrinkled, his long nose was much longer, his prominent ears were more prominent, and he was pop-eyed. He, too, wore a Prince Albert, but it was rusty and dusty and wrinkled. He, too, thrust his hand into the bosom of his coat after he had been introduced and, with his head tilted back at the true Strutter angle, only a trifle more so, gloomed in profound silence while the mayor figured quickly upon which horn of his dilemma he should sit.

"I Can Only Endure; I Cannot Sacrifice My Principles!"

Flagg solved that problem for him.

"I've been waiting for you, Mr. Strutter," said he briskly. "Just come right in the office. My errand won't take me but a minute."

Mr. Strutter, knitting his bushy brows, began to hem and haw; but Flagg caught him familiarly by the elbow and pushed him through the gate and back into his own room.

"Bright and early, you see," said Flagg cheerily. "I have come for my appointment."

"What appointment?" asked Mr. Strutter blandly.

"The city auditorship" promptly replied Flagg, exhibiting a gay confidence which he was far from feeling

"Ah, I supposed so," retorted Mr. Strutter. "The Courier was most precipitate in announcing that appointment without my authorization; both precipitate and indelicate. In fact, I may say that the Courier has, by that act, incurred my deep displeasure."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Flagg in three distinct syllables, patting the mayor approvingly on the back. "So I judged by last night's Blade, in which you emphatically denied having made the appointment. But, of course, that was only done very properly to mislead the Blade and rebuke that paper for presuming to pose as your personal organ after having worked tooth and nail to defeat you. I felt secure enough, after your promise to Lanning yesterday that I should have the first vacant post. I knew you. You never forget a promise"

"Not by any means," acquiesced Mr. Strutter, smiling more blandly than ever. "You see, Mr. Flagg, even before this deplorable accident to Mr. Porter I had arranged for a nice, comfortable berth for you. The city smoke inspector, left over from the old administration, has proved very inefficient, and ——"

"Let one of your family have that job," interrupted Flagg briskly. "It is a nice job. I know quite a bit about it, and as soon as I get well settled down in my duties as auditor I shall be pleased to give him all the information I can."

Mr. Strutter cleared his throat and looked at Flagg contemplatively for a time.

"If you'll just give me the name of the cousin or nephew or uncle or brother or brother-in-law whom you think of appointing to that position the Courier will be very glad to secure his portrait to put in our family group," Flagg went on, now with a smile the blandness of which made Mr. Strutter's previous efforts in that line seem positively acid. "It already stacks up very nicely, I think," and from his pocket he drew a sheet of glazed paper which he unfolded and spread before Mr Strutter's eyes. There, in jet-black, engraving-room proof was an elaborately-decorated group of those of Mr. Strutter's relatives now holding office under the mayor and drawing pay from the city exchequer. Under each man's portrait were his name and the amount of his yearly salary. Two of the circles in the group were left blank. "These circles," Flagg stated, "are for the insertion of the portraits of your two next family appointees. You might notice that the amounts already set down, including that under your own handsome portrait in the center, amount to some forty-seven thousand dollars which the Strutter family connection is already drawing from the city treasury. This group is exactly the size of the upper half of the front page of the Courier. Of course, we have no intention of using it unless you supply portraits for these vacant places."

Mr. Strutter opened his mouth three separate times to speak; the first time indignantly, the second time argumentatively, the third time pleadingly, but in no case did any words come out. After a long and thoughtful silence he quietly opened the drawer of his desk and dropped the proof sheet of the Strutter family group into it. He as quietly drew toward him a sheet of his official stationery, took up his official pen, dipped it in his official ink and, with the greatest apparent suavity, wrote his official confirmation of Mr. Flagg's appointment as auditor, meanwhile figuring how he should appease the waiting Cassamine, the waiting brother-in-law, the waiting uncle and the waiting Dennison, all of whom were highly interested in the appointment of the ill-fated Mr. Porter's successor.

That was hardly an auspicious beginning for Flagg, nor one calculated to promote the greatest harmony. On the first day of his incumbency the mayor sent for him.

"Of course, Mr. Flagg," he said pompously, holding his hands placidly behind him and rocking slowly from his tiptoes to his heels, "I shall expect you to carry out my policies."

"Why, certainly," replied Flagg with a grin. "I invented them."

The mayor smiled benignly.

"You will have your little joke, won't you?" he returned. "By the way, you know Mr. Porter was a very busy man and did not have the time to attend as fully to his duties as he would have liked. In consequence, some little irregularities have no doubt crept in, and such of these as you happen to discover I wish you would come quietly and report to me."

Flagg looked at him silently a moment before he replied.

"I'll report them all right," he promised. "You know, Mr. Strutter, not only the Courier, but I myself individually, have been fighting for municipal reform for a great many years, and now that we have a chance we must show them some actual results."

"Certainly," acquiesced Mr. Strutter. "Reform by all means, but not radicalism; not radicalism."

Flagg worked like a nailer all week, trying to get a grasp of his duties, but without much help from his office assistants, whom he found impalpably banded against him. On Saturday afternoon he drifted in to see Lanning.

"Well, how do you find things?" the latter asked.

"Pretty rotten," declared Flagg. "The old graft system, so joyously perfected by the gang, has been kept right up to the scratch in the auditor's department. I don't see any evidences of the new leaf there. The only reforms so far instituted by Strutter are a few silly attempts to save money in the places where it would show the most, precisely as he did in the waterworks department. He discharged good men and put cheap ones in their place, and you know what happened to the waterworks system through incompetence on one hand and trickery on the other. We had ruined engines, broken valves, leaking reservoirs and two water famines, one lasting for three infernal, thirsty, unbathed days."

"I don't imagine it has been exactly a bed of roses for Strutter; maybe he can't help himself," suggested Lanning.

"He can't; there's the joke of it. He is an utterly incompetent blockhead who is too busy bolstering up his own majesty to get down and dig and find out the facts of things. I have an impression, however, that he is also deliberately winking at petty side graft; at least, probably thinking it more or less justifiable. One Strutter is playing the game of politics to a finish. He's laying his wires for a reelection a year from now. He is trying his best to build up a party machine and at the same time to curry favor with the men behind the gang. I'll know more about it next week and I'll keep you posted. In the mean time I've a little scoop framed up for the Courier to pull off about Wednesday. I'll give Ringling the details."

"Good work," said Lanning. "The Blade hasn't scooped us for a week and you've furnished us with two nice ones to put over on them."

On Monday there came to the notice of one of Flagg's inspectors the stubs of four requisitions from the board of public service for twelve hundred bushels of oats at forty-one cents a bushel. Flagg looked back over the records and found that this had been the custom not only during the many years of the gang's control, but during the past year as well. He went straight to Strutter with the stubs.

"Cast your good eye on this," he said indignantly. "Here is a clear evasion of the state law which declares that all municipal supplies amounting to over five hundred dollars shall be let by contract to the lowest bidder. Here are requisitions calling for nearly five thousand bushels of oats, totaling nearly two thousand dollars, and every bushel has been ordered at the highest possible price. The city should be able to save one hundred and fifty dollars on these orders, possibly more. It is as brazen a thing as even the gang ever put across."

Mr. Strutter examined the first stub. He carefully multiplied twelve hundred bushels by forty-one cents.

"Four hundred and ninety-two dollars," he announced gravely. "I don't see what you're making such a hubbub about. This requisition calls for less than five hundred dollars' worth."

"But they have split the order up into four!" protested Flagg. "Don't you see? It is an evasion of the law."

"Well," drawled the mayor thoughtfully, "I understand that this is a practice which has always prevailed. The administration must do a little something for its friends. Now, take in the matter of these oats. The dealers who have for so many years supported my party, contributing both time and money to its success, would be very much disgruntled if they were given no opportunity to benefit by their so-hardly-won victory."

Flagg gazed at him in amazement.

"I don't believe I quite understand you," said he. "If I get your meaning, translated into plain terms it is that you sanction the petty graft characteristic of Galway and his cohorts."

"Tut! tut!" protested the mayor. "Utterly absurd! I am shocked to have you apply such expressions to so simple an act of legitimate partisan reward."

"If you look at it in that way I'm going to shock you still more," declared Flagg. "I'm going to refuse to pay

(Continued on Page 22)

THE SMALL MAN'S MARKET

Starting From Nothing—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

ALL over this country are men and women who have devised new food specialties, toilet preparations, contrivances for household or personal use, articles of wear and other things that to them seem to meet a wide human need. The originators consider them as good as any of the famous articles sold nationally—maybe better. If they could but put them on sale everywhere a fortune could be quickly amassed, they think.

Not one in a thousand of these promising specialties ever gets beyond a neighborhood sale, however, because the originators do not know how to build up a large business from slender means. It is generally assumed that abundant capital is needed to market such commodities—that everything nowadays is in the hands of trade combinations and that the opportunities are all gone.

But as a matter of trade history most of the famous commodities sold on a national scale today have been built up from nothing, and by methods that are not likely to be monopolized by anybody. The promoters usually had slender means, but made up by hard work. They lacked experience as well as capital, but offset that by willingness to experiment as they went along and to build slowly. Some true stories of success have been brought together in this article to show how the thing may be accomplished in different ways.

Twelve or fifteen years ago a young German druggist had a small store on the outskirts of a city in the Middle West. Up to that time, it is said, he had never cleared a net profit exceeding two thousand dollars in any year. His shop was so far from the business center that he sold barbers' supplies as a side line, being the local agent for chairs and sundries, as well as for the toilet preparations used by barbers.

His chief interest lay in chemistry rather than pharmacy, and he was constantly experimenting with new preparations. One of these, a toilet cream, seemed to have novelty. Compounded because there was inquiry for some such article, it differed from ordinary cold creams. The latter have fats or oils as a base and are rubbed into the skin to be absorbed. His stuff, on the contrary, was made to be rubbed into the pores and then rubbed out again, cleansing in the process. Put on sale in the store it made friends so rapidly that he saw possibilities for building up wide distribution. But he saw them in the wrong direction. Had he possessed at that time all the capital that he would have wished he might easily have dropped a fortune, because the road of development that he took at the outset ran into a blind alley.

It seemed to him that here was an ideal preparation for barbers and professional masseurs. That his best trade thus far had been over the counter, and with women, was not significant then. His whole thought ran in the direction of selling this stuff to somebody who would use it to massage somebody else; the idea of teaching people to be their own masseurs had not taken shape.

It Differed From Ordinary Cold Creams

His first expenditure for promotion was in hiring two of the most skillful barbers he could find. These men were sent out as agents of his little supply business to visit boss barbers. Dropping into a shop at an hour when business was slack one of these demonstrators would seat the proprietor in his own chair and thoroughly massage his face, teaching him fine points in the art at the same time and explaining the preparation financially. Here was a little jar that cost him so many cents, out of which he might take a number of dollars. A customer sat in his chair during a slack time like this, the demonstrator argued, and the barber shaved him. Then he cut his hair. Then he persuaded him to be shampooed. And then, very likely, he would have to brush his hair and bid him good-by, because there was nothing more to be done for that customer. Add facial massage at twenty-five cents, however, and the margin for increased earnings from several chairs during a month was large.

Barbers took the preparation up and for some time the druggist kept his demonstrators busy extending the trade along this line. But though the possibilities were apparently good it was not always feasible to hold such trade after it had been won, because the professional masseur could employ a cheaper preparation when demand became important.

It was some time before the druggist realized that his logical field for development lay with the general public. Then he began placing his goods with other druggists. Demand grew rapidly, and he held it, and all his earnings were put back into development, until, one day, he boarded a train for New York to visit an advertising agent who had written encouragingly about his preparation, pointing out the fortune that could be made by creating a national demand. Arriving in New York at seven next morning the druggist went direct to the agent's office, but was told that he seldom got down before eleven. For years the druggist had been at work each morning by seven o'clock. Instead of waiting, therefore, he went to the office of another advertising agent of whom somebody had spoken on the train. This second advertising man at first saw no possibilities in the preparation. The market already was filled with cosmetics, balms, unguents and creams. There was absolutely no chance. The druggist patiently explained wherein his stuff was different, got out a jar of the cream and rubbed some of it on the advertising man's hand to show how it worked, and they went to lunch together, still discussing. When they returned to the office the agent was persuaded that here was something of original merit.

"How much do you plan to spend in advertising?"

"Five thousand dollars," replied the druggist.

"Have you got it?"

"No."

"Have you got that much credit?"

"No, but I pay my bills and people respect me in my own town."

"Well, you look good to me," declared the advertising man finally. "You've shown us. We'll take the account."

Today that ex-druggist is building a fine mansion in the best residence quarter of his city, and his preparation has a world-wide sale. Its trade has been built up steadily from year to year by sending free samples to anybody who would ask for them and by teaching people to massage themselves

"Sampling" is a method in reach of the man who is extending trade in a good article on slender capital But only one man in a hundred ever does it intelligently.

Formerly it was the common practice to send agents into a town, have them hire boys to distribute samples from house to house, throwing them in at the doors. Again, samples would be sent to local merchants to be piled on their counters and carried off by customers. Neither of these methods is effective nowadays, however, for such samples make their way largely on chance, without credentials. Many persons are afraid to try them, or they fall into the hands of children and servants.

Samples must come with an introduction nowadays, and also be distributed in coöperation with retail merchants who are to sell the goods locally.

Some of the largest manufacturing concerns in this country spend thousands of dollars yearly in sampling work, but with original methods. All of their methods have been developed from small beginnings, however, and may be experimented with by the small man and adapted to his uses. If he had a hundred thousand dollars and put it all into an ingenious sampling method, without first testing it on a small scale, he would be doing something that no manufacturer who has made that much money in business would be foolish enough to do.

Pushing a Food Specialty

A CERTAIN food preparation was promoted from small beginnings by a manufacturer who covered one town at a time through a single distributer. This was a civil-spoken young man, dressed in a good suit, and he left a sample only where people answered the doorbell, and after he had spoken briefly about the quality of the sample. The sample had a retail value of ten cents and so was seldom refused. Several days afterward the local grocers were canvassed. Eventually the country was covered with picked crews, adhering rigidly to the original plan.

Another successful sampling plan is that employed for a widely-sold beverage. The proprietor of a soda fountain is persuaded to stock about ten dollars' worth of this beverage. Then one hundred coupons, each good for a five-cent glass and redeemable at his fountain, are distributed to customers he may designate. The manufacturer redeems the coupons, which are mailed to recipients at a cost of three cents apiece. Thus, practically all the merchant spends on this first order is given back to build trade for him. But it succeeds, for the beverage has merit, and one such sampling in a neighborhood establishes the goods.

One of the greatest food-specialty corporations keeps crews of demonstrators on the road, each crew consisting of about a dozen young men who enter a town, engage a hall or theater and give a reception to women, at which the company's whole line of specialties is served and shown. At the same time the local grocers are persuaded to stock up and their windows are dressed with these goods. This work is rather elaborate, but about the same thing was done for a wholesale grocery house's line of spices, coffees and condiments some years ago, when an expert demonstrator entered a town, got the leading grocer to carry the line, and secured a list of his charge customers. Then the head clerk from his store went round with a woman demonstrator. A neat rig pulled up at Mrs. Smith's home. She knew the clerk, he introduced the demonstrator, a fine linen cloth was spread on her own table, and in three minutes the whole line of forty specialties was spread out for her to taste, look at and ask about. These crews paid for themselves, for they brought in orders averaging a hundred dollars a day. The grocery house kept up the work for years through the Middle West, until its goods had been solidly established. In one case a grocer with customers chiefly among the blue-stocking element of his town consented to this work with the greatest reluctance, saying that his customers would never permit the demonstrator to enter their homes A demonstrator went out alone and brought back orders amounting to one hundred and sixty dollars the first day. On the second morning the grocer not only sent his chief clerk with her, but also personally called up customers to explain that she was coming. Nothing is easier than carrying on such work in offensive ways, though experienced demonstrators seldom do so. They have tact, for one thing, and, for another, such a plan is based upon an interest through which it is always possible to get a housewife's attention, no matter how exclusive she may be the interest of keeping up her home and her table

It is Always Possible to Get a Housewife's Attention, No Matter How Exclusive She May Be

A manufacturer of dentifrice has built up a solid trade through ten or twelve states by means of a plan of sampling based on a curious trait of human nature. Most samples of dentifrice are small. He always gives a full-size can. People form a taste for any article with a pleasing flavor or odor, he says, but it takes a full-size can to wean them from what they have been using.

Mail sampling is now carried on to an enormous extent, usually in connection with periodical advertising that explains the goods, arouses interest, and leads the reader to take the initiative by sending for a sample. Many firms even ask a nominal sum for samples, as a means of getting better inquiries. Advertising is the logical force toward which every promoter of a specialty will find himself working. But several years' activity along one or another of the above lines is sometimes needed before the expense of effective advertising can be borne. Pretty wide distribution of goods among retail stores is also necessary, so that people who are won over through mail sampling can get the goods, no matter where they live.

A young man from Maine went out to Omaha in the late seventies and, after working at various things, saved a hundred dollars and started a small feed store. One day a stranger came along, bought some ingredients from him, mixed a batch of patent stock food, and in two or three days cleared up a tidy sum of money. This interested the feed man so much that he bought the formula. Stock foods were rather new then. This preparation was a tonic that built up cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry by making them eat heartily. For some time the original formula was tested and changed. When he had a nice local trade and thought he knew what he was about the proprietor began to extend his operations. First he sold to large stock-raisers, doing the canvassing himelf in a buggy. That paid so well that other men were sent out canvassing. A little later farmers were appointed here and there to attend to sales in a given territory. This prospered also, and state superintendents were appointed to look after the farmer agents, until the whole corn belt was covered. That plan worked well for fifteen years and is still followed successfully by many manufacturers who confine their operations to a few states. By and by there was competition in the stock-food business, however, and this product was peculiar in that hard times in the corn belt or a low price for cattle generally made a bad year's business. So the business was spread out to cover the whole country and the selling transferred from farmer agents to regular merchants

feed dealers, hardware men, druggists, or whoever happened to be available in a given town. Upon showing that he was capable of selling the food to the best advantage a dealer was given exclusive rights in his territory. He sent the manufacturer lists of leading stock-raisers and farmers in his community and the manufacturer mailed them information about his food. A fine book on stock-raising was published, and to each farmer was sent a coupon, good for a copy. But he had to go to the dealer in his territory and surrender the coupon before he secured the book. Wide, general advertising accompanied this whole operation of changing the channel through which the goods flowed to the consumer, and it was successful, giving a national business in a few years in the face of stiff competition.

Silent Salesmen

NINE or ten years ago a young man in an Eastern manufacturing city invented a new style of thumb tack suited to many of the every-day uses to which tacks, pins, small nails, hangers and the like are put. Installing some machinery in a small room he began making the trinket himself, calling on stationers in his own city to place goods. The small dealers took it up first, chiefly because they carried nothing of a similar nature, and a moderate order soon demonstrated that the public wanted such a novelty. Another highly-important point in this early marketing was that the inventor contrived ingenious "silent salesmen" to display his novelty in stores. A stationer ordered a dozen experimentally. They came on a cardboard rack. The logical thing to do with this rack was to stand it on the counter, whereas, had the goods come without it, they would undoubtedly have been put back on the shelves and forgotten, for the public knew nothing about them as yet and so could not ask for them. Thus, wherever this trinket got a foothold it was in sight and explained itself through printing on the cardboard rack. Customers read, helped themselves and left the price on the counter when the stationer was too busy to wait on them.

The demand was soon so great that he sold all he could make. Then more machinery was installed and, as soon as his facilities increased, he began advertising in very small spaces, twice or three times a week, in a single newspaper in his own city. This gave him enough publicity to warrant calling on large merchants, and within six weeks his novelty was carried by every stationer and department store in town. Then he invaded a neighboring city, putting a girl demonstrator in its largest department store, which led to the novelty being stocked by other stores. For some time after that his profits all went back into more machinery. Indeed, the merit of this novelty was such that the chief problem lay in building up a factory rather than trade.

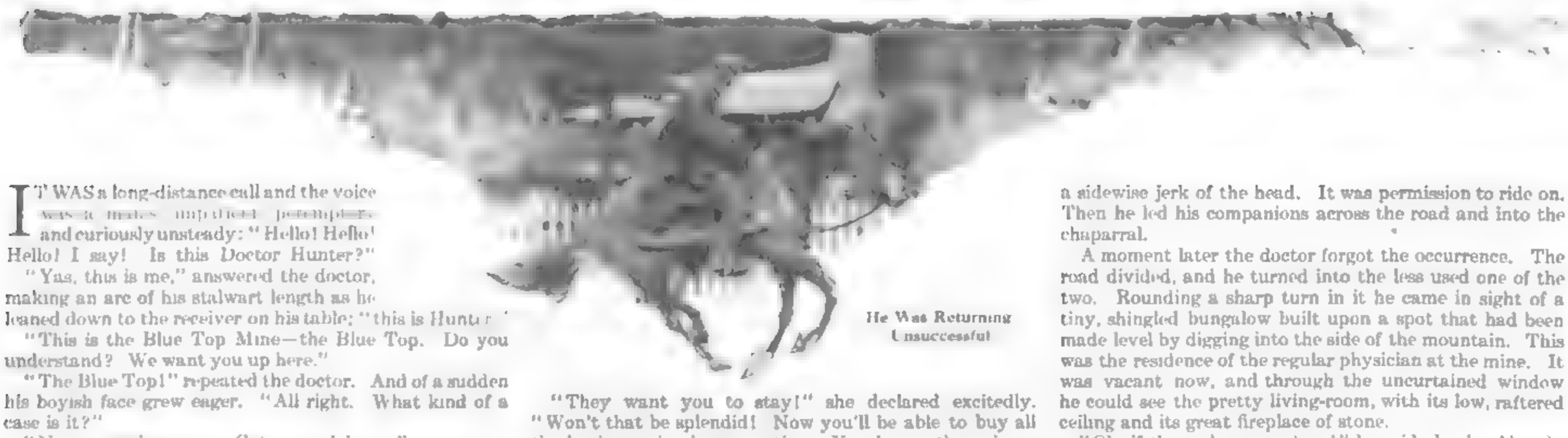
When he was able to supply demand once more small advertisements were inserted in two magazines of national circulation, offering samples for a dime. Direct orders came from all parts of the country. What was more to the purpose, stationers in many cities ordered thumb tacks from the inventor, putting them in stock. After

(Concluded on Page 26)

DOC

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



He Was Returning Unsuccessful

IT WAS a long-distance call and the voice was a [illegible] and curiously unsteady: "Hello! Hello! Hello! I say! Is this Doctor Hunter?"

"Yas, this is me," answered the doctor, making an arc of his stalwart length as he leaned down to the receiver on his table; "this is Hunter."

"This is the Blue Top Mine—the Blue Top. Do you understand? We want you up here."

"The Blue Top!" repeated the doctor. And of a sudden his boyish face grew eager. "All right. What kind of a case is it?"

"Never mind—come. Get a good horse."

"But look a-here," expostulated the doctor. "Is it surgical? I'd like to know just what to bring."

"Come prepared for anything. Can you hear me? This is Eastman."

"Oh—Mr. Eastman." The doctor fell back a little, then, still holding the receiver to his ear with one hand, hastily smoothed at his hair with the other—as if to make himself more presentable for his conversation with the distant speaker. "I'll start in fifteen minutes," he promised.

"Good-by." The line closed.

The doctor was in his shirt-sleeves. He reached one long arm out for the coat hanging on the back of his office chair, the other for his wide, soft hat. Then he caught up a canvas case that held both medicines and instruments, and hurried out.

Half a block up the street was a low, flower-covered cottage that stood among wide-spreading fig trees. There was a strip of clover lawn before the little house. He halted when he reached it, and took off his hat. "Oh, Miss Letty!" he called.

The fig trees formed a dense screen against the noon heat. Under one was a girl, bareheaded and barearmed, with a half-filled basket of the purple fruit at her feet. As the doctor spoke she turned and came toward him swiftly across the clover. She was tall, nearly as tall as he, and the great knot of crisp and dusky hair on her small head added to her slender height. Her eyes were like her hair—dark and shining. They made vivid contrast with the clear paleness of her cheek and throat.

"You're going out of town," she said, with a glance at the canvas case.

"What do you think!" he answered, his face flushing with pleasure. "They want me at Blue Top!"

She stopped. "The regular mine doctor left last week. They'll have to have somebody in his place. Maybe——" Her eyes questioned his.

"It was Eastman 'phoned me." He said it proudly.

"The owner of the mine!"

"'We want you up here' is what he said. And 'Come prepared for anything.' But a-course——" It was his turn to break off. His gray eyes were anxious.

"Stay With the Boy's Maw, Little Gal, Till We Come"

"They want you to stay!" she declared excitedly. "Won't that be splendid! Now you'll be able to buy all the books you've been wanting. You know, they give a good salary at Blue Top, and—and house rent free." A wave of color swept her face then, tinting it a delicate rose.

He had come nearer her. "It'd mean more'n books to me," he said in a low voice.

"You're the best doctor in the county; that's why they've sent for you. But what'll *this* town do without you?" She smiled up at him, forgetting her embarrassment. "Every baby in the place'll miss 'Doc'."

Like a man who is summoning his courage he set his teeth together for a moment and took a deep breath. Then: "The part of the town that I like best I want to take with me," he said, his tone significant.

There was a moment's silence. She retreated a step, her face rosier than before. He kept his eyes fixed earnestly on her lowered lashes, waiting for them to rise.

"I've—I've wanted to ask you before, Letty—lots of times. But I couldn't as long as I knowed I'd have to take you to a boardin'-house; I've waited till I thought I could see a home in sight. If this comes true——" He reached out a big, sunburned hand and touched her slender one where it hung at her side.

She raised her eyes and they were misty with hope. "Do your level best at the mine!" she half whispered.

"Letty—you care!" He let her hand fall, for his own was trembling. "Oh, you bet I'll do my best. This is my chance. I'm bankin' on it."

"Take my horse for the trip. Bobby wasn't out of the barn yesterday, and I'm pickling figs today. Please do."

"All right, I'll be glad to."

A few minutes later, when he rode out of the corral, canvas case tight-strapped to his back, he was mounted on a spirited little mustang whose bright eyes watched through a bushy forelock. The gate was left in a rushing gallop. And from down the street, where the doctor turned into the Blue Top road, he waved a hand back to Letty. Then he cantered on.

It was fifteen miles to the mine, all up grade and rough going. But Bobby kept a quick pace; and his rider, fixing his look hopefully ahead, gave no thought to the road. Two things ran constantly in the doctor's mind: "We want you up here" and "Come prepared for anything." The more he thought of the statements the more he felt certain about the success of his trip. They surely meant him to remain at the mine. That was why he had been asked to bring as much of his equipment as possible.

"Halt!"

It was Bobby who obeyed the command. Out of the thick brush that lined the grade had stepped three men, blocking his way. The trio carried rifles across their arms.

"Who are you?" demanded one of the three. He was a smooth-shaven, thick-set, middle-aged man with hard, milky-blue eyes and soft, fat cheeks that pouched heavily, drawing his under lids down to show a scarlet lining.

"Doctor."

"Oh!—I see. Good work." The thick-set man fell back a step and gave a sidewise jerk of the head. It was permission to ride on. Then he led his companions across the road and into the chaparral.

A moment later the doctor forgot the occurrence. The road divided, and he turned into the less used one of the two. Rounding a sharp turn in it he came in sight of a tiny, shingled bungalow built upon a spot that had been made level by digging into the side of the mountain. This was the residence of the regular physician at the mine. It was vacant now, and through the uncurtained window he could see the pretty living-room, with its low, raftered ceiling and its great fireplace of stone.

"Oh, if this only comes true!" he said aloud. Already he pictured Letty's face at the window.

At the side porch of the superintendent's house he dismounted quickly, dropped the bridle-reins to the ground and sprang up the steps, unbuckling his case as he went.

A Chinese in spotless white answered his ring and, without a question, went pattering away to a closed door at the end of a long hall, where he paused and knocked softly.

A man opened the door. He was perhaps thirty-five, with the bearing that marks the city-bred. But his dress was disheveled, his haggard face showed a one-day's growth of beard, and his eyes were hollow, as if from sickness, and bloodshot. "Is this Doctor Hunter?" he questioned, whispering.

"Yas, sir."

"My name is Eastman." He motioned the doctor to enter.

In the darkened room there was discernible only the outlines of a bed, upon which some one was tossing. The patient was moaning, too, and hoarsely repeating a name: "Laurie! Laurie! Laurie! Laurie!" The tone was insistent and full of anguished appeal.

The doctor went to the bedside. The face on the pillow was that of a young woman—a woman of perhaps twenty-five. It was a face that reminded him of Letty's. There was the same delicate outline of cheek and chin, the same full, sweet mouth and girlish throat. But the dark head was moving from side to side with each repeating of the name, and the dark eyes were staring wildly. As he leaned down she turned them full upon him.

"Laurie! Laurie! Laurie!" she entreated.

"Nervous shock," said the doctor. He lifted a white wrist. It was rigid and the pulse hard. The hand was knotted, too, and shook with its very tenseness. "What put her into this shape?"

Eastman did not reply at once. He began to walk the room. Presently he halted behind the doctor. "Mrs. Eastman is—is worried," he explained.

"Wal, I should judge so," remarked the doctor coldly. He laid an open hand upon the sick woman's forehead to quiet the constant wagging. "How long's she been like this?"

"Twenty-four hours. Give her something to make her sleep. She'll go crazy."

"In a case like this you got to remove the cause." The doctor spoke severely. The whole thing looked bad to him.

Eastman made no answer, but left the room, for the Chinese had summoned him noiselessly from the door.

Left alone, the doctor prepared an opiate and administered one draft of it, after which he took a chair beside the bed and again lifted a tense wrist. Presently Mrs. Eastman ceased to murmur her heartbroken plaint. Her clenched fingers relaxed their hold on the counterpane. Then the strained lids of the sufferer fluttered down.

When she was breathing deep and regularly, with a peaceful smile on the sweet mouth and her hands folded on her breast, he leaned back. And, looking at her, his thoughts returned to Letty and to the tiny bird's-nest of a house perched below in a niche of the mountain. He could see a strong young figure going to and fro through the cozy rooms; himself beside a wood fire, with his books about him. Spring came a trifle later here on the tilted crown of Blue Top, fall arrived a little early, which meant many evenings cool enough for a cheery blaze. And if the mine was off the line of the railroad, that did not——

Eastman entered hurriedly, leaving the door open behind him.

The doctor rose, the look of day-dreaming still in his eyes. "She's quiet," he said in a low voice. "What else can I attend to up here?"

"This is all." As Eastman answered his own look was averted. "Our new physician's due today—Doctor Fowler, of San Francisco."

"I—I see." A surge of red deepened the tan on the doctor's face. "I s'pose you won't need me no more."

"How much do I owe you?" There was dismissal in Eastman's tone.

The other closed the canvas case and picked up his hat. Then he leaned over the sleeper for a moment. When he started slowly toward the door the spring was gone from his step. He seemed not to have heard the question.

"Will ten be satisfactory?" Eastman had run a hand into a pocket. Now he held out a goldpiece.

The doctor turned. A troubled light was in the gray eyes. "Five'd be a fair charge for Blue Top," he said. As the smaller coin was proffered him he took it, bowed and went out.

Some one followed him—he did not look back to see who. But as he reached the front door his eye fell upon a photograph that lay on a table beside the hatrack. It was the photograph of a child—a handsome, fair-haired little boy in gingham rompers, standing on a garden path amid chrysanthemums that reached above his tumbled curls. "Is that your baby?" asked the doctor, and, with the inquiry, turned to the one behind.

It was not Eastman, but the Chinese servant who had followed him out. As he opened the door he made no reply.

Bobby was waiting dutifully at the steps; and when he was headed down the mountain he went single-footing away eagerly, his bit-chains rattling with his swaying gait. But the doctor rode with his chin on his breast and his soft hat pulled to his brows. And when a bend in the road brought the shingled bungalow near, instead of looking at it he turned his face toward the long, level valley. In the distance, on the tree-strewn river-bottom, was a cluster of white specks—the town he had left in the early afternoon. He had come from it hopefully; he was returning unsuccessful. But his jaw was set resolutely.

"Say, That Friend of Your's Has Got a Wonderful Constitution"

It was past sundown when he reined at the gate leading to Bobby's corral. Letty had seen him ride up. Now she came hurrying across the garden toward him. "Is it good news?" she called.

He was down and standing beside his horse. "I counted my chickens ahead of time," he answered, and smiled ruefully. "They're gittin' a city doc for Blue Top."

As he slipped off saddle and bridle she stood in silence, her eyes on the ground. But when he came over and paused beside her she looked up at him bravely, for all the tears on her lashes. "Never mind about Blue Top," she said. "Think what a fine doctor you are now. And you're so young. If you go on with your studying ——"

"I'll tell you what's the matter with me," he said very earnestly. "I cure, don't I? But I don't dress good enough. I don't know how to talk. And I ain't one of them stylish, top-buggy physicians." He looked up the street to his own gate. A man had pulled up before it—a queer-looking individual mounted on a raw-boned mule and wearing a long, tan linen duster and a black slouch hat. "The fact is," he went on, "I'm not Doctor Hunter. That's it. I'm just 'Doc.'"

The man on the mule was advancing toward them. Letty hastened to inquire about Blue Top. "You didn't tell me who was sick at the mine," she reminded.

"Mrs. Eastman. But—she wasn't sick."

"She wasn't sick?" Letty raised a puzzled face.

"Just unhappy. Eastman didn't say what about. But her poor heart's a-breakin'."

The man on the mule pulled up for a second time, near by. "Are you Doc Hunter?" he demanded. The voice sounded muffled

"I'm the Doc."

"A friend of mine is sick out of town here a little ways"

"Take Bobby again," Letty urged in an undertone. "You know how tough he is. He won't mind, if the trip is short."

"But he ain't had his feed," said the doctor

"I'll tie some oats to the saddle."

As she hurried off the doctor went up to the man on the mule. "What kind of a case is it?" he inquired, and noticed that the stranger had a handkerchief tied under his jaws and over his ears.

"That's what I expect you to tell me." There was a note of sneering in the retort.

"I mean, is it surgical?" explained the other.

"Well, suppose you come fixed so's you'll be ready for any kind of a case."

The doctor stared. It was Eastman's reply—with a different wording. And the coincidence seemed a strange one. Then: "You'd better let me do somethin' for that toothache," he said kindly.

"Oh, it don't amount to anything," was the short answer.

The doctor had not unbuckled his case. Now he crossed the corral to Bobby and picked up bridle and saddle.

The stranger led the way out of town, hurrying his mule forward with voice, switch and heels, and taking the main traveled road that led south beside the railroad track. Night was already settling, and to the left the scattered shafts of a cemetery gleamed white through the gathering dark. Beyond the cemetery, where a dim road branched eastward across the rails toward the river, the guide drew up and dismounted and busied himself for a moment with the bridle of his mule. The doctor also reined and waited.

Presently his companion came walking back, leaving the mule tied to the railroad fence. "Doc," he began, putting one hand on Bobby's bridle and the other on the doctor's knee, "don't misunderstand what I'm going to say to you."

"Yas? What's that?" Of a sudden the doctor felt dislike and suspicion.

"Where I'm going," continued the man deliberately, "you'll have to travel blindfolded."

The doctor did not speak for a moment. Again he was staring at the other, not so startled as he was amazed at this, the second queer call in a single day! Before he had finished puzzling over the half-crazed woman at Blue Top and the trio of armed men who had halted him, here was another mystery. Was the county gone mad?

"You've barked up the wrong tree, Mister," he said finally, looking into the small eyes that were glinting up at him. "I've got just five dollars with me. Let me show ye." He reached into a pocket. "That ain't worth cuttin' my throat for."

A boisterous laugh greeted this. Then: "Cut your throat! Why, I'm not after money. I want a doctor And I'm going to have a doctor." Still holding to Bobby's rein the stranger reached down and patted his right thigh "I've never heard of taking a doctor to a sick man at the end of a gun," he added, "but if you hold back that's the way I'll take you. Get down."

The doctor dismounted

"Turn around," was the next order

As the doctor obeyed a large, soft handkerchief was laid across his eyes and bound tight

He climbed back into his saddle then, and found his stirrups. But as he picked up his rein once more he felt his hands gripped in a firm hold and brought forward to the pommel.

"I'll tie your wrists now," said his companion.

The doctor straightened and jerked his arms to his sides. "You don't need to," he declared. "I'll let my eyes alone."

"Put out your hands!" came the stern command.

There was nothing to do but comply

When they moved on again the doctor sat with every faculty on the alert, determined to discover which way they were traveling. But first they circled two or three times, then took a zigzag course. And after so much forethought on his guide's part the doctor was completely turned around. So that, starting forward finally along a comparatively straight course, he did not know in what direction they were headed. Soon he forgot to note any veering to right or left. A feeling of intense nausea came over him, caused by the sway of his horse and his inability to see.

The going was smooth enough for the first half hour Afterward it became rough, when they ceased to canter, even over short distances. At the end of the first long hour they wound down a steepand evidently narrow path. This brought them to rushing water, which they crossed when the mule and Bobby had drunk Then a long climb began—to level ground again. At last a sharp turn was made to the left. Once more they descended. Then came a halt.

"Get down," said the guide.

"I will when you let loose my hands," returned the doctor crossly. "This is a dickens of a way to treat a white man!"

When he was down and his eyes were unbound he saw that they were in the bottom of a deep cañon, for high on either side of him, against the lighter background of the sky, was the black, pine-topped line of a ridge. There was a small clearing in the cañon, circled by a wall of underbrush, and at the center of the clearing a squat shanty, beyond which showed a patch of light from a window on its farther side.

Bridles were taken off and girths loosened. Then the doctor folded down the top of the feed-sack so that Bobby could eat, and left the little horse devouring his oats.

Now the two men made toward the shanty and silently entered a small, low room lighted by a single kerosene lamp. The walls of the room were of rough pine boards, smoke-stained; the ceiling was of blackened cheesecloth that sagged low overhead. There was a rough board table beside the door, and two benches, as unplaned as the table, for seats. A small stove stood in one corner, rusted by the rain that had trickled down upon it from the pipe-opening in the roof; against a wall stood a bed of boards—a bed only wide enough for one person. Upon it, under a gray blanket, lay a figure.

The doctor picked up the lamp, crossed to the bedside, and let the light shine down upon his patient—a man not more than twenty-eight years of age. The fevered face was ugly, almost apelike; the forehead bulged, the cheek-bones were high, the nose so flat that the nostrils were

two wide, black holes; and the mouth was full and coarse. The doctor recoiled as he looked, and turned to the man standing at his shoulder.

He saw a face that he liked still less—eyes small and deep set, and overhung with heavy, coarse brows; a nose lean and high and twisted so far out of line that it made a left obtuse angle from forehead to mouth; and long, thin lips that opened over small, uneven, discolored teeth. But the most striking feature of the face was a scar. It lay across the left cheek from the corner of the eye to the point of the heavy chin. It was a straight scar—as straight as if made by a keen knife drawn along the edge of a ruler. And it was old, and a dead white that contrasted sharply with the liquor-reddened skin of the cheek.

"I'll hold the lamp," said the man with the scar.

The doctor unbuckled his case, threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He did not ask what was the matter, but laid back the bedclothes and began his look for a wound. And he found it—a gunshot wound in the right side, at the waist-line, and mortally deep.

"My! This oughta been 'tended to hours ago," he said severely. "When did it happen?"

"Yesterday. He's been unconscious ever since."

"Git me some hot water."

Then, for an hour, not a word was spoken. The doctor worked with all his energy, forgetting where he was, forgetting hunger and weariness. The table had been moved close to the bed and the lamp placed upon it. So the man with the scar had nothing to do. He walked the floor, his head down and held a little sidewise, as if he were listening; and as he walked his eyes continually shifted from side to side.

"I'm done," announced the doctor at last. "This medicine you can give him every three hours—one teaspoonful. It's for the fever."

The man with the scar came over to stand at the foot of the bed. "Leave something that'll make him sleep," he said.

"All right." The doctor had thought of asking for coffee. But now he was eager to get away. There was that in the manner of his guide which he did not like—an anxiety that seemed apart from concern for the sick man.

Soon they were started on the return trip, the doctor blindfolded as before and tied by the wrists to his pommel. As they went he marked as well as he could ascents and descents, abrupt turns, level stretches and rough. Bobby traveled slowly, being tired with all the long miles he had covered since noon; and once or twice he stumbled, jerking at his headline.

The man with the scar cursed him. "Why don't you ride a mule?" he called back. "A mule's sure-footed, and he's got more sense in a minute than a horse's got in a week."

"Ain't nothin' the matter with this horse's smartness," retorted the doctor. "Bobby knows as much as a man."

"Oh, does he?" said the other with a mirthless laugh. "Well, you'd better look out or I'll blindfold him, too."

When the animals were once more brought to a standstill the man with the scar did not dismount, but rode close enough to untie the thongs at the doctor's pommel and to jerk away the handkerchief.

They were beside the railroad track where the dim road branched east. The man with the scar addressed the doctor sharply. "Doc," he said, "if you know what's good for you you'll just forget all about tonight." Then: "So long." But he stayed where he was in the road.

"So long," returned the doctor. He headed north. When beyond the cemetery he looked round, the mule and its scar-faced rider were gone.

A milk wagon was rumbling through the town as the doctor dismounted at the wide gate which led to Bobby's stable, and a boy on a bicycle was wheeling from house to house along the street, throwing San Francisco papers of the previous afternoon into each yard. The morning of another day had come.

There was a light still burning, however, in the kitchen of the little flower-covered cottage. And soon Letty came hurrying out. "Have you had any rest?" she asked. "I've got some hot coffee ready for you."

He gave her a tender smile. "You'll make a fine doctor's wife!" he declared.

"Not if I worry, though. And I have worried—all night." She tried to smile back at him, but her lips trembled. "Because I didn't like the looks of the man that came here after you. Where was the case?"

"I'm afraid you'll worry worse when I tell you," he answered. "I don't know where I've been."

"You don't *know!*"

Briefly, over a cup of steaming coffee in the kitchen, he related the happenings of the night just gone. Letty listened, wide-eyed and pale. "How do you figger it out?" he asked her as he concluded his story. "The Blue Top call was funny, but this was worse."

The next moment she rose to her feet and let her cup and saucer fall with a clatter. "That's who they are!" she cried. "Why didn't I think of it before! The whole thing's out at the mine." Then she ran from the kitchen into the dining-room and came running back again, a newspaper in one hand. "Read it!" she bade in the wildest excitement. "Oh, read it!"

He took the paper from her. It was the local publication of the day before, and the article she indicated occupied the upper half of the front page. "Laurence Eastman Kidnaped," read a line that reached from one side of the sheet to the other. Under this, in smaller type, was a subhead: "Outlaws Demand Five Thousand Dollars of Millionaire Father. Threaten to Kill Child if Theft is Made Public."

The doctor read no further. "That's what was the matter with Mrs. Eastman," he said in a low voice. "The boy's out in that cañon!"

Astounded, each gazed into the face of the other for a moment. "You didn't hear him?" ventured Letty. "Maybe he was hid in the brush."

"The shanty was pretty good-sized—lookin' at it from the outside," returned the doctor. "Inside, the room was awful small. If that man comes after me again ——"

"Don't go out alone with him," she pleaded. "Let somebody trail you."

He shook his head. "He'd find it out and shoot. No, I've got to take the chance. Oh, Letty, if I could only bring that little woman her kid!"

Letty's dark eyes were misty. "You couldn't telephone her, could you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "So far, everything's guesswork. I dassent raise her hopes on that. It's awful when a person's hopes're raised—and then go smash. I've got to find out where I was. There's a scheme I heard of once ——"

"Is it scattering beans?"

"No." He laughed and reached across the kitchen table to cover a slim hand with one of his. "No"—more soberly—"it's something different—it's about Bobby. You'd have to let me take care of him for a few days and treat him real bad. I won't tell you what I'd do to him, then it won't fret you."

"Take Bobby," she urged. "But oh, don't have any trouble out there with that man!" And she grew white and clung to his hand as she had never done before.

He stayed only long enough to reassure her, and went when the sun shone against the kitchen window. He had been twenty-four hours without sleep.

It was an anxious day for Letty. The doctor spent it in work after he had had his rest, and at six o'clock opened his medicine-case to put into it one or two things that had been lacking the previous night. When sundown came and the long, grateful twilight, he paid a visit to Bobby. Then he lighted the lamp in his office and sat down to wait. Dark brought the looked-for summons. The front gate squeaked on its hinges. Heavy steps sounded along the narrow boardwalk leading up to the porch. Next, following a short pause, came a knock.

The doctor opened the door. The man with the scar was in waiting. He kept out of range of the light that fell through the door, but the doctor could see that the face of his visitor was again half hidden by a handkerchief and that the slouch hat was worn low to shadow it.

"My friend's suffering awful," he said by way of greeting. "All over the place, Doc. I felt almost like putting him out of his misery."

At once the doctor went for Bobby. An eager whinny hailed the opening of the stable door. But when the little horse was led out of his stall he hung back and all but refused to leave it. "You'll have some supper out yonder," promised his rider, and tied a generous feed of oats to the thongs of the big stock saddle.

A slender figure came swiftly across the corral. It was Letty, and she lifted her face to the doctor's in mute anxiety. He whispered encouragement and bent to kiss her, then rode out to join his waiting guide.

The second trip to the cañon was, in every way, like the first except that it was made more quickly. When the clearing was reached and the doctor's eyes were unbound he saw that there was no patch of light beyond the low shanty. "Didn't dare leave a lamp," explained the man with the scar as he cautiously opened the door. After he had peered in, listening, he entered quietly and struck a match.

The sick man was on the floor, stretched prone. His eyes were wide, but unseeing. His breathing was labored.

They lifted him gently and laid him on the bed. Then the doctor, coat off, once more began his ministering, while the man with the scar seated himself on a bench by the door and smoked. The doctor paid the other no attention, but apparently gave his whole thought to his patient. Nevertheless, as he worked he kept on the alert for sounds, and, when his back was turned toward his guard, examined the wall against which stood the head of the bed.

He noticed that which made him certain that the shanty had a second, if a very small, room. Two of the upright foot-wide boards of the wall had been sawed across at a height of six feet from the floor. A few moments later he purposely dropped the cork of a bottle. As he stooped to feel about for it he gave a quick look at the lower ends of the sawed boards. Unlike the others in the wall, they cleared the floor by half an inch. It was probable that they formed a narrow, blind door; that the wall itself was a partition. He determined to be certain about it. "Fetch me some right cold water," he said to the man with the scar.

For a moment the other remained seated and made no answer. Then, "All right," he said reluctantly and, picking up a square kerosene can that had been fitted with a handle, went out.

The doctor waited, his eyes on his patient, his ears strained for the sound of vanishing footsteps. He heard none. The other was doubtless just outside, watching. The doctor walked to the table, took a square of prepared plaster from his case and, having turned the light down a little, laid the plaster upon the top of the globe.

The light went out. He stepped swiftly to the head of the bed and put a hand against the blind door. It swung inward a foot or more, then back into place again.

"Here!" The threatening voice was at the outside door, which opened and closed with a bang. "What're you trying to do?"

The doctor took one long stride in the direction of the speaker. "Got a match?" he inquired innocently. "That blamed lamp went out."

The other muttered and struck a match. When its light flashed the doctor was standing beside the table, the square of plaster in one hand.

"You 'tend to business!" warned the man with the scar. His thin lips were parted in a snarl.

"Now, look-a-here," returned the doctor; "I've stood all the abuse I'm goin' to. There ain't another physician in this county that would a-came out here a second time with his eyes blinded and his hands tied—not if you had *ten* friends dyin'. And I expect you to show me decent treatment." He leaned forward across the table and looked the other man squarely in the face. "Last night you wanted hot water. Tonight you want cold."

"Wal, excuse me, but I'm the best judge of what the sick gent needs. If I ain't, why the dickens do you come after me?"

For the space of a minute they stood in silence, face to face. Then, as if partly convinced, the man with the scar once more took up his oil can. When

(Continued on Page 32)

Mrs. Eastman Ceased to Murmur Her Heartbroken Plaint

WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XI

WE MAY hesitate, back and fill, creep forward with trembling caution, in matters affecting our own affairs. But we show no such nervousness when it comes to interfering in the affairs of another. There we are swift and sure. We give advice freely; we say "ought" in authoritative tones; we even enforce judgment if we have the power. Why not? If matters do not turn out well the fault will lie not upon our advice, but upon the blundering way our advice was executed. Besides, we shall not be called on to pay the bill; destiny never settles its accounts in consequences vicariously. Richmond had given far less thought to his daughter's affairs than he habitually bestowed upon small details of a small business deal. He felt he did not need to think about them; he knew what was good for her. Was he not her father?—and was it not a father's duty and privilege to know what was best for a daughter? So, the obstacle to the fulfillment of the destiny he had ordained for her must be swept away. He was a man who looked at ends, not at means. Taking all the circumstances into account, he was rather inclined to believe that his daughter was right about Roger Wade's not wishing to marry her; that for some mysterious reason the poor artist was firmly set against marrying her—perhaps was in love with some other woman, perhaps had a wife hidden away somewhere. But Roger's innocence or guilt was aside from the point—the said point being that his daughter must marry Vanderkief and so contribute her share toward broad and solid foundations for the family he was building. Thus, guilty or innocent, this artist who had had the misfortune to cross his path must be sacrificed if necessary. He felt neither pity nor hatred for him as he contemplated the possibility of having to ruin him. Richmond was as utterly impersonal as are all the large forces of destiny, self-appointed or impressed—cholera germs or conquerors, cyclones or captains of industry. When he raised or lowered the price of a stock or of a necessity of life, destroyed an industry or annexed a railway, he looked on it as a destiny-ordained transaction; effects upon the happiness or misery of unknown fellow-beings did not enter his head. The suicides that followed his wrecking and looting of the M. M. & G. made no impression on him. If a man of action paused for such refinements of sensibility as incidental evil effects from his great designs there would be no action. If the Almighty were a sentimentalist how long would chaos be postponed? "The larger good" was Richmond's motto, and those who attacked his right to set himself up as judge in so high and difficult a matter were silenced by his pointing to his triumphant success in establishing and maintaining himself in destiny's American board of directors.

Beatrice, observing this relentlessness of his in a romantic, impersonal way, and thinking only of his exhibition of power and of the glories of victory, had often admired, had been filled with pride. But now that she had personal illustration of the meaning of that sonorous word, relentless, she was feeling rather differently. And hand in hand with horror of her father there entered her heart a great fear of him. She had fancied herself free! She had gone haughtily away, had stepped proudly about, had admired herself for superior strength and courage. Here she was, back at Red Hill, as much in chains as her mother and her brothers and Rhoda, Countess of Broadstairs. Through and through she was afraid of this man who would stop at nothing—and whom nothing could stop.

But, although she could not lie to herself about her fear, she resolutely hid it. Her front was calm and undaunted. She accepted her check like her father's own daughter—with neither whimper nor frown. She was chattering gayly all the way down on the train. She greeted her mother as if she had merely been away for a day's shopping. She was the life of the dinner-table, played bridge afterward with her old-time skill—and that meant undivided attention upon the game.

Her father was puzzled. Did this cheerfulness indicate a plot to escape? Or, was Beatrice secretly delighted at being able to extricate herself from a situation extremely distasteful to her sober sense, without having to endure the mortification of having to confess her folly? Or, was it simply the natural and incurable frivolity of womankind? Richmond hoped and half believed that the last two guesses contained the truth; but he did not on that account relax his vigilance. It was his fixed policy to leave no point in his line uncovered, and to cover with the greatest care those points where danger seemed least likely. Thenceforth Beatrice should make no move without his knowledge. She was never alone except when shut up in her own apartment—and he had the telephone there disconnected. He was careful not to make his espionage irritating; it would not disclose itself to her unless she tried to do something out of the ordinary. So far as he could judge, she was unaware of its existence.

A few days and Peter came down, to be received by her with a friendliness that delighted him, and Richmond no less. Perhaps had Peter been born to make his own way in the world he would have developed a good mind and enough character to have enabled him to acquit himself creditably. As it was, however, his thinking had always been hired out and his character had remained almost rudimentary, except that he had been taught to resist any and all attempts to get money out of him—had been taught in much the same way that Nature teaches the oyster to close its shell when anything disagreeable tries to enter, teaches the worm to squirm out of the way when it feels a touch. Unlike his mind and character, Peter's vanity was far from rudimentary. Those born to wealth or position get a quaintly-false notion of their own intrinsic importance—just as a prize milcher probably mistakes the reason for the assiduous attention of which she is the subject—the care with which she is washed and curried and fed, humored and petted, ever spoken to caressingly and considerately. Peter's vanity was as highly sensitized as the sole of the foot. He was constantly alternating between ecstasy and torment, according as he interpreted the actions of those about him—for he assumed that every one was thinking of him all the time, that whatever was said was a compliment or an envious fling for him. Otherwise, one might travel far and search diligently without finding so amiable, so kindly a fellow as he. His extreme caution with money—except in self-indulgence, of course—did not produce any disagreeable effect upon his associates; they either were rich young men, trained like himself to suspect every one of trying to "trim" them, or were parasites upon the rich, accustomed to the penurious ways of the rich and rather admiring stinginess as evidence of strength of character—and it certainly was evidence of admirable prudence; for the merely rich man shorn of his riches is not much better off than a dog with its tail cut off behind its ears.

When Peter and Beatrice went for a walk, Peter after a while noted the retainer of Richmond's personal staff lingering with unobtrusive persistence in the offing. "Why's that fellow skulking after us?" inquired he.

Beatrice laughed. "Oh, father's nerves."

"About cranks and anarchists and socialists—eh? Well, I don't wonder. The lower classes are getting damned impertinent in this country. I'm strongly tempted to go to England to live. There's the only place on earth where a gentleman can count on being treated like one all the time."

"Yes, it is comfortable," said the girl. "Except the climate!"

"That is rotten—isn't it? . . . I wish that fellow would drop us." Peter halted, frowning at the distant figure. "I think I'll call out to him."

"Oh, don't bother," said Beatrice. "He's doing no harm."

"But I feel as if we were being spied on."

"What of it?" cried she with a radiant smile. "We're not going to do anything that anybody mightn't see."

"But I've got some things to say to you—came down especially to say 'em."

"Are they things that have to be shouted?"

"No—but—he makes me uneasy—and there's you. You've got a way of looking and talking—as if you weren't taking anything seriously."

She was smiling as he spoke. But if he had been a close observer he might have seen an expression of a quite different character veiled by the laughter of lips and eyes.

"I came down to say some pretty sharp things to you," he went on. "But, now that I'm with you, I don't seem able to get them out. But they're there all the same, Beatrice, and I'll act on 'em when I get away. I'm sure I will."

"Well?" said she. An expert in woman's ways would have gathered from the accent she put into the word and from her accompanying manner that this young woman had decided the time had come to make it easy for Hanky to unburden himself.

"You're not treating me right," he burst out. "You don't give me the—the respect that everybody else does; the—the consideration that I've been used to."

"For instance?"

Peter walked in silence beside her for some distance; these matters of which his sense of personal dignity was compelling him to complain were difficult to put into words that would not sound priggish and conceited. Finally, he made a beginning: "Of course, you're a splendid girl—the best I know—and that's the reason I want you. There isn't anybody else who combines all the advantages as you do. But—honestly, Beatrice, isn't the same thing true of me?"

He looked at her, with his mind and his face ready to resent evidences of her familiar mockery. But she was gazing ahead, eyes serious and sweet mouth free from any hint of a smile. "Go on, Hanky," said she encouragingly.

Peter felt that at last he was coming into his own. With a great deal more confidence he proceeded: "You make me feel as if—as if I were cheapening myself—hanging after you this way, taking things off you I wouldn't take off anybody else on earth."

"For instance?"

"Why, this engagement. There's hardly a girl in New York—in our set—who wouldn't jump at the chance. That isn't conceit. It's fact."

"It's both, Hanky," conceded the girl, without reserve. She looked at him, asked gravely: "Do you really want to marry me?"

"Haven't I told you?"

"When I don't love you?"

"I've been thinking about that," said Peter, with a notable air of experienced man of the world. "And it seems to me you're only showing what a fine girl you are. I'd be inclined to shy off from a girl who loved me before we were married. I like delicacy—and—and reserve—and purity—in a—a *lady*. By Jove, it seems to me there's something kind of—of brazen and forward in a girl's giving way to her feelings—when—when—she's not supposed to know about that kind of thing. It's—it's—well, it smacks of the lower classes. They go in for that sort of thing—they and the sort of women one doesn't talk about."

A long silence followed this outburst of upper-class philosophy. Peter was revolving what he had said, with increasing admiration for his own acumen. As for Beatrice,

after a fleeting smile of derision which he did not see, she resumed her own distinct line of thought. She looked at him several times a scrutinizing look—a look of appeal—a look of doubt. Finally she said with some effort: "Peter suppose I told you I loved another man?"

He shook his head incredulously. "You wouldn't love any man till you had the right to. Besides, where is there another man who's so exactly what you want in every way? You know we're exactly suited to each other, Beatrice. It's—it's like predestination. You'd hate to give me up as much as I'd hate to give you up."

Centered though her mind was on whether she could venture to make a confidant of him, she began to wonder at him. True, she had permitted him to speak frankly. True, their intimate acquaintance from childhood made him feel free to exhibit his innermost self without any especial nervousness or reserve. But there still remained something unaccounted for. Where had he got the courage to face her so aggressively? How came he to be infatuated with himself so far beyond the loftiest soarings of his most self-satisfied mood theretofore? It was not long before her feminine shrewdness pointed her to the cause. "Some woman's been at him—been trying to get him away from me." In ordinary circumstances this would have pleased her no better than it would please the next woman. But just then she sincerely hoped her undermíner had been successful.

"Peter," said she thoughtfully, "have you been considering giving me up?"

Peter looked flustered. But he did not hem and haw; he came straight back at her. "I haven't liked the way you've kept me on the string," confessed he.

"Is there some other girl?" inquired she eagerly.

"I've seen quite a lot of Allie lately," admitted Peter, and his manner let her know that he had been giving a good deal of thought to the advantages of making her jealous. "And I'm sure if I'd been to Allie what I've been to you she'd not treat me as you have."

Allie! Then it was all right. "*Dear* Allie" had been working in the interests of her friend. Beatrice sent a loving thought to her.

"And you must admit Allie has a lot of good points," pursued Peter, calculating that his judicial manner would set the jealous flame to spreading and mounting.

"She's much nearer your ideal of what a girl should be than I am," said Beatrice with discouraging enthusiasm. "She's crazy about the same kind of life that you are. Peter—why don't you love her?"

Peter stared gloomily at the ground, then fell to switching off leaves with his stick. Was Beatrice jealous and taking this method of hiding it? Or was she really indifferent to the danger of losing one of the few first-class catches in America? The fear that the latter might be the case made him so miserable that he could not keep up the pretense about Allie.

Beatrice, desperate, hesitated no longer. "But first, Hanky, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to pretend that we are to be married and that it's to be in—say—in three months. Allie will understand. I'll explain it all to her."

Peter began to bristle. "Pretend to whom?" said he sourly.

"To father. And you must say you simply can't marry for three months. I must have time to—— No matter. I hope I'll be able to let you off in a month."

"And have everybody say you chucked me? I like that—I do!"

"You know, Hanky, no one would believe for a minute that any girl would chuck *you*."

"But—but you'd be doing it, just the same," he exploded. "And—I *want* to marry you."

"Now, Peter, you know perfectly well you like Allie better."

"Yes, I do *like* her better. Sometimes I don't like *you* at all. But I always *love* you."

"Habit—simply habit," Beatrice assured him airily. "You'll do it, won't you?"

"No!" cried Peter, stopping short. "No, I'll not do it. I've made up my mind to marry you. And I will."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Hanky Vanderkief?" cried Beatrice. "Why, I always thought you were a gentleman."

"Oh, when we're married you'll be all right—mighty glad you did. A girl doesn't know her own mind."

"Shame on you! Trying to take advantage of the fact that my father's got me in his power."

This admission delighted Peter. "He's set on your marrying me?" he inquired.

"That's why I want you to help me."

"Then that settles it!" exclaimed Peter triumphantly. "We'll be married."

"You—side with him—against *me!*" Beatrice's scorn was superb. "Oh, I wish I could marry you—just to punish you for that!"

Peter looked uncomfortable but dogged. "I'd not dare offend your father, anyhow. It'd cost me a pot of money. He's got me up to my eyes in a lot of his deals. And if he turned against me—gad, I'd look like a sheep just after shearing. Beatrice, don't you see it? There's no escape for us. We ought to marry. We want to marry. We've *got* to marry."

Beatrice's answer was a glance of contempt. "I understand now," said she bitterly. "You'd marry Allie Kinnear, if you dared. But you don't dare because you're afraid it'd cost you a little money."

"A little!" cried Peter. "About a third of all I've got."

"And you've got about five times as much as you could possibly spend. Oh, I had no idea you were so contemptible. You'd marry me against my will—against your own heart—for fear and for money."

"I say, now!" protested Vanderkief. "That ain't fair, Beatrice."

"*Will* you help me?" demanded she.

"I can't—and I won't," replied he unhesitatingly. "And, furthermore, I'm going to put it up to you and your father that if you don't marry me next month I'll not marry you at all." And Peter drew himself up and looked fiercely resolved.

Beatrice stood motionless, her gaze fixed upon a worn place in the grass just across the lake and not far from the cascade.

"What do you say, Beatrice?" he asked rather uneasily. "You meant that?"

He nodded emphatically. "I did. I do."

"You'd speak to father?"

His eyes shifted. "If you compelled me to."

"Look at me, Peter."

With considerable difficulty he forced his eyes to meet hers. All the latent selfishness and pettiness in his nature seemed to her to be flaunting from them. "I'm doing what's best for you," said he sullenly.

She gave that short, nasty laugh of hers—and his own face certainly did not suggest the sweet and sunny and generous side of his character. "Very well, dear Peter," said she. "We're engaged."

"And the marriage is next month, remember," he insisted. "We want to get to London before the end of the season."

"The thirty-first of next month." She was still looking at him with eyes full of sardonic—one might say, satanic—mirth. "Poor Peter!" she said

"I can take care of myself," retorted he jauntily. "And of you, too. Your father understands you. He'll see to it that you don't have the chance to make a fool of yourself and spoil your life after you're married."

Beatrice burst into a laugh full of pure mirth. "You *are* a joke!" she cried. "Poor Peter!"

"Let's go back to the house," said he angrily.

"Yes—to tell the glad news."

"Now, don't put on with me, Beatrice. Do you think I haven't got good sense? I know that in reality you are delighted. You seem to have a prejudice against doing anything in the ordinary way. You want to make me feel in the wrong—to get an advantage over me from the start. But I'm on to you. So—come along!"

Beatrice laughed again. And again she said, "Poor Peter!"

XII

BACK at the house Beatrice and Peter went into the east drawing-room, where Mrs. Richmond was giving tea to her half-dozen guests. As they entered from the hall Richmond appeared in the opposite doorway of the billiard-room. He swept Peter's face with one of his keen glances. As soon as the agitations and readjustments incident to new arrivals were over, he took his daughter aside.

"Been quarreling with Peter?" said he.

She turned her head, called out: "Hanky—just a minute. You'll excuse him, Mrs. Martini?" And when Peter, red and ill at ease, was with them in the deep window, she said: "Tell him."

"Your daughter has—has consented," said Peter.

Richmond beamed and wrung his hand.

"And as we want to get to London for the end of the season," continued Peter, "we'd like to be married the last of next month."

"No objection—none whatever," said Richmond.

"I'm not sure," said Beatrice, all this time inscrutably calm. "I'll have to talk with mother first. It's not easy to get together the clothes in such a little time."

"Nonsense," cried Richmond. "There's the cable."

"And you'll want most of the things sent to you in London," suggested Peter.

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders. "Just as mamma says." And she strolled over to the tea-table and cut herself a slice of layer-cake, which she proceeded to eat with much deliberation and enjoyment.

The two men stood together observing her. Up came Mrs. Martini, slim and willowy and dressed in the extreme of the skin-tight fashions of that year. "What are you two looking so gloomy about?" inquired she.

Richmond scowled. "Gloomy?" said he, with a disagreeable laugh. "We feel anything but gloomy. That is—er—of course my feelings are somewhat confused. I've just learned that Peter's going to take Beatrice away from me the end of next month."

Peter's smile in response to Mrs. Martini's effusive congratulations was sickly, was with difficulty kept alive long enough to meet the requirements of conventionality.

. . . . . .

Beatrice had not shown the faintest sign that she was conscious of imprisonment. So far as Richmond observed, not once had she made any attempt to break through or even to explore the limits assigned her. Had it not been for the discontent plain to see upon Peter's florid, vigorously-healthy countenance throughout the four days he lingered at Red Hill, Richmond would have assumed that his daughter had regained her reason as he had felt confident she would. Beatrice did make an effort in public to treat Peter as her fiancé; but she had to give it up. Her nerves refused to assist her in her game of hypocrisy beyond a certain point—and Peter had become physically repulsive to her. She did not regard this defect in her otherwise perfect pose as serious. She knew that her father was not one to relax vigilance because he had won. So, what would she gain by removing his last suspicion?

Without betraying herself she had thoroughly examined all the metes and bounds of her prison. She found it everywhere worthy of her father's minute ingenuity. By means of his pretext of alarm about cranks and kidnapers she was being thoroughly spied upon without the spies suspecting what they were really about. By day there were the personal guards, to inform him if she tried to communicate with Roger either personally or by message. By night there were the watchman within and the three patrolmen without, and a system of burglar alarms that made it impossible for any one either to leave or to enter without flooding the whole house with light and starting up a clamor of bells from attics to cellars. Apparently she was free as air—free to roam anywhere in the vast wilderness surrounding the gardens and terraces and lawns from the midst of which the big château rose. Really, she could not move a step in secret—and to give Roger the warning she must see him face to face without her father's knowledge. For, if her father purposed to keep faith with her, it would be folly to give him reason to feel he would do well to ruin Roger anyhow; and, if he did not purpose to keep the agreement under which she had returned and had accepted Peter, it would be madness to provoke him to attack Roger immediately. She must see Roger secretly. But how?

If chance there was, that chance must be under cover of night—night, when she was at least free from the espionage of human eyes. How could she get out of the house undetected and get back into it unsuspected? And if she could accomplish this well-nigh impossible feat, how arrange to meet Roger—when she could not communicate with him, when she did not even know where he lived?

Every system of human devising has its weak point. By observing and thinking Beatrice discovered the weak point in this system of her father's. As soon as she formed her plan she got ready this note:

Chang:

It is absolutely necessary that I see you for a few minutes. My only chance is at night. So, come down to the cascade at one o'clock the morning after you get this. Don't fail me. Don't think me hysterical or sentimental. I might almost say this is a matter of life and death.

RIX.

The burglar alarms were switched on every night by Conrad Pinney, the superintendent, just after the house was closed. They were switched off at five in the morning by Tom, the indoors watchman, when the lowest rank of menials in the service of the establishment descended from their little rooms under the eaves of the west wing to make ready the first-floor rooms for the day. The house was closed as soon as the last member of the family went up to his or her rooms. To escape, she must choose the moment or so between the ascending of the last member of the family and the switching on of the alarms—and it must be on a night when some one member of the family stayed down long enough after the going of the rest to make it certain there would be no accidental glancing into her rooms to see that all was well. To get back into the house she must wait until it was opened at five o'clock and slip in unseen by the menial sweepers and cleaners and polishers.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays her father brought from town a bundle of papers which he usually sat up with until midnight or even one o'clock. Then he and Pinney often walked up and down the terrace before the main entrance and smoked for twenty minutes. Peter went away on a Monday. On Tuesday night there were no guests. At dinner were only the family—her mother, her father and herself, her mother's secretary, Miss Cleets, Mrs. Lambert, the housekeeper, and Pinney. As they sat at table Beatrice revolved her project, decided that she would risk a slight change in it that would spare her a night outdoors and the danger of being seen as she entered in the early morning. After dinner she and her mother and the housekeeper and Pinney played bridge until half-past ten. By eleven o'clock every one was gone from downstairs but her father, Pinney and two servants. In her room in the dark she waited until half-past eleven, then

changed to outing dress, descended and slipped into the gray salon. Its windows had been locked for the night. She unlocked one, opened it, went out upon the broad, stone veranda, closed the window behind her. The sky was fortunately overcast, or she would have been in full view, as the moon was on that side of the house

She crept along in the shadow of wall and shrubbery until she was in the woods. There she struck into a path and fled down the hill toward the boathouse. When she was about half way she remembered the outside watchmen—remembered that the boathouse was one of their stations. It would be folly to risk running into them; she must make the trip to the studio on foot by rounding the end of the lake—full five miles instead of less than three. At the shortest she would be gone, not about two hours, but more than three. So, it was useless to think of getting in before her father went to bed and the alarms wereswitchedon. Instead of hurry there was time to waste—all the time before five in the morning. She strolled along, taking the longest way and keeping entirely clear of the watchmen's routes among the several groups of widely-separated outbuildings—thestablesand garage, the water, lighting and laundry plants, the kennels, the hothouses, the farm and dairy buildings. A fine, soft rain fell, but it did not trouble her as the foliage was now—early May—so thick that it was almost a roof. When she came out of the woods near the studio the rain had ceased and the moon, never so thickly veiled that it did not give her light, sailed in a clear path among theseparatingclouds. She looked at the watch on her wrist; it was nearly one o'clock. "I came too quickly," she said. "I must do better going back."

She found the studio door open, as she expected; there were no tramps in that region, and Red Hill was guarded only because New York thieves might plan an expedition expressly to plunder it. She dropped the hasp from the staple, drew the big door open. The room within was in the full pourof the moon now straight above the huge skylight. She looked round, her heart beating wildly—not with fear, not with expectation, but with memory. From that bench there she had first seen him. There she had watched him making chocolate. There they had sat drinking it, she admiring the swift, vivid play of emotion upon his handsome face—and what interesting emotion!—so free—so simple—so strong—so genuine! She went to the bench, seated herself, stretched herself at full length—and sobbed. "Oh, if you only knew!" she cried. "I'm so different now! I've learned so much—and I love you—love you, Chang!" It thrilled and comforted her to speak out her heart without reserve in that place. She searched the room for some memento of him. In one of the wide chinks in the masonry of the chimney she found a pipe—an old, evil-smelling thing, its mouthpiece almost bitten through. She laughed and cried over it, touching it caressingly, making a face at its really fearful odor, but loving it none the less. She tore up an old newspaper, wrapped the pipe up carefully to shut in that odor if possible.

She sat on one of the rough, uncomfortable chairs and proceeded to live over every moment of her acquaintance with him—to recall all he had said and done and looked, all his little peculiarities of gesture and accent; to analyze his fascination for her—why she loved him—the thousand and one reasons in addition to the real reason—which, of course, was that he was Chang, the biggest and straightest and honestest man she had ever known, not even self-conscious enough to be modest. The moon crossed the skylight; the room faded into half darkness; the moon reappeared at the west window, high up in the wall. She dreamed on and on—the dreams with which she filled most of her waking moments when she was alone. When she remembered to look at her watch it was five minutes after three!

"Chang!" She Called, a Sob in Her Voice

She sprang up, took the note from her bosom, thrust it three-quarters through the crack between the closet door and its frame, just above the lock. Would he get it that morning? Or, would it be several days before he came there? "I'll go to the cascade two nights," said she. "Then, if he doesn't come, I'll try some other way."

When she reached the top of Red Hill it was day, though the sun was not yet above the horizon. She circled round until she was opposite the main entrance, but well concealed. She had come down early so often that she knew the routine through which the servants would go. Just as the first rays of the sun lit upon the topmost of the pointed roofs, Tom, the indoors watchman, appeared in the main entrance. The alarms were off. She circled back to the west and, by way of the dense shrubbery that would hide her from any chance gazer from windows, she gained the veranda—the unlocked window of the gray salon. Her heart stood still while she was raising that window. When no sound of bells banging and clanging came she drew a long breath, stepped weakly through, lowered and locked the window. The rest of the journey was comparatively free from danger. When her maid came in at nine o'clock she was sleeping soundly; and all traces of her expedition had been removed by her own unaccustomed hands from skirt and leggings and shoes. The old pipe in its newspaper wrappings was hidden deep in a drawer of lingerie odorous of delicate sachet—a drawer of which she had the only key.

. . . . .

Getting away from the house the next night was not so easy. Several guests came from town in the afternoon. She was obliged to stay down until the last, had difficulty in preventing Josephine Burroughs from following her into her room to chatter for an hour or longer All evening, as her father lingered in the drawing-room, she had forced herself to act in her gayest, most unconcerned manner. Her nerves were on edge and she had a kind of fever. She knew the servants were closing the house in mad haste. There wasno time to change dress or even shoes; there was just time to send her maid away, to catch up a long wrap, turn out her lights and dart downstairs. Probably no one was yet in bed, but she must take the chance of some accidental late call upon her. As she raised the window in the gray salon she confidently expected to hear the bells, to be dazzled by sudden flash of lights. She did not breathe until she had it lowered

It was after midnight. She congratulated herself on having fixed one o'clock as the hour for the meeting. She would have just time to reach the little cataract. She had not gone far before her slippers were in a dreadful state and her legs wet to the knees. "The excitement's the only

(Continued on Page 35)

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Taft Opens the Door of Hope

PRESIDENT TAFT'S special affliction—which admirers call his judicial temperament—shows conspicuously in his dull first message to Congress. Very judicially he utters many words on many topics, without saying a great deal to the point. The most important utterance, without doubt, concerns the new Tariff Commission, and this is eminently praiseworthy—fairly meeting every expectation that friends of an honest tariff could reasonably have entertained under the circumstances.

This tariff board—which the Senate vouchsafed him rather reluctantly, and on the assumption that it would be mostly perfunctory—will be employed, says the President, in cataloguing the articles that come under the benefits of the protective system, and in ascertaining the difference between the cost of producing them here and abroad.

This goes to the root of the tariff question. And we rest in a cheering assurance that if the work is properly done it will go to that root with an axe. It is the first definite promise of a square and open deal that the party of protection has yet made.

The President's promise, undoubtedly, is good. Having explicitly committed himself, we do not believe he will be balked. The work will take time. Reactionary statesmanship in the Senate will doubtless try to hinder it, exactly in proportion as it appears likely to disclose the truth. The President's statement, nevertheless, opens a door of hope—long hermetically sealed.

Women as Stockholders

IN ONE of the greatest business enterprises in the world—the Pennsylvania Railroad—almost half the stockholders are women. Their number exceeds twenty-six thousand, out of a total of fifty-five thousand. At the annual and special elections they vote, of course, just as the men do, and no one suggests that they shouldn't. Their right to vote arises not out of their ability to bear arms, but out of their stake in the enterprise. What they contributed to it obviously went as far, dollar for dollar, as what the men contributed. The female with her hundred and fifteen shares—the average holding—has the same interest as the male with his hundred and fifteen shares.

If the railroad's constitution had originally limited the suffrage to male stockholders arguments against removing the restriction would now be discovered. Many inferior masculine minds seem to bolster their self-respect by asserting that, at any rate, they are superior to the feminine mind. It would be said that a woman stockholder should not vote because she was unable to lick a recalcitrant switchman.

In the great social enterprise of government the women's stake is equal to the men's—their stockholdings substantially as heavy. There is hardly a wrong done by a Government that does not oppress a woman to the same extent as it does a man. There is no reason why they should not express themselves about it as the man does.

Those Good Resolutions

IF WE were to recommend a resolution to the young person it would be to quit swindling himself. He may neither drink nor smoke, yet may loiter over his work and idle away his evenings. He knows it isn't exactly right; knows he wastes too much time and, in general, carries only a hundred pounds of steam when he should be carrying two hundred. He thinks he'll buckle up and give a better account of himself—some time. As a matter of fact, there is no some time.

The average life of a New Year's resolution is about a fortnight because the man who puts off reforming to some date in the future hasn't really made up his mind that he wants to reform. He is beset by a harassing suspicion that, after all, there may be more lining left to his stomach than the doctors say. He'll take a chance, anyway, of its lasting to twelve o'clock of December thirty-first. He wants some further space of self-indulgence and self-waste. Reformation he merely dallies with, rather reluctantly. After New Year's he puts it off to Easter And even when he passes this counterfeit money upon himself he knows well enough that it is counterfeit.

The fatuity of far-off resolutions does not extend to alcohol and nicotine, poker and pool-rooms, laziness and gluttony. They operate with uniform rigor every day in the year. The only time to reform is now.

The Liar's Hopeless Task

"A LIE well stuck to is as good as the truth," said a cynical lawyer. Which is as much as to say that the way to catch a wild goose is to sprinkle salt on its tail three mornings in succession.

The feat proposed is beyond mere human ability. An infinite number of men have failed through overconfidence in their intellectual powers. They might have succeeded very well if they had stuck to the truth; but they attempted the impossible—tried to maintain themselves on a structure of lies. To a disinterested spectator the attempt always possesses a certain fascination—witness the popularity of picaresque literature and the great space that newspapers habitually devote to stories of swindles. But if the stories are true, the end is always the same.

Without prejudice to any one concerned, we may say that a man of courage and experience might rather easily have gone to the North Pole two years ago. Certainly a man did do it the following year without extraordinary hardship and with only such abilities as are common to many men. But for a man to palm off a lie that he had been to the North Pole would have required an ability such as is rare indeed among men: the imagination of a Shakspere coupled with the scientific intuition of a Newton or a Darwin. The one feat was comparatively simple, such as many men might reasonably have essayed; the other was colossal, such as scarcely the greatest genius would have been warranted in venturing upon

Masters of the Law

SAYS Plutarch: "It is said that Solon was obscure and ambiguous in the wording of his laws on purpose to increase the honor of his courts; for, since citizens could not adjust their difference by the letter, they would have to bring all their causes to the judges, who were thus in a manner masters of the laws."

No such far-sighted and intelligent policy has brought us into the like case. It is not so much "on purpose" that the wording of a great many of our laws is obscure and ambiguous, as it is from lack of ability to express thought clearly. And the gradual encroachment of the courts upon the legislative field seems hardly to have been definitely intended. At any rate, the power of the courts to veto laws, through constitutional interpretation, was a debatable question for some years. We have reached the pass where the meaning and effect of a law cannot be discovered in its letter, but only in the opinion of the court, especially of the court of last resort.

President Taft recently selected a man to fill the vacancy in that court—a man who may profoundly affect the future policy of the nation; whose voice may determine the relations between the Government and the people in some important particular—as happened, for example, in the income-tax case. His opinions, like those of every other human being, will be colored by his training, environment and temperamental leanings. Upon whether his mind tends to look forward or to look back, the fate of some important step in government may hang.

Presumably the President's selection is a wise one. But it is a striking circumstance, in view of the great power of the office, that we can have only that presumption to go upon. It would be considered scandalous for the appointee to disclose himself at large to the public as candidates for elective offices are expected to do.

The English Election

THE most important election in England since the Reform Bill was passed nearly eighty years ago is now pending. The result, no doubt, will be a decisive step forward, or else a long step backward, in government by the people. A victory for the Peers would certainly much weaken what has long been regarded as a cornerstone of British liberty—control of taxation by the Commons. The Peers have defied the people's representatives before, however, and won. Home Rule for Ireland was a leading issue in the general election of 1892. The Liberals carried it and returned to power. Gladstone introduced a Home Rule bill, and it passed the Commons, but the Lords threw it out by a vote of 419 to 41. The Liberals sought to make this contumacy of the Peers a dominant issue in the next general election—that of 1895. If measures approved by the people were to be blocked in the Upper House, said Rosebery, the nation might as well spare itself the pains of going through the musty process of elections And the people voted overwhelmingly for the Unionists (and the Peers), returning 411 of that party to only 259 Liberals. As a matter of fact, Liberal legislation had incensed the liquor interests, whose powerful opposition contributed much to the party's defeat.

Now, the Lloyd-George budget is not more obnoxious to noble land-monopolists than it is to the brewers and publicans. In the coming election, no doubt, the whole strength of the liquor interests will be exerted to defeat the Liberals—even though that marks a great reaction in popular government. Moreover, rejection of this budget will most likely mean an abandonment of Free Trade. It is difficult to see how else the new Government could meet its fiscal requirements. The interests that would benefit by protective tariffs will probably, in good part, be ranged on the Conservative side. In short, the question is not so much whether the British people want popular government as whether they can get it when some very powerful special interests find a profit in opposing it.

Politics Abroad

INCREASE of taxation, made necessary by great military establishments, and decided gains in the Socialist vote have been the striking features of European politics of late. France, whose budget has been rising very rapidly in recent years, now has a Socialist for prime minister. In Germany, where tax troubles have fairly become chronic, the fall elections were pretty largely carried by the Socialists. That party captured fourteen *Landtag* seats in Berlin out of a possible sixteen, twenty districts in Baden as against twelve before, and gained twenty-three districts in Saxony. In Austria-Hungary similar results have been seen, while in England the rise of the Socialistic Labor party as a political power is well known.

The relation between the phenomena of armies, taxes and Socialism is, of course, quite logical. While ministers pursue their enormously expensive game of matching battleship against battleship and regiment against regiment, the ground gently slips beneath their feet.

We should like to see it slip a bit faster. Comparatively few people, we suppose, really care much about the so-called "scientific" Socialist program of Marx and Engel for the regeneration of the world. Worlds are not regenerated by programs. The great Marxian doctrine of surplus value, for example, seems to us mere words. It is the Socialist party as the voice of the least fortunate—and, in some countries, the most humorous—which interests us. That it will erect a working-man's scientific communal state we gravely doubt. That it has frightened ministries into lasting and most beneficial social reforms we know. That it will finally check the crushing military competition in Europe seems probable.

Give and Take With Japan

WE ARE by far Japan's best Western customer. To us, in 1908, she sold more goods by almost one-half than to all the states of Europe combined. Great Britain's purchases from her were only a little over one-tenth of ours, and for every yen's worth that she sold to Germany she sold us fifteen yens' worth.

But when it comes to Japan's own purchases from foreign countries the story is quite different. Europe sold her nearly two and a third times as much as we did. As an exporter to Japan, Great Britain beat us by about fifty per cent, while Germany—buying from Japan a fifteenth as much as we did—sold to her nearly two-thirds as much.

The great item in our exports to Japan is raw cotton. Next comes petroleum. These two articles amount to about one-half the total. But of cloth we sell her almost none. The Japanese fiscal report shows imports of shirtings from Great Britain, nine million yen; from the United States, only a fraction of that amount. Imports of wool cloth from Great Britain were three and a half million yen; from the United States, none. As to locomotives, steel rails and iron pipes we took the lead, selling six and a half million yen of the three items—or half as many dollars' worth. But her bars, rods and nails Japan bought in Germany; her steel plates in Great Britain Of steam engines and boilers England sold her three times as much as this country.

Silk is Japan's greatest export. Of the raw article we took about eighty per cent; but raw cotton and petroleum are the only articles of which we can sell much to Japan. Our tariff-fostered prices, of course, are out of line.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

First Aid to the Forests

YOU may say what you like about Gifford Pinchot that is, you, with the exception of R. Achilles Ballinger, may say what you like R. Achilles is barred in this case—you may say what you like about Gifford, but, when it's all said, the fact remains that he knows more trees by their first names than any man in the country. He can walk through a forest and tell you, quick as a flash, whether the tree you point out is little Jimmie Sciadopitys Verticillata or Old Pop William Quercus Macrocarpa.

You see, Gifford has more tree education twined around him, draped over him and jammed into him than one would imagine possible if one did not know the circumstances. It was this way: When Gifford's father had thriftily laid by enough to keep all the wolves there ever were from the door, along back in 1875—Gifford then being ten years old—he wanted something to occupy his mind, and he took up forestry. Naturally, having taken up forestry and having a boy to educate, he combined the two. That is, he resolved as the twig is bent so the forester will be inclined, and Gifford's playthings were trees, while all his school books had leaves. (Joke.)

Anyhow, the boy and the father rode the hobby tandem. The father was one of the founders of the Yale Forest School, and the founder of the Yale Summer School of Forestry, and Gifford went to both of them. Then the father established the Forest Experiment Station at Milford, Pennsylvania, and Gifford experimented with it. After the boy had all the degrees obtainable in this country he went abroad and studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria and such other places as have forests. Then he came home, loaded to the guards with tree-lore, and began the first systematic forest work ever done in this country at Vanderbilt's place at Biltmore, North Carolina. In those days there was a Forestry Bureau in the Department of Agriculture, and, presently, Pinchot took hold of that. It wasn't much, even as a bureau, but after Pinchot had pulled out the drawers a few times and given it a new coat of varnish it began to look like something. It wasn't long until the bureau was expanded to a division, with Pinchot pegging along trying to interest somebody, besides the lumber kings, in our trees. A division, you understand, is much more important departmentally than a mere bureau. His ideas began to take hold, and after a time he had the imposing title "The Forest Service" for his work, and was Forester and Chief, which is what he is now.

When Colonel Roosevelt came into our humdrum lives as President, Pinchot, who had been dealing mostly with statesmen who had only one idea about trees, and that was to keep up the tariff on lumber, found a person after his own heart. The Colonel was a sort of a tree-sharp himself. He had known Pinchot when he had lived in Washington previously, and had absorbed some of Pinchot's ideas, as well as contributed a few of his own—a thing he never failed to do as he had a large stock of ideas on almost every subject.

Pinchot lived trees, thought trees and talked trees. Beginning with the broad, general proposition that we must conserve our forests if we would continue great as a Nation, he had developed a conservation theory that included all our natural resources. He saw that Colonel Roosevelt was sympathetic as well as symptomatic, to say nothing of static; and the way he froze to that eminent gentleman was the wonder of Washington. Every time T. R. turned around he found Pinchot at his elbow, saying: "Well, as we have a few minutes, let me explain again to you the necessity of forest reservations, of the conservation of our water power and the safeguarding of our other resources."

On the Trail of the Lonesome Pines

WHEN they were playing tennis and the Colonel had banged the ball, or all the balls, out of the lot, Pinchot would walk over and begin: "While we are resting let me point out to you the advantages——" and so on. Any time there was a lull in the conversation at luncheon Pinchot came to bat with a few well-rounded sentences about conservation. He didn't think about anything else or talk about anything else. He was as single-minded about it as a June-bug trying to butt through a window-glass. He could switch a conversation about the beauties of Keats—Remember that good old one?—Professor, talking at dinner to gushing girl—tells gushing girl he intends to give a lecture on Keats—Gushing girl gushes: "Oh, how lovely! And won't you tell me, my dear Professor, just what are Keats?"—the beauties of Keats to the necessity of putting all the forests on the Rinkydink Mountains into a reservation quicker than a cat could hop, without batting an eye.

He Knows More Trees by Their First Names Than Any Man in the Country

Now when a forester who knows what he is foresting about continues on this tack for an indefinite period with a statesman who is inclined that way anyhow, he is likely to get results. Wherefore, Mr. Gifford Pinchot got results. It wasn't long before Colonel Roosevelt had declared himself the greatest conservator of our natural resources the world has ever known, and when he began talking along these carefully-laid Pinchot lines, he simultaneously began acting along said lines, and there was something doing.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot discovered that he was a mere amateur at conservation compared to the great conservator he had stirred into motion.

Them was the haly-con days, as Ike Hill used to say. Pinchot would go down to his office, dig out a few maps, and study them carefully. Then he would gallop over to the White House and gallop in.

"Hi, Theodore!"

"Hello, Gifford, what is it?"

"I've found a new bunch of trees we must have—must have."

"Bully! Where are they?"

"On the southeast slope of the Magusalem Mountains."

"Fine! Oh, Loeb! Issue an executive proclamation setting apart all the trees on the Magusalem Mountains as another forest reserve."

The indefatigable Pinchot discovered trees for forest reservations where nobody knew there were trees. He discovered water powers in every hollow where there was a heavy dew; and the Colonel reserved and reserved until they had pretty nearly everything bottled up.

Well, it was great. Pinchot was one of the White House Steadies. He counted that day lost when he didn't produce something new for the Colonel to reserve or conserve. Moreover, being an earnest person, and scrappaghous withal, he butted in every place he could. He had Jimmie Garfield on his staff, when Jimmie was Secretary of the Interior, and he ran various ends of that department as well as the Forest Service. There was no stopping Pinchot. He had been planning for this kind of an opening all these years, and when he got the first crevice he soon spread it to a grand cañon in no time. He permeated, until R. Achilles Ballinger came along as Mr. Taft's Secretary of the Interior. Then Mr. Ballinger, being somewhat red-corpuscled himself, organized a clash, which is clashing yet.

However, that is politics and taboo. The object of these few remarks is not to discuss Mr. Pinchot's theories as superimposed on Mr. Ballinger's, nor yet to judge between them, but merely to point out that for a person with a mission Mr. Pinchot certainly has attained results. He doesn't have to fuss about forestry and conservation, you understand. He has oodles of money. He could go plowing in a gold-plated automobile, if he wanted, or sailing in a platinum yacht. He might devote his forenoons to riding to hounds, and his afternoons to teas, and his nights to bridge, if he saw fit. He could travel, experiment with airships, or do any blamed thing he wanted to; but he prefers to work as hard as any man in the country, and harder than most, at his project of saving the forests and the water power and the other natural resources from waste and destruction.

He is a quiet, effective man, intensely in earnest and on the job every minute of the day. He has a highly-specialized intelligence and he is doing a big work for the country. He is an extremist, of course, as every man is who gets great results, and there are those who go further and call him a fanatic. Be that as it may, the fact cannot be gainsaid—and at this moment the gainsaying is particularly good in this connection—that in the past few years G. Pinchot certainly has put some big ones over.

The Protest of the Stomach

UNCLE JIM runs a hotel in a small North Carolina town. His man-of-all-work is an old negro named Bob. Bob has been with Uncle Jim for years.

A short time ago Bob didn't appear for work in the morning, but came in about eleven o'clock, went up to the proprietor and said: "Massa Jim, I done go'n quit dish yere place. I ain't go'n work foh you no moh."

"Why, Bob," cried Uncle Jim, "what's the matter? Haven't I always treated you right?"

"Yassir."

"Haven't I paid you good wages for years and years?"

"Yassir."

"Haven't you been my right-hand man all this time?"

"Yassir."

"Well, Bob, you ain't going to quit me this way, are you? You ain't going to leave me like this? Are you wanting a little raise?"

"Wages is all right, boss, but I'm done quit."

"But, Bob, you won't leave me like this, will you? We've been together too long for that."

Bob was affected. He sniffled a little. Then he said: "Wal, Massa Jim, I'll stay ef you'll do one thing foh me."

"What is it, Bob?" asked Uncle Jim eagerly.

"I'll stay and wuk at dis yere hotel, Massa Jim, only you'll hafter git me another boardin'-place. I won't eat here no moh."

Feathers on the Legs

ONE of the insurgents in the special session of Congress when the Payne tariff bill was passed was loud in his assertions about what he intended to do to stamp out Cannonism; but when it came to the final showdown he voted with Cannon and the organization

"That chap," said a true-blue insurgent who was discussing the flop, "is chicken-hearted."

"Well," said a conservative insurgent, "I wouldn't go so far as that; but I do think he's got feathers on his legs."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, can talk Spanish.

¶ Speaking of names that fit, the man who arrests truants in Washington, District of Columbia, is named Copp.

¶ Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, who was born in Scotland, lived in Connecticut before he went to Iowa.

¶ They like statesmen whose names end in "a" out in North Dakota. One Representative is Gronna and the other is Hanna.

¶ Tulio Larrinaga, the resident commissioner from Porto Rico at Washington, graduated as a civil engineer from the University of Pennsylvania.

¶ Senator Oliver, of Pennsylvania, is president of the Duquesne Club at Pittsburgh, and Senator Root, of New York, president of the Metropolitan Club at Washington.

¶ Franklin Adams, assistant director of the Bureau of American Republics, and Franklin Adams, who writes jokes and verse, are not the same. One is a South American expert and the other is an expert North American.

¶ Inadvertently, it was stated in a recent sketch of Harvey W. Scott, on this page, that Mr. Scott is chief owner of the Oregonian. Mr. Henry L. Pittock, who is manager of the paper, is the chief owner, and to his business acumen and ability as well as to Mr. Scott's editorial genius the great success of the Oregonian is due.

The Most Spectacular Land

36% of the estimated 150,000 new automobiles to be manufa
The remaining 64% is divided among 22 established Tir

Bona Fide Contracts with the Prominent Automobile Manufacturers noted belo of such Magnitude have never before been heard of in the Automobile

Our vast Dealers' and Consumers' Business will swell this Enormous Total by Trouble-proof Goodyear Equipment, should PLACE ORDERS EARL

Note this list of prominent automobile manufacturers who have contracted for Goodyear Tires for their 1910 output. Nearly all of the admittedly BEST cars in the world are on this list.

American Locomotive Co.
American Motor Car Co.
Austin Automobile Co.
Babcock Electric Carriage Co.
Bartholomew Co.
B. C. K. Motor Car Co.
Buick Motor Co.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Cartercar Co.
Clark Motor Car Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.
Columbia Motor Car Co.
Corbin Motor Vehicle Corporation
Crawford Automobile Co.
Crow Motor Car Co.
Croxton-Keeton Motor Co.
Demotcar Co.
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Co.
Elmore Mfg. Co.
Fuller Buggy Co.
Great Western Automobile Co.
Indiana Motor & Mfg. Co.
Jackson Automobile Co.
Kissell Motor Car Co.
Marion Motor Car Co.
Maytag-Mason Motor Co.
Metz Co.
Mitchell Motor Car Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Ohio Motor Car Co.
Olds Motor Works
Overland Automobile Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce Motor Co.
Pope Mfg. Co.
Simplex Motor Car Co.
Speedwell Motor Co.
Starr Motor Car Co.
Stevens-Duryea Co.
Waverley Co.
Welch Co. of Detroit
White Star Automobile Co.
York Motor Car Co.

Not one of these firms could be influenced in placing a contract, by any other consideration than Supreme Quality. Any other policy would mean business suicide. For the day is here when the "Survival of the Fittest" looms up big in the Automobile Field.

Makers who have spent vast sums in building up a reputation for Quality and Performance in their cars must to a greater extent than ever before watch to their laurels and reject anything not the choicest and best of its kind which forms a part of the car they produce.

And the result is the largest landslide of orders ever placed with a single Tire Manufacturer in the history of the Automobile Business.

Think What This Mammoth Quantity of Tire Orders Actually Means!

Estimating our Dealers' and Consumers' business for 1910 as being only a third of our total business, the tires which we shall be required to furnish during 1910, if laid one on top of the other, would make a pile 26 miles high.

If they were laid tread to tread in a row, they would make a line of tires 226 miles long, or the distance between New York and Boston.

Or, cut across, and laid in tubes, end to end, they would make a pipe of rubber 682 miles long, which (following the shortest railroad route) would connect New York City with Toledo, Ohio, and a few miles to spare.

To make this tremendous number of tires will require 3,800,000 pounds of refined rubber and 1,300,000 yards of special Sea Island cotton fabric.

Nothing Like it Was Ever Heard of Before in the Tire Making Business

It confuses the mind—makes you almost dizzy to think of it.

And it makes us mighty proud—not only to have such a unanimous vindication of our claims that Goodyear Tires are and always have been the best obtainable because longest lived—nearest trouble proof and easiest to remove and replace should trouble come.

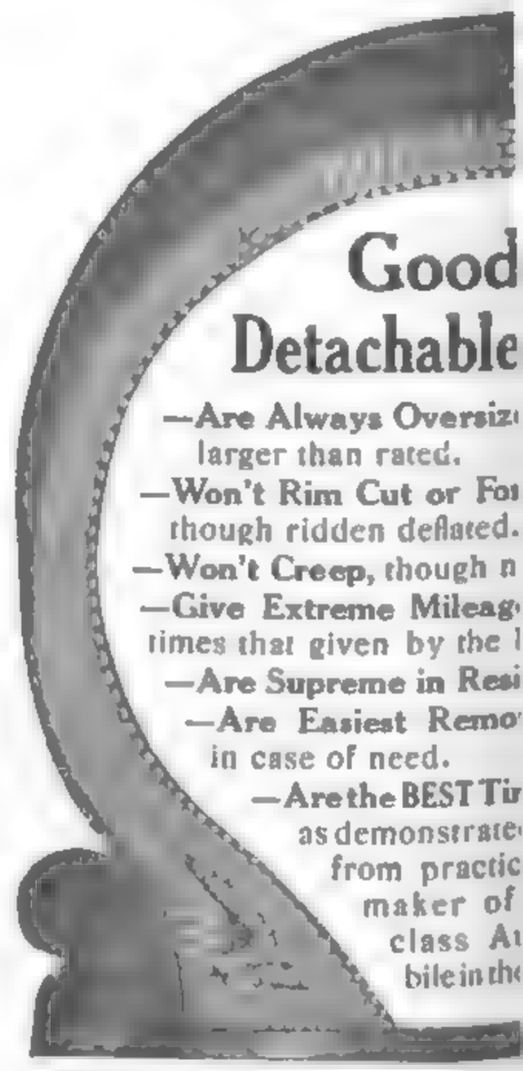
—But also because of the triumph of Quality over Price, an unusual condition.

For it must be understood that Goodyear Tires are and always have been higher in price than other tires, and for a very good reason—they offer far more for the money.

We feel that we are perfectly justified in becoming enthusiastic over this wonderful sales record of Goodyear Tires, made possible solely by the supreme excellence and merit of the Tires themselves.

The reason why Goodyear Tires are so vastly superior to all others—and why they give such almost unbelievable mileage, often without punctures or trouble of any kind from one season's end to another, are given in brief on the opposite page.

If you are interested in making every penny invested in Tires count to the utmost, you will be wise to follow the lead of those who know, and use Goodyear Tires and no others.



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The Goodyear Tire &

BRANCHES

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CINCINNATI, 317 East Fifth St
CLEVELAND, 2205 Euclid Ave
[illegible] Jefferson Ave
[illegible] 949-951 South Main St
OKLAHOMA CITY, 6th St. and Broadway.
[illegible] 5258 Centre Ave

PHILADELPHIA [illegible]
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SAN FRANCISCO [illegible]
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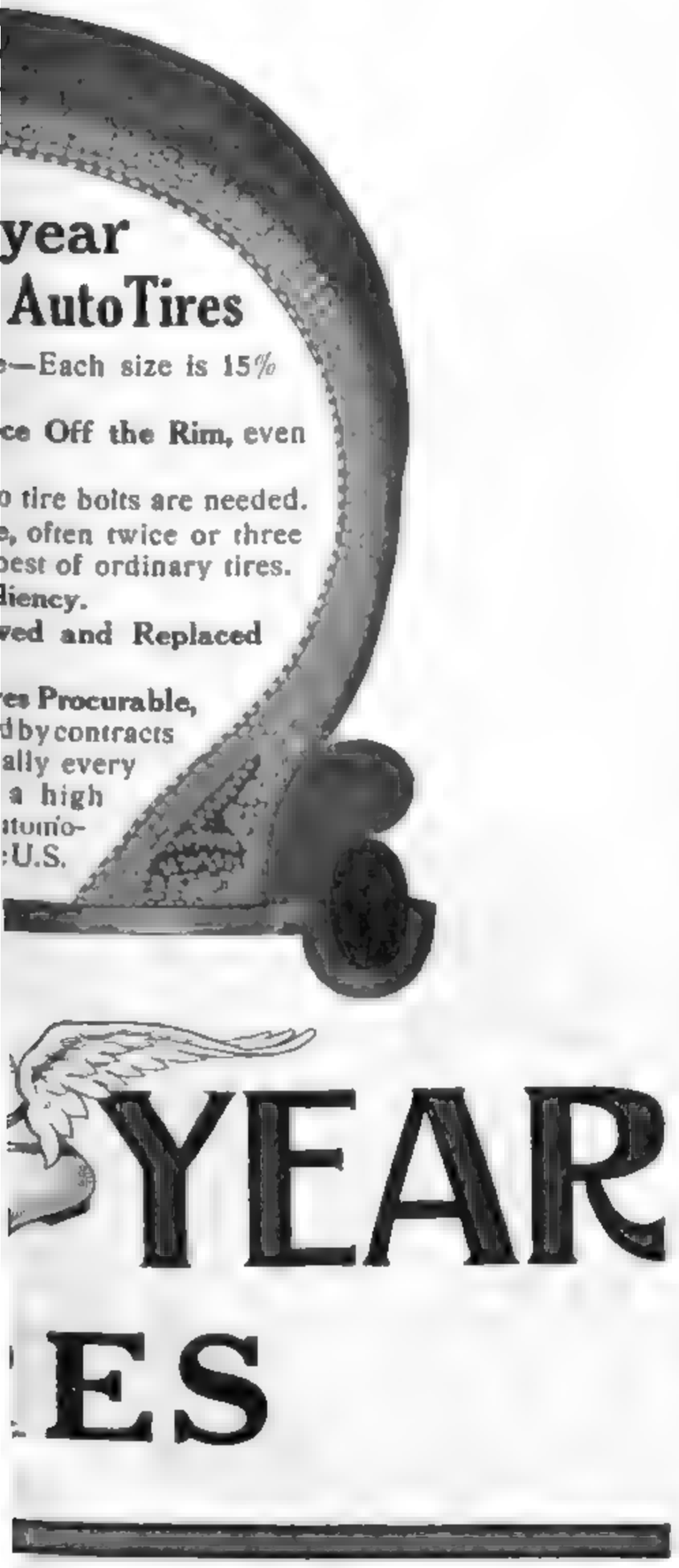
OMAHA [illegible]
MILWAUKEE [illegible]
MEMPHIS [illegible]
LOUISVILLE [illegible]
DALLAS, [illegible]

slide in Automobile History

ctured during 1910 will be equipped with GOODYEAR TIRES.
e Makers.

w call for the Amazing Total of 216,000 GOODYEAR TIRES. Tire contracts Business.

more than 50%. Those who would replace present tires with Long-lived, to avoid Disappointment.



Rubber Co., Factory and Main Offices: Seneca Street Akron, Ohio

ND AGENCIES

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St.
Third St.
rd St.
KANSAS CITY, 16th and Magee Sts
DENVER 28 West Colfax Ave
NEW ORLEANS 7[illegible] Baronne St
ATLANTA, 90 North Pryor St
ST JOSEPH, 316-324 North Second St
PROVIDENCE, 366 Fountain St
MINNEAPOLIS 915 First Avenue South
ST LOUIS 3903-3947 Olive St

The Inside Reasons for the Supreme Excellence and Wonderful Popularity of GOODYEAR TIRES

Goodyear Tires have always been specified by the Motorist who buys his Tires as painstakingly and intelligently as the successful merchant buys his stock of goods.

Because Goodyear Tires alone embody all the essentials which go to make up the theoretically perfect tire.

Many of the most vitally essential points are patented, which is a very good reason why Goodyear Tires have so long been in a class by themselves, unhampered by any real competition.

Convincing practical tests of unheard of severity, made under all sorts of conditions, have time after time convincingly proved every claim we have made for Goodyear Tires. When motorists become as keenly alive to their own interests in buying Tires—as manufacturers now are in selecting their equipment—or stop to think what our many strenuous tests of stock tires mean to them individually, it can result in but one thing—

Goodyear Detachable Tires Will Dominate the Field

The reasons for the supreme, unapproachable performance of Goodyear Tires—which are so perfect and trouble-proof that cars are often sold as second-hand with factory air still in the tires—are worth a careful reading by every motorist who has no money to waste.

We can touch but briefly on the more important features in this limited space. But remember this—

The Why and Wherefore of Every Claim of Perfection will be convincingly demonstrated to you by letter or in person whenever you say the word.

The foundation rock on which the Perfection of Goodyear Detachable Tires is built is in the design of the Tire itself. Refer to the cross section in the middle of the page. Note that the outer sides of the tire are straight, that no hooks are used at the base or feet of the tire.

This permits the use of a rim with a wide, rounding lip where it holds the tire in place. There is nothing there which could cause a rim-cut even though the tire were ridden absolutely flat, as is sometimes imperative.

Rim Cutting has cost the motorists of this country literally Thousands of Dollars.

We Absolutely Guarantee Goodyear Detachable Tires Against Rim Cuts

We control the patents on the Piano Wire Tape which prevents creeping, ripping out the valve stem and ruining the inner tube, unless kept continually inflated to the highest point.

In Goodyear Detachable Tires, tapes of piano wire are vulcanized into the base or feet on each side (see white spots in the section). These tapes contract with inflation. With but twenty pounds of air in the tube, the casing grips the rim so tightly that creeping or forcing off the rim is impossible. In all the years the Goodyear Detachable has been on the market it has never once come off the rim in use, when rim flanges were properly backed in place, even though ridden for long distances *absolutely flat.* When fully inflated, the casing exerts a pressure of 134 pounds per inch on the rim circumference, or a total pressure of 11,400 pounds for a 34x4 tire. There are 63 wires of piano steel in each base, each wire capable of standing a strain of 100 lbs.

We Absolutely Guarantee Goodyear Detachable Tires Against Creeping or Coming Off the Rim in Use. No Tire Bolts Need be Used

But freedom from Rim-Cutting is not the only advantageous feature of the straight-side Goodyear Detachable Tire—the only practical tire of its kind.

This construction makes it a far simpler, easier and cleaner task to remove or replace a tire in case of need than any other type of tire.

This construction also makes it possible for us to make our tires EVERY SIZE OVERSIZE—without the slightest danger of the tire cutting off the rim in use. Each Goodyear Detachable is 15 per cent larger than tires of other makes sold for the same size. So in straight-side Goodyear Detachable Tires, you not only get Extra Quality, but Extra Size in every Tire you purchase.

This Goodyear "Straight Side" construction makes it far easier to remove a tire from the rims even when Quick Detachable Rims are used. First, because the beads or hooks on the feet of the ordinary tire stick or "freeze" in the channel for them in the rim. It takes prying and much pulling to remove such a tire. And second, because the base or feet of the beaded or hooked-foot tires must be wide, so that the tips or "toes" meet in the center of the rim. It is impossible without exerting much force to push the side wall inward, so that the Quick Detachable Rim may be unlocked and the tire removed. The tape of piano wire—not breadth of feet—holds the Goodyear Detachable firmly on the rim. Note the space between the feet in the cut in center column.

In the Goodyear Detachable the side walls press inward easily, and the tire itself slips off as easily as your cuffs and with little more effort.

So far we have spoken of the design of the Tire only. There are structural features of equal importance—dozens of them, each one big with meaning to the Tire user.

Taken in connection with the design of the Tire itself, they make Goodyear Tires so far in the lead of all others from every viewpoint as to be like a full-jeweled Howard, Waltham or Elgin when compared with the "Watch" which can be bought for a dollar bill.

As evidenced by the fact that when, NOW, for the first time in Automobile history, Supreme Quality to the minutest screw—(not Quantity of output)—is the price of continued existence in the Automobile field—

The Majority of the Makers of the Best Cars in the World Contract for Goodyear Tires

The premise is correct. Every Motorist will admit it. The conclusion is obvious. Why attempt to point the moral?

* * * *

You—who buy thoughtfully, carefully, intelligently, in other things—

Let us go further into this Tire Question with you.

If you are not already convinced that there is truly nothing "just as good," let us, in your own interest, and to save you money, give you facts and figures that will answer any question that may be hiding in the back of your mind, fully and completely.

Call at any branch house or write for our free book—"How to Select an Auto Tire." Do this for your sake, not ours, and do it NOW.

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THE SPARTAN

(Continued from Page 10)

these bills and compel the advertisement, tomorrow, for bids on forty-eight hundred bushels of oats."

He was about to leave the room when Strutter called after him

"I counsel you most earnestly not to be so hasty," he said. "You will compromise us. You will be making us keep bad faith with these dealers.

"Then you have already promised them!" retorted Flagg sharply. "Probably in person. Well, so far as I am concerned I'd rather have you keep bad faith with four grain and feed dealers than with the public that elected you," and he walked out. Also, he compelled the advertisement for forty-eight hundred bushels of oats.

He secured a remarkably low bid for a prime quality of grain and incidentally saved the city some two hundred dollars; but the contract went to a member of the opposing political faith, and four dealers of his own party were very much outraged. They made it a point to call up the mayor and tell him what they thought of him. Strutter passed them on to Flagg, who merely laughed at them.

"Party loyalty is one thing and the public money is another," he took pleasure in explaining. "If you fellows want to sell oats to the city bid right on them," and that was all they could get out of him. Mr. Strutter treated Mr. Flagg very coolly upon their next meeting.

A month later a bill came up to Flagg for five barrels of sugar for the city infirmary. There is no appreciable margin in sugar and Flagg was not surprised to find this billed at the full market price. What profit there was in it was legitimate, but to the bill was tacked an item of fifteen dollars for drayage! Flagg went straight up in his chair when he saw it. Immediately he delved back into the records and saw that the charge was quite regular. Drayage at three dollars a barrel for infirmary supplies had always been charged, not only in previous administrations, but under Strutter. It was a clear ten-dollar overcharge, even admitting the possibility, which he doubted, that the infirmary's own wagon had been too busy to deliver the sugar to the infirmary. He refused to O. K. the bill

Ringling was in the office when Flagg performed this revolutionary action.

"Good stuff, that," admired Ringling, and that evening the Courier carried a flaming headline, "ANOTHER LEAK STOPPED," under which it was told how the indefatigable Flagg had discovered another drain upon the public treasury and had promptly plugged it.

An agitated jobber with mutton-chop whiskers and a state-wide reputation for philanthropy descended upon Strutter, and later upon Flagg, with vein-swelling indignation. He threw Strutter into a panic and Flagg into wrathful sarcasm. He went away the bearer of several galling shafts of wholesome truth which had penetrated his hide, but an implacable enemy to Strutter, Flagg and the whole administration; and the breach between Flagg and Strutter widened; also the breach between Strutter and the Courier.

Ringling, the day after, called at the mayor's office and was bitterly upbraided.

"I wish, Mr. Ringling," said he hotly, "that before you descend to sensational newspaper methods in connection with the affairs of my administration you would consult me. If you had such a disgraceful item as that of the so-called drayage exposure of yesterday would never have appeared."

"That's why I didn't consult you," retorted Ringling. "Honestly, though, I don't see your point of objection. The item was in support of your administration Flagg's action was a credit to you, and the sooner the public knows about it the better."

"You had best let sleeping dogs lie," cautioned Strutter with great severity. "Have you seen today's Blade? Look at that and see what you have done," and he pointed out to Ringling a gleeful article charging that the "drayage graft," out of the stoppage of which the Courier had made such capital, had been a prominent feature of Strutter's administration, and that it had been worked oftener in the past year than in any previous year. The Blade cited instances to prove these charges, giving dates and amounts.

"If they hadn't attacked you about that they would have about something else," Ringling offered hum in consolation. "But don't worry about it. The Courier will defend you."

"I don't want the Courier to defend me," Strutter almost shrieked. "I want the Courier to let me alone. In the future I shall have nothing whatever to say to the Courier and I wish its representatives to remain out of my office."

"All right, old sport," agreed Ringling. "The Courier can stand it if you can."

Ringling made two other calls in the building and dropped into Flagg's office.

"Well, you've done it," said Flagg. "The news is all over the building that you and all other representatives of the Courier have been refused admittance to the mayor's office. Wait till you see what that does to the Courier in the police department, the city courts, and all the other abodes of toadyism."

"It's a cinch that we'll be right back where we started," admitted Ringling ruefully.

Flagg grinned

"It will seem more natural that way," he philosophically observed. "I've come to the conclusion that the Courier is better off fighting. It has viewed with alarm so long that it doesn't know how to point with pride."

IV

LANNING had an engagement that night with Miss Strutter, and he went to keep it with considerable trepidation. Obeying Strutter's hasty mandate not to defend him, the Courier had made no reply to the attack of the Blade.

There were traces of past tears about the girl's eyes and she received Lanning a trifle coldly.

"Father has been saying dreadful things about you," she told him.

"No doubt," said Lanning wearily. "As, for instance, what?"

"Largely that you have started a lot of needless trouble for him and then have failed to support him in it. You precipitated the very thing he was trying to avoid—public criticism of his acts in such a way that his honor is likely to be impugned. Was that necessary?"

"I don't imagine that it was," Lanning admitted. "As a matter of fact, I did not see the item. I was away when it was run through and Johnson did not detect anything in it against my policy. I have steadfastly supported your father, and the item which appeared Johnson construed to be favorable to him; but it seems rather strange for your father to charge that, once having opened the way for the Blade to attack him, the Courier did not defend him. He distinctly told Ringling that he did not want the Courier to defend him nor even to mention his name."

She mused upon that in silence for a time.

"The matter, then, seems to resolve itself into a question of veracity as between my father and your reporter," she said.

To this Lanning could make no answer. As between the two he would prefer the word of Ringling—that is, in his professional capacity—but he did not dare tell her this. The girl, inspired by the inborn loyalty inherited from her mother, had the same implicit faith in her father; and with this feeling upon both sides there could not but be a reservation. This was the beginning of possible misunderstandings without number; and they were both perfectly miserable. The evening was an uncomfortable one, and Lanning left early. One thing, however, the occurrence had brought about. It made them both realize, through the pain that the slightest cloud upon their friendship brought to them, how very much they cared. There was every reason for this to be an ideal match. They were a handsome couple, and mentally, physically, morally and psychologically in harmony—precisely the type that should marry. That night each, thinking of the other, realized what life would mean without the possible companionship to which both had looked forward and upon which both had builded, though half unconsciously. At breakfast the girl put forward a tentative effort to smooth out matters between her father and Lanning.

"Edith," he said severely, "you are tampering with matters which you cannot possibly understand. I went into office as the free choice of the people, bound to no party clique, party representative or party organ. The Courier supported me for its own interests and benefit. For a great many years it had been the anti-administration paper. It has succeeded in its object of becoming an administration paper and we are quits. The Courier, however, inspired by Mr. Lanning, chooses to set up a claim upon my moral freedom and to urge that claim by coercive methods. I am not to be coerced, my child, and if, in a spirit of revenge because it cannot be the actual mayor with myself as its figurehead, the Courier wishes to persecute me, I can only endure; I cannot sacrifice my principles! I shall conduct my office fearlessly and without favor, truckling to no man and seeking the approval only of my own conscience."

Like a dutiful daughter she accepted that buncombe at its face value. Daniel Webster Strutter had made it the fashion in his own family to worship in him the living image of Patrick Henry, to worship in him all that was good and noble and true, to worship in him all honor and virtue and morality; and as his family consisted of nothing but good womenfolk he could furbish his shrine as he chose and demand what idolatry he would. If Edith Strutter at times suspected that the household idol had feet of clay she looked swiftly away with a shudder and swore in her inmost soul that they were at least of bronze. But here came her dilemma: she believed, too, in Lanning's uprightness and sincerity. She knew now, more than ever, that Lanning loved her, and she could not understand. That these two, the noblest men in the world, should have differences amounting to bitterness was a mysterious thing and one that kept her torn with sorrow. In the winter that followed she and Lanning were together as often as before, but there was always that strained, uncomfortable sense between them.

Flagg was the eternal point of friction. He was an amazingly busy person those days, auditing most industriously, finding out all his powers and making use of every one of them, to the infinite distress of his associates and of Strutter. Every time he found an irregularity he found opposition, and this was as the breath of life to his nostrils. His heaviest fight was upon deferred payments. The city, with ample resources, was two and three months behind in its bills, giving opportunity for two or three live discounters to do a thriving trade in city vouchers. Dealers accordingly insisted upon top-notch prices. Flagg, after a stormy fight led by the discounters and their official supporters, put the city upon a cash basis, discounting his bills like any other business man and securing lower prices into the bargain. In the first two months after he inaugurated this system he saved the city over twelve thousand dollars; but he made himself highly unpopular in certain official circles, and the brunt of his unpopularity, in the final analysis, was borne by those unhappy young people, Lanning and Edith Strutter, as the personal relations of the administration and the Courier became more and more strained.

V

FLAGG, working late one evening early in the next summer over some uncomfortable discoveries along the line of a padded city pay-roll, went up to the mayor's office in hopes of finding that functionary still at his desk. The outer room was deserted. All the clerks had quit promptly on the minute, but the communicating door leading to the mayor's private office was open and he heard voices in there. He was just about to enter the rooms when he heard Cassamine say:

"The new bond issue will be passed, then, on Thursday?"

"No question about it," replied Strutter.

Flagg deliberately stopped and listened.

"Very well," said Cassamine, "I'll tell Dover to be prepared to take it up."

Dover was the president of the Market National, the head of the so-called bankers' syndicate and the right-hand man of Galway, the notorious gang leader of the opposition

"He already knows," announced Strutter. "He called me up this afternoon and asked about it."

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"I'm glad to see you working in harmony with him," said Cassamine. "After all, in spite of the fact that we fought you quite vigorously during your campaign I don't know but that it has been a good thing for our party to have had a change in administration. It rather stirs things up, and so long as the—the normal routine is not disturbed I don't see why you shouldn't have certain powerful interests back of you for a second term."

Flagg, still standing just outside the doorway, grinned seraphically.

"I am compelled to admit that I should be gratified indeed if such a thing were possible," returned Mr. Strutter, and Flagg could in fancy see him throwing back his shoulders, inserting his right hand in the bosom of his Prince Albert, and running the fingers of his left hand through his curly gray locks. "It will take at least another term to show the results of my policies."

"No doubt," returned Cassamine dryly, and Flagg sympathized with that gentleman because he was in no position to grin. "Of course, the bonds will be four per cent as usual?" Cassamine added after a moment's thought.

"Naturally," assented Mr. Strutter.

Flagg could hear Cassamine rising from his chair and immediately made himself scarce. The next morning he turned quite casually into the office of the Courier. It was the first time he had happened there during the rush hour since he had taken the position of auditor. It gave him a thrill to look up the dingy stairs and place his feet upon the well-worn treads; but he felt, too, a strange sense of being rather out in the cold, of not being needed here, of being more or less an interloper, a spectator, a mere outsider, one approaching the shrine of mysteries with an uninformed and ignorant curiosity. In keeping with this he found himself going up the stairs with heavy-footed deliberation rather than with the two-steps-at-a-time haste with which he had been wont to bounce into the office, the bearer of a story over which he could become properly enthusiastic. Half-way up the steps the hurrying figure of big, lubberly Ringling overtook him and, in the dimness, jostled him slightly.

"Apologize, you!" demanded Flagg. "You must think I'm a subscriber or an advertiser, the way you elbow me out of the road."

"Hello, Flagg!" said Ringling heartily, half turning two steps above and pausing for an instant. "You're getting so fat I didn't know you. You must have a cinch up there at the city hall. Going to be in the building long?"

"A few minutes."

"Drop over at the desk and see me before you go out," Ringling invited. "I've a rush item just now," and he hurried on.

Flagg toiled up after him, feeling that somehow, in spite of Ringling's cordial manner, he had been snubbed. He turned into the long local room where men at typewriters sat pounding away with all their might and main. From the open door of the rear room came the insistent clatter of telegraph keys. They seemed unusually deafening, and he had to cast back to the days of his cubdom to remember when again they had seemed so loud, and to renew in those memories his wonder that anybody could think and work in such a racket as this.

Brest, the city editor, came striding up through the room from Johnson's office. He had a bunch of proofs and a pastepot in one hand and some loose copy in the other. There was a frown upon his brow. He was very much abstracted. He had nearly passed by when he remembered that this was a different Flagg.

"Hello, Flagg!" he said. "How goes it?"

He put the pages of copy between his teeth to release his right hand, so that he could give Flagg a perfunctory clasp.

"First rate," replied Flagg, beaming. It did seem good to get back into this atmosphere and to see these men. Even Brest, with whom he had always been tentatively at war, looked good to him. "There is a lot of work to the job," he went on, happy to impart information, "but if you don't get it all done today you can do it tomorrow, which is a novelty for one of us."

He laughed lightly and Brest smiled absently, but the latter had already taken the copy from between his teeth and was looking at it with a frown.

"Uh-huh," he acquiesced, and then he collected himself from his abstraction to remember that he had not shown Flagg quite enough courtesy. "Come into the office before you go out," he invited. "I say, you're getting fat!"

He said this last as he walked on, and Flagg once more felt slighted in some indefinable way, although he knew that no slight was meant; that Brest was really very busy, for it was almost the moment for closing up the first edition. Nearly like an alien he passed down through the room. He had anticipated something like an ovation when he came in. Flabby and partly-bald Thomas, once managing editor, pegging away in the corner, looked up with a bright nod and a smile when his name was called in Flagg's loudest and heartiest tone, seemed about to say something, remembered his work and went back at it with fury. Canby, whose department was the courts, paused to say hello quite heartily and to add that Flagg was getting fat; but he waited for no answer. Hally, who did the sports from prizefights to dogfights, and who neither smoked, drank nor swore, got up from his chair long enough to shake hands with Flagg as he passed, and, forgetting him an instant later, plunged once more into the vivid description of how Patsy McGilligan had closed the eye of Kid Kilbourne in the first round. Archer, doing police, merely passed him the grand hailing sign and went on with his grind. Miss Teeters, responsible for society, gushed for one feeble second and her light, too, went out. Beers, a cub when Flagg had left, but now a reporter with a real route albeit one of no consequence, evinced the only disposition to welcome the prodigal as one long and sincerely mourned and returned from the dead. He alone seemed to want to take time to talk. He asked all about things, down to the minute details, and his conversation made Flagg desperately weary. He rid himself of Beers as soon as he could and turned to Johnson's office, feeling, in some way, very lonely and homesick.

"Hello, loafer," greeted Johnson, looking up from a proof to which he was doing vicious and at the same time cautious things with a blue pencil.

Flagg could tell at a glance, from the intricate manner in which the proof was marked, that it was either politics or a very important item in which there was grave danger of libel. "How does it feel to hold an obese city sinecure calling for forty-five minutes of work every other Thursday?" Johnson went on with a lingering glance at his proof.

"Work," responded Flagg, regaining a portion of his lost spirits, "was unknown in the world until the city auditor's job was invented."

"I can't see that it's cutting you down," said Johnson in scathing sarcasm as he looked over Flagg's growing plumpness. "Just sit down a minute, will you, till I get this first off my hands? We close up in less than five minutes—as you may remember."

He said the last few cutting words in deep abstraction and was already frowningly intent over the proofs. Flagg, who had started to sit down, changed his mind.

"I'll drop in and see Lanning a minute."

"Eh?" grunted Johnson, looking up. "Oh, yes, yes; I think Lanning is in the composing-room, but you might as well go in there. I'll be in presently. By George, you are getting fat, Flagg!"

There it was. He was growing fat. He was acquiring the mark of political employ, according to the gifted amateur jokers, confound them! Men waxed fat in newspaper offices and nobody remarked it! He sat down in Lanning's empty office and gloomed. Lanning and Johnson came in together by and by. For a moment Flagg thought that the boss looked at him almost apprehensively, and then Lanning's habitual cordiality came back and he shook hands with Flagg warmly, invited him to a chair, offered him a cigarette and, lighting one himself, leaned back comfortably to enjoy a chat with his staunch and reliable supporter of bygone days. Even in this very action there was something which gave Flagg a bit of a pang. Lanning was making company of him.

"Well, how are you?" Lanning asked.

"Getting fat," retorted Flagg quickly. "I beat you to it."

"What's new?" Lanning next asked, chuckling softly.

This was where Flagg lived. It was more like real life. Once again he felt like one of the elect.

"Grandest little explosion that ever came off," he said gleefully. "Our Strutter is trying to build up a party machine; he's trying to soften the acerbity of the Blade; he's currying favor from the gang; he's winking at petty graft; and just now he's preparing to turn over the new paving-bond issue, a hundred thousand dollars, for twenty years, at four per cent, to Dover and his fellow-pirates."

"How do you know?" demanded Johnson eagerly. There was no feeling that Flagg was different, now. Once more he was Flagg, the reporter, with a keen scent for a sensation. They all felt it.

"Oh, at my old stunt of eavesdropping again, this time quite by accident. Heard Strutter talking it over with whom do you think? Oh, just Cassamine, our deadly enemy of the Blade. They have it all rimed up. Dover called Strutter up yesterday afternoon to make sure of it. Council passes the bond issue on Thursday, and a blanket certificate for the whole one hundred thousand dollars will be turned over to the bankers' syndicate at four per cent; that is, they think it will."

"And why won't it?" demanded Johnson.

"Because little Arnold Winkelried Flagg is here to gather the Austrian pikers into his own devoted breast and make way for liberty, he cried!"

"That's true," Johnson admitted, ignoring the flippancy as he always had to do with Flagg; "it is up to you to handle the sale of those bonds, isn't it?"

"Surest thing you know. Also, the mayor and myself sign them and I'm going to refuse, although I've no legal right to do so. I've a good, strong bluffing right, though, and watch it work. Municipal bonds, backed by a city of the size and importance of ours, are floated elsewhere for three and one-half per cent, and I'm going to demand them here, saving the city ten thousand dollars. If Strutter wants in with it he can have half the glory. If he don't I'm going to take it all. I'll give him one more chance to play square with the Courier, and if he don't here's where we go after his scalp and hang it on the outer walls to dry. I can see some nice little first-page items cooked up for the Courier."

Johnson was gleeful, but Lanning was troubled and silent.

"Hadn't I better see Strutter about it and try to bring him into the fold?" he suggested.

Flagg turned on him a grin of comprehension.

"I wish you joy of the job," he said; "but you're going to spoil my sensation if you see him now. My proposition is to let council pass these four-per-cent bonds and let the certificates come up to me; whereupon I shall rise in my might and refuse to be a tool of the gang."

"Very well," agreed Lanning after some thought. "I can see the strategic importance of that in the forthcoming campaign. Let it go to that point. Then let me go to Strutter and let him in on the refusal to sanction the proposition."

"Mad applause!" commended Flagg, clapping his thumb nails together. "But I know what's going to happen. You're merely going to excite one Strutter to no purpose. The trouble with him is that he's a jellyfish. The gang has him bluffed right now. He's afraid to do anything to offend them. He's so keen to have all sides lined up that he's getting everybody sore. He won't take a decided stand on anything. He'll try to snub you, however, and put you back in your place."

"I hope not," said Lanning sincerely. It was almost a prayer.

Flagg and Johnson exchanged glances. They both knew that back of all this, in Lanning's mind, glowed the picture of Strutter's daughter. All three were silent for a moment, and then Flagg considered it his duty to prepare Lanning for the worst.

"You might as well make up your mind to it now as at any other time," he insisted; "Strutter won't do, and the Courier can't afford to support him in his next nomination. I don't think Strutter is exactly dishonest, but I am sure that, besides being a fool for his unbelievable nepotism, he is a pompous blockhead in every other way. I have been looking over the figures in my office. While attempting to run an economical administration he has wasted more money this year than the gang stole last year. On the plea of introducing order and system into the various offices he has purchased elaborate filing and indexing systems that have cost thousands of dollars and endless work and require more clerks than under the old plan, with less practical results. The paving department

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and then—
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is going to show an appalling waste. With our exposure of the late paving graft in mind, Strutter insisted upon letting a contract, as soon as he came into office, for several miles of cheap paving. It hasn't been down a year and repairs are already being made upon it. He saw his mistake and made a worse one. He got the city engineer, who is a relative and a jeweler, to make estimates on the cost of paving for Lafayette, his own street. His watch-tinkering relative, not being able to do the work, hired an expert paving engineer to do it for him. A grand little joke! The expert brought in an estimate showing the cost of paving of the sort required to be two dollars and eighty-five cents per square yard. By law no contract can be accepted above the figures submitted by the city engineer. Four years ago the gang itself, taking a big rake-off, let a contract for exactly the same specification of paving for two-seventy-five. It is a cinch that the expert is in with the graft and that contracts will be let at not less than two-seventy. I could detail you a score of such cases. Strutter's whole record is one not only of incompetence but of ingratitude. The Courier can't stand for him. It has made a grandstand play of being the watch-dog of the people. It has begged for a reform administration and has guaranteed a complete wiping out of all the abuses of previous administrations. This is not being done and will not be done. How's the circulation as compared with a year ago when you were making the campaign for Strutter?"

Lanning was thrown into a trifle of confusion by this abrupt turn.

"It is not so good as it was," he confessed. "It has been steadily dwindling since the first six months after Strutter went into office. Of course, we have a better circulation now than we had before we started to make the fight. We have not lost all that we gained, but a lot of it."

"There is your trouble," declared Flagg. "So long as you stood steadfastly for what you believed to be the right thing the people were with you. Strutter's administration has proved to be not the right thing and the people are not with you. You must ditch him. The life of the Courier depends upon it."

Johnson looked sympathetically across at Lanning. He knew that Lanning's entire fortune was bound up in the Courier. There had been a period, following his active campaign against the gang, when it was making money; but now it was in a position where a further dwindling of its circulation and its consequent hold upon advertisers would mean a steady loss, to which there could be but one end, bankruptcy. Moreover, there was the personal disgrace of business failure staring Lanning in the face. If he let the Courier go down he would be pointed at as a young man who had made a stab at business affairs and failed; a fool college boy who had played ducks and drakes with his father's money.

"Looks to me as if Flagg is right," said Johnson. "I have had it in mind for some time. Strutter will not do and we have to say so; we have to beat the Blade to it. If Strutter has any idea that he can secure the Blade's cooperation he's mistaken. I know Cassamine. He's laying low and gathering evidence. Reese is at work on the job all the time, and probably two or three others. Along next fall, when politics begin to sizz, you'll find the Blade with one blast after another saved up for Strutter and his relatives, and every blast from that gun is going to be a shot at the Courier which foisted him upon the public. There is only one way out. We must take the bull by the horns and get into the fight on him first."

Lanning nodded wearily.

"We might be able to redeem him yet if he'd let us," he suggested, although with little hope.

"Try it," laughed Flagg.

The bond issue was authorized by council. Dover, on behalf of himself and four other bankers comprising the Trust Company which had always taken up these bonds, put in his formal application for the entire issue. Flagg went to Strutter and pointed out his reasons for believing that cheaper bonds could be floated.

Mr. Strutter gave a splendid imitation of a man in deep thought.

"If that is the case," he said grandly, "it is our duty to issue three and one-half per cent bonds, and I thank you for having brought the matter to my attention. Wait just a moment."

He called up Dover, at the Market National Bank.

"Mr. Dover," said he, "we have discovered that municipal bonds are being floated in other cities of no better standing than our own at three and one-half per cent. Will our banks take them over at that figure?"

He listened for fully five minutes to the impassioned address which Mr. Dover poured over the wire. Occasionally he said "I see, I see," in the tone of one surprised into conviction by a revealment of his own astounding lack of knowledge. At the end he said:

"Certainly, Mr. Dover; I see that it is quite impossible."

He turned to Flagg with a superior smile.

"Utterly impossible," he announced. "Your scheme is entirely visionary. There are many excellent reasons why we cannot, in this particular city, float a three and one-half per cent bond issue, but one reason is sufficient. Mr. Dover, speaking for his associates, positively declines to touch them, under any circumstances whatsoever, at that figure."

"I don't give a picayune whether they do or not," retorted Flagg. "I don't intend to hold up this city for ten thousand dollars wasted interest merely because the gang's little coterie of capitalists refuses to take the issue."

"But my dear Mr. Flagg," insisted Mr. Strutter, still with that air of superior tolerance, "you don't seem to understand that these gentlemen represent the entire organized capital of this city. If you want a hundred thousand dollars you must go to them, for they control all the other banks."

"You can't tell me that Dover and his crowd have all the cash in this town sewed up," declared Flagg. "I don't propose to go to the banks for this money, anyhow; I propose to go to the people. They will be glad to get a chance at it if we divide our bond issue into certificates of from a hundred dollars up. There are enough thrifty Germans alone in this town who would be glad enough to dig down into their stockings for a gilt-edge investment like this."

"That seems to me to be distinctively a newspaper idea, Mr. Flagg," objected Strutter, making the charge as if it were a heinous one. "This administration does not want to belittle its dignity by such flamboyant methods. In the first place, I do not think you can get your issue subscribed, and if you don't the papers will have the laugh on us. In the second place, there is no need of allying against ourselves all the moneyed interests of the city. Four per cent bonds have been the custom here, the people are used to them, and nobody has ever raised any objection."

"Until now," Flagg protested, "and I raise the objection most emphatically. I see a chance to save the city ten thousand dollars. I'm here for that purpose and I intend to do it. You'd better come and get in the band-wagon with me."

The sheer impudence of that last proposal appalled Mr. Strutter.

"I subscribe to no such foolish proposition," he said, closing the drawer of his desk with a snap and locking it, going to the closet and reaching for his hat and coat. "Let there be no more talk of it. I mean this as final."

"If you put it that way there will be no more talk of it between you and me, I guarantee you that!" snapped Flagg, and strode out.

He telephoned to Lanning.

"It's all off," said he. "Strutter refuses to come in out of the wet. Look out for the fireworks. I'm going to demand those three and one-half per cent bonds this afternoon. This is a hot tip on a scoop for you. Go ahead with it."

"Wait!" implored Lanning. "Let me speak with Strutter."

Through Strutter's delay, occasioned by giving some instructions in his outer office, Lanning caught him there by 'phone and begged him either to come to the office of the Courier or wait there a few moments. It was a matter of grave importance. Strutter waited, fuming impatiently.

"I came up to see you about that bond issue," said Lanning when he arrived. "Flagg has told me all about it. I am here to beg of you to take Flagg's side of the question and to allow the Courier conscientiously to commend you for it. You will find it a very popular movement, I am sure, and one that will redound to your credit."

Never had Daniel Webster Strutter looked more like the pictures of Patrick

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Henry than he did in this imposing moment. "Sir," said he, "I shall permit no outside force to influence my administration. I decline to speak further of this subject."

"But, Mr. Strutter," protested Lanning in some heat, "your course is an asinine one. Be guided by me. The Courier has never done you anything but good. Its advice has always been sound. Let me put you on the popular side of the fence by subscribing, in this instance, to the right thing. Flagg's course is perfectly correct, the one he ought to take, the one every citizen should commend."

In spite of Strutter's prohibition, Lanning strove to show him exactly how not only the city, but he also, would be the gainer in every way by taking this course. Strutter attempted to evade the issue by pointing out that he had nothing to do with the bond issue, which was in the hands of the city council. Lanning brushed that aside. Strutter was wavering when his 'phone rang. He picked up the receiver and listened intently. He made his answers as guardedly as he could, but Lanning could tell that he was talking about the bond issue and surmised that it must be with either Dover or Cassamine. Occasionally Strutter paused while he listened to glance darkly at Lanning. At the conclusion of his telephonic conversation he was obdurate to further arguments. He would not even listen.

"Very well," said Lanning, "I am compelled to publish an account of Flagg's protest in the late afternoon issue."

"Flagg, then, must take the consequences of his action. You must not mention my name in connection with it," Strutter demanded.

"I can promise you that we won't, at the present time at least," Lanning said curtly, and went out.

He telephoned Johnson, already in possession of all the facts, to use the story, but to leave out Strutter's connection with it. The late afternoon edition of the Courier came out with the flaunted headline:

"BONDS FOR THE PEOPLE!"

Flagg's argument was presented in its entirety, including the fact that, after all, the people's money carried the bonds; for the banks, taking the four per cent issue at par, peddled it out at a premium netting the purchasers but a fraction over three per cent and reaped an approximate twenty-thousand-dollar profit with no appreciable investment whatever. The Courier had the news exclusively, the Blade, at the time of the Courier's publication, still having hopes of blocking the movement—for Galway owned stock in the Blade and in the Market National Bank, and Cassamine owned stock in several Galway enterprises.

The city was at once very properly excited. The idea proved to be a popular one. The Blade was compelled to swing into line and carry the news of the proposed action, though with a hint that if the city pursued this course it would involve itself in a lot of extra accounting which would cost money, and that it would also run the risk of the issue not being taken up. It also made no mention of Flagg, giving the veiled discredit to the Strutter administration, and thus leaving a loophole for later censure.

Strutter was furious over the publicity, and council was furious; but such a storm of public sentiment had been aroused that Flagg had his way. The next time Flagg met Strutter in the hallway of the city building Strutter "cut him dead"; and from that time on, during the balance of Flagg's incumbency, Strutter and he did not speak. Flagg opened his popular bond issue to the public for subscription. The response was instantaneous; thrifty middle-class folk came in shoals to subscribe; but an unexpected hitch presented itself. A financial stringency suddenly set in. Savings-bank depositors were the largest subscribers. Times had been easy, and theretofore they had only to turn in their bank books and write their savings-department checks to receive the money instantly. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the savings-banks demanded their legal right of thirty days' notice before withdrawals could be made. As the banks could not discriminate between ordinary withdrawals and those intended for bond purchases, the thirty days' notice rule was made sweeping. This tightness of money scared the building-loan associations, and here, too, thirty and even sixty-day bylaws were enforced; so that while Flagg had nearly half his issue subscribed within a short time he could not get the immediate money. He had set fifteen days as the earliest limit at which cash need be paid in, and before any of it was forthcoming Dover and his *confrères* came to the auditor with a complete back-down from their original stand. The bankers would take the entire issue at three and one-half per cent, they stated. Flagg displayed his subscription book.

"Can't do it," said he. "I promised these bonds to these people and they shall have them. The city does not need all the money immediately and can get along for sixty days on the cash that is to come in at the expiration of the fifteen-day period."

Dover's embassy went away in a high huff. Afterward they came back and begged to be allowed to take up the remaining fifty thousand. Flagg was injuring their bond market. In the end he let them have the remainder, though after they had concluded their deal there was no love lost on either side. Moreover, Dover upbraided Strutter for being a weakling and Strutter passed the censure along to the auditor's office. His petty attitude toward Flagg extended to the Courier, and at about this time, yielding to another vacillation, he conceived the unfortunate idea of whipping the Courier into line. Following his hints the heads of departments—extending to the city courts, the police, the hospitals, the morgue and all other public institutions—took especial pains to see that the Courier got its routine news items belated, and the Blade once more stepped into its old vantage ground of being able to put over scoop after scoop upon the Courier. When Strutter thought he had whipped the Courier enough to show his power, one of his nephews was sent to Flagg in an apparently casual sort of way. It was known that Flagg almost invariably dropped in at Joe Paxton's bar for a few moments every evening before he went home. One evening the nephew, young Priestman, a tall, ungainly youth who ran to fuzzy sideburns and lavender-striped shirts, and lavender cravats and hose and kerchiefs, was waiting for Flagg when he came in.

"Just in time, Flagg," he said, with a cordiality as effusive as it was unusual; "name your medicine."

Flagg hesitated. He did not particularly like Priestman, but there was no need of snubbing him openly.

"I'll take a little still Lithia," he said without enthusiasm, whereat Priestman saw fit to joke him and Flagg saw fit to receive the joke in clammy silence. Flagg had intended to have a glass of beer, but he would not drink anything exhilarating, or even pleasant, with Priestman.

"I see the Blade is putting it all over the Courier, here of late," observed Priestman, after an awkward silence.

"Is it?" asked Flagg with apparent indifference.

"Is it!" repeated Priestman. "I should say it is. Why don't the Courier make peace with the old man? I was talking with him just yesterday and he says that he has nothing against the Courier. All they have to do is to treat him decently and they can have just as free access to his office as the Blade."

"The Courier has a right to demand free access to the news of his office. Any paper has."

"Yes, I know," returned Priestman with an offensively sly wink; "but it don't work out that way, always. I have a straight tip from the old man that if Lanning will just come up to see him and have a little talk everything can be made all right."

"Uh—huh," said Flagg, and finishing his drink he walked away without the formality of inviting Priestman to have another.

Monday morning, however, he dutifully reported the matter to Lanning.

"Now, if you want two more years of Strutter," he said, "here's your chance. The time for the nominations is drawing mighty close. Strutter has at last come to his senses and wants to enlist the Courier behind him again. You can make or break him. Incidentally, you might think over what two more years of him would do toward making or breaking the Courier."

Lanning's only reply was a troubled silence. He had called upon Miss Strutter just the night before and had passed a most delightful evening, one unusual for them in its freedom from unspoken dread.

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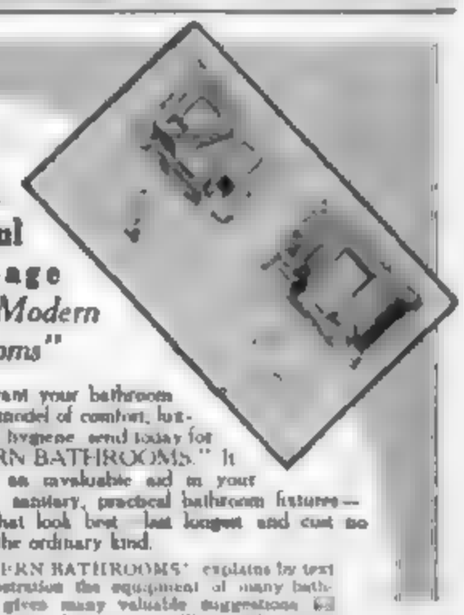

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Strutter had come into the parlor for a few moments and had been most affable to Lanning. The girl was, in consequence, overjoyed and was more vivacious than she had been at any time in months.

Immediately after Flagg went away Johnson came in with a copy of the Blade in his hand.

"Well, they've done it again," said he, pointing to a leading item. "This time it's a serious affair. They've scooped us on a big murder mystery. Ringling says they held it out on him down at central police for thirty minutes until the Blade could get on the streets with it. How long is this to keep up? We can't stand it, I tell you."

"No, we can't stand it," agreed Lanning wearily. The circulation manager had been up that morning and had shown some startlingly-disagreeable figures.

"Our present policy of taking these blows without fighting back is going to cost the Courier its very existence if it is kept up," Johnson urged as if reading Lanning's very thought. "Moreover, our attitude in the matter isn't all buncombe. We have espoused the cause of reform. I believe the most of us sneer at ourselves a little too much. I think we tell ourselves that we are reformers for revenue only; that we are doing it because it is a popular thing. But I honestly believe that down deep in our hearts we want reform for reform's sake; we want honest government for honest government's sake; we want to do what, as a great public engine, we ought to do—the best thing possible for us as patriotic citizens to accomplish."

Even Lanning, grave as was his approaching crisis, had to smile. "If Flagg could only hear you make that speech!"

Johnson grinned in thorough appreciation of the thought.

"And yet," he continued, "Flagg would do exactly as you are doing—take that little bit of oratory of mine into his own bosom and approve it, even while he kidded it aloud. However, the practical point is that the time has come for us to bounce rocks off Strutter's anatomy."

Lanning pushed a pile of proofs to the floor. He set his blue pencil carefully by the side of his inkstand. He crumpled the top sheet of copy paper upon which he had written a few words and tossed it away, set the remaining sheets with great precision upon one corner of his desk, threw down some exchanges and tidied up everything as neatly as if he had been a hostess preparing a table for afternoon tea.

"All right," he said, placing a paperweight exactly in the center of a blotter and then shoving the combination in the center of the bare desk space; "cut loose!"

"Gee!" exclaimed Johnson, drawing a long breath. "I'd begun to think you'd never say the word. Where and how shall we begin on him?"

"Anywhere and anyhow you like," said Lanning. "I'll leave it to you. I don't care to see copy or proof. I'm going out."

"Go right ahead," exulted Johnson. "Stay as long as you like. I wonder if Ringling's in the office."

He opened the door and howled for a copy-boy. One came presently, shuffling around the corner into the hall, no more to be agitated into speed than a steam roller.

"Get Ringling and Brent quick!" Johnson said. "In my room." And he dashed into his own office, chortling with joy.

Ringling found him hammering upon his desk an accompaniment to My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah!

Lanning, too, heard the sound of it and the unwonted scuffling of feet that Johnson's rapid-fire orders were precipitating. Johnson and Ringling and those fellows were in their element; from afar they could smell warm blood. But Lanning was in a deeply-troubled frame of mind. He sat staring at his telephone for a long, long time unseeing, with deep lines upon his brow that were not brought there by thought alone.

Presently he called up Strutter's house number and asked for Edith.

"Are you busy this morning?" he wanted to know.

"Not very," she told him.

"Then I'm coming out to the house. I must see you alone for a few minutes."

"Come right on up," she told him. "What is the matter?" And yet with a sinking heart she divined.

"I can't tell you until I get there," he answered her, and then she was certain.

She came into the dim parlor to meet him in a ravishing house-gown of shimmering brown. She had never seemed so beautiful to him, so womanly, so in every way desirable. He strode to her at once and took both her hands in his, and she let them lie there trembling. For a time he looked upon her silently, with hungry soul; upon her clustering hair, her smooth brow, her glowing cheeks, her lips, her dear eyes.

"I love you," he said. "I love you! I just love you, that's all!"

She raised her eyes frankly to his. Upon her cheeks there came a deeper glow and she smiled.

"I know," she said simply—and happily.

"And I know!" he repeated. "I ought not to say it just now, but I had to. I want you to remember that I said it. I want you to remember that, whatever comes or goes, I love you; that I have loved you from the first and shall always love you; and I have seen you this morning to say good-by."

"It has come, then?" she half whispered, her cheeks blanching.

"Yes, it has come. It is not very romantic. It is not very nice. It is not like the days of chivalry, when a man gave up power and position and wealth and even a kingdom, let alone so sordid a thing as business, to gratify but a whim of his lady-love; but I have had to make a choice. It has come—the time for open attack."

She shuddered, but she voiced no protest. She had felt lost within the past few months, separated from the world of masculine affairs by a lack of understanding. Dimly she had realized that, to be men, men must have battles and must fight them. She only protested at her fate that she should be caught between opposing fires, bound by love to both and by loyalty to one. Suddenly Lanning caught her in his arms, drew her closely to him, almost fiercely, and held her and held her, as if he could not let her go; and she clung to him, nestled even closer within his embrace. He stooped and pressed his lips to hers. There were footsteps in the hall.

"Good-by," said Lanning.

"Good-by," she whispered.

Yet something sang within their breasts, sang gayly and blithely, and in their hearts they knew that their lips had lied when they had said good-by. There could be no good-by between them, not for long; and yet they said it again.

Mrs. Strutter, a woman of fine peacefulness, who had long since surrendered her will, her opinions, her very mental processes to her husband, came to the door. She found them talking most circumspectly to all outward appearances, as calm as if they had merely discussed a ride behind Lanning's grays. Mrs. Strutter was a little uneasy and uncomfortable when she saw Lanning. Personally, she had always liked him, and yet she knew that she ought not to, that her judgment must be bad, for Daniel Webster did not approve of him. So, with the brief courtesies of greeting she turned away and went back to her sewing-room, leaving the door open.

The spell was broken. The girl and Lanning walked to the door. He turned, with his hand upon the knob.

"Good-by," he said again, and she echoed it.

Once more he took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he was gone.

Good-by? No! As he drove down the avenue in his heart he exulted.

It was not until he reached the center of the city that a sense of the grim reality of things came upon him. A newsboy was crying the early editions. He called the boy to him and bought both the Courier and the Blade. He opened the Courier first, and there across the top were the staring headlines that in the light of his recent half-hour looked impossible; the lines—and in his own paper—that meant that he could not cross the Strutter threshold again, that he could not be seen in public with Edith Strutter, that he could not meet her in private, that he could not know her at all for a long, weary time to come. There they were in big, black letters, and he could see Johnson's and Ringling's and Flagg's vindictive joy behind them:

"JELLYFISH STRUTTER!"

"SPINELESS MAYOR WON'T DO!"

THE SMALL MAN'S MARKET

(Concluded from Page 11)

five years' careful preliminary work this inventor was able to send a salesman on the road, visiting wholesale houses and the largest retail stores. By that time the goods had made their way widely and had a definite place in the stationery trade. Today they are more or less staple.

In one of the Eastern States there is a prosperous candy business which was started eight years ago by a girl in her teens. Her mother had lost some property which had yielded the family's only income—there were four children, of whom this girl was the oldest. Something must be done to earn a living. She had a knack at making candies, so she made up a batch and sold them at a fair in the neighborhood. A few orders followed and the family went to work, turning part of their home into a candy kitchen.

For two or three years trade grew steadily around home. Then the girl manager thought the candy could be sold to advantage from a store or booth in the business district, if one could be rented cheaply enough. After looking around she took a tiny cubbyhole in the corridor of an office building. There was room for a counter about six feet long. An attendant could be hired for five or six dollars a week, but the family thought that if their booth cleared that much they would want the money themselves. So it was finally opened as a "help yourself" business, following an original plan of the girl's which everybody said would fail. The candy was simply arranged in easy reach, a money tray left on the counter and a sign told the public to help itself to goods, leave the price in the tray, and make its own change. Several times a day one of the family visited this booth, straightened and replaced stock and took out money—usually a few dollars.

By-and-by, as the business grew more, the girl made a trip to hotels through the Adirondack region and placed goods with them. This kind of trade resulted in mail orders from distant parts of the country, as well as in requests that the candy be placed on sale in the writers' own cities. These customers had learned of the goods at summer resorts. As soon as it could be done the girl began extending sales through a simple plan of her own. By this time the candy kitchen had grown to a plant employing fifty girls, and the chief purpose had been to preserve the original home character of the product by personal supervision. As opportunity offered, however, she would slip away to some promising city, hunt up a woman who was able and willing to act as local selling agent, and instruct her how to work. This woman would call on merchants through the business districts, place a small stock of the candies, get a list of customers' names from each merchant—usually they were druggists—and send them to the candy kitchen.

Sampling, demonstrating, selling through local agents, and other channels of distribution are open to the man of small means. About all he needs is a desirable article, an open mind, and willingness to work and be patient. It is through going to work himself along these lines that he will gain the experience and judgment necessary in bigger operations.

No marketing plan devised for anything by anybody, anywhere, no matter who he was or how sound his plan appeared, was ever known to work out in actuality according to the plan. Something always goes wrong. Some detail planned in theory always has to be altered to conform to the facts. The right kind of sales agents couldn't be found in territory populated by the right kind of customers, or the right kind of stores were not open to demonstration, or the right kind of sampling outran trade distribution. On that proud day when the goods were well enough established to be taken up by retail merchants, new forces of conservatism, indifference, trade custom and downright opposition had to be reckoned with. When the article was established with the trade, them came competition, scaring the promoter half to death, probably, until he ascertained that his goods and plans were based on right principles and that competition, instead of hurting them, was more likely to make them thrive.

All these things have to be learned. No man learns them more cheaply or thoroughly than the small man entering the market on nothing.

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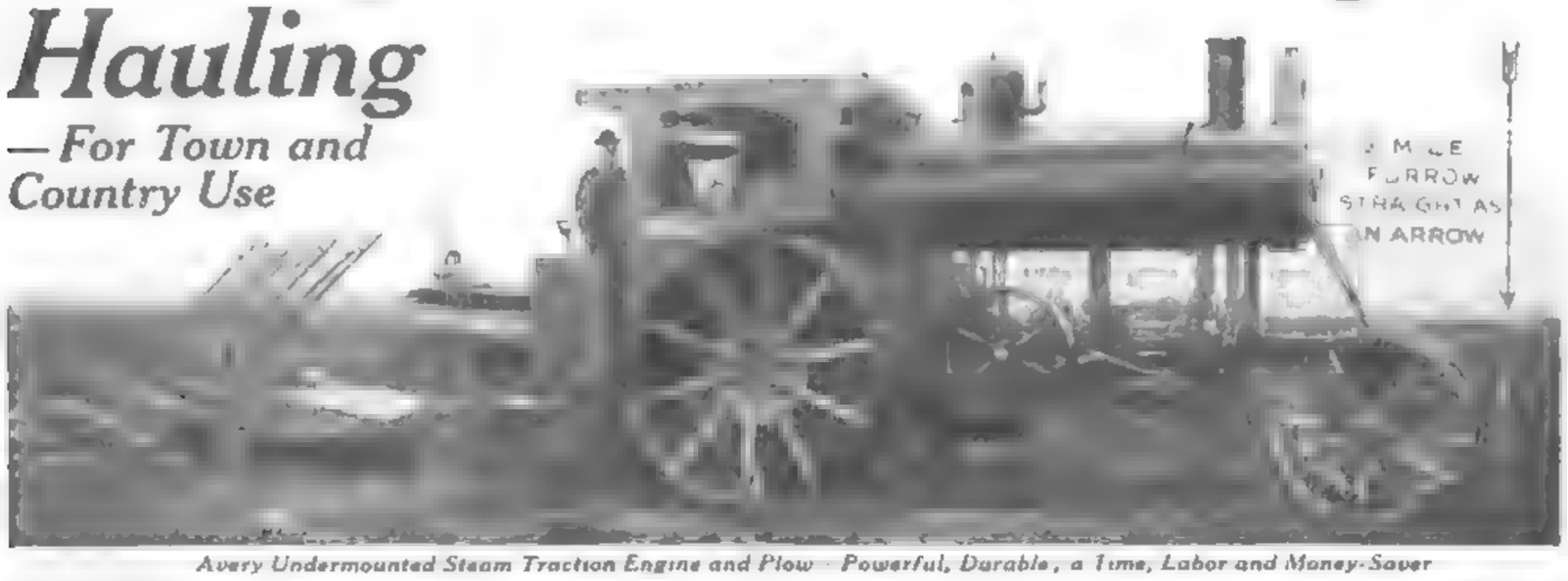
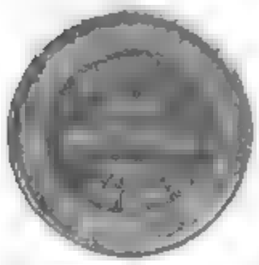
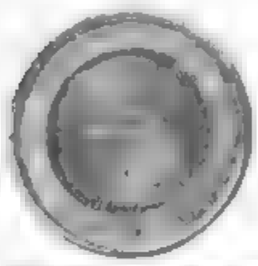
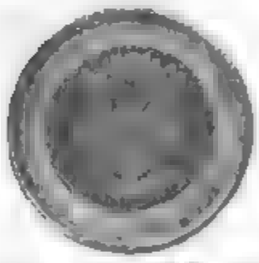


Avery Undermounted Steam Traction Engine and Plow—Powerful, Durable, a Time, Labor and Money-Saver



Avery 30 H. P. Undermounted Engine at the Brandon, Canada, Motor Contest





Gold Medal won by Avery Tractor at the Brandon, Canada, Motor Contest

IN TOWN and country, most people now realize how greatly the steam traction engine excels the horse for *plowing* and *heavy hauling*. Nearly everyone knows the *Avery Undermounted Steam Traction* Engine as the *most durable* and *powerful traction* engine built.

The Avery is the only engine of its type—no other is undermounted. So it has no rival—acknowledges no peer. On the market but seven years—there are already *hundreds* in *successful use*

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The Motor Contests at Brandon and Winnipeg, Canada, last July, were the greatest of the kind ever held on this continent. Every Avery machine entered received a medal. We reproduce them here. At Brandon a 30-H. P. Undermounted Avery won both the Gold Medal and the Sweepstakes.

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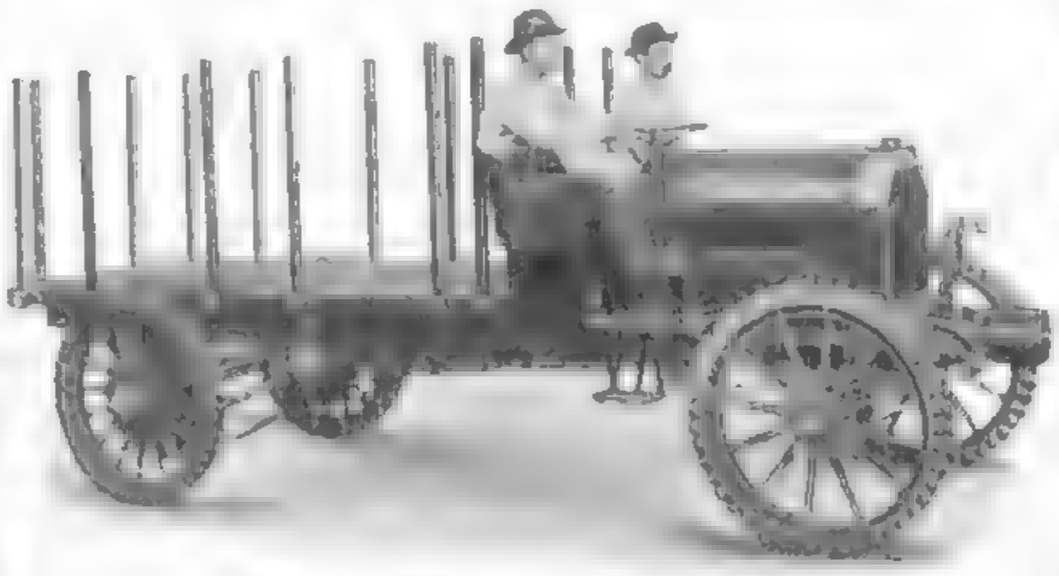
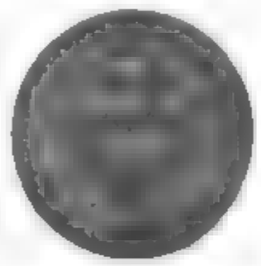
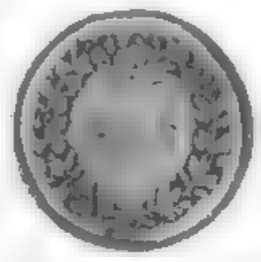


The Avery Farm and City Gasoline Truck





Silver Medal won by Avery Tractor at the Winnipeg, Canada, Motor Contest.

For either City Hauling or General Work on the Farm the Avery Tractor is a *great money-saver*. It has a carrying capacity of 3 tons—yet weighs only 5,000 lbs. Its uses are practically unlimited in hauling, pulling and belt work. It will travel over plowed ground, dry or muddy roads, paved or unpaved streets.

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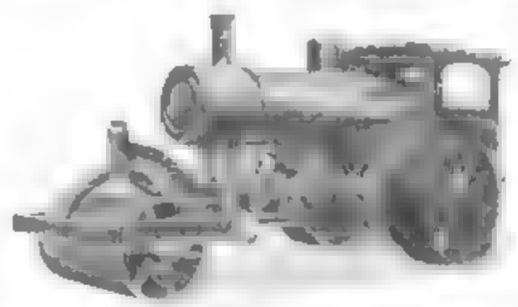

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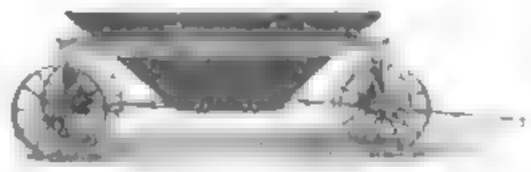

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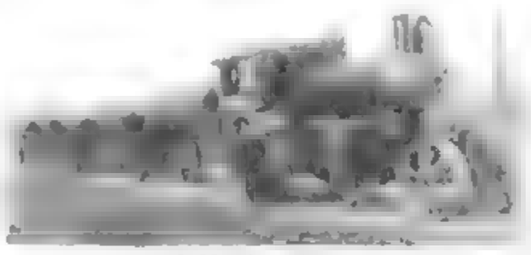
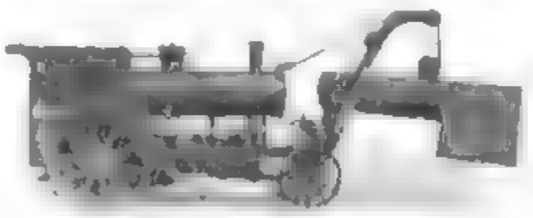
For Heavy Hauling with Traction Engine



A Hauling Scene
Many of these engines are in use hauling Road Materials, Lumber, Ore, etc



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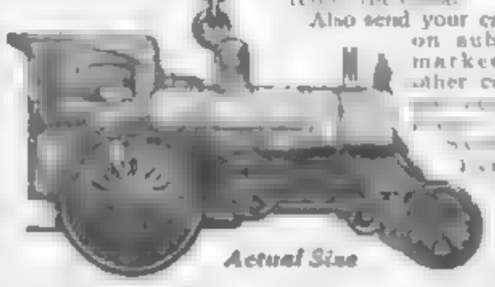

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(14)

The Senator's Secretary

DID you ever, perchance, in the course of your social diversions, launch a débutante? Or did you ever marry a daughter to an officer in the Army or Navy or Marine Corps? Or did you ever receive on Wednesday afternoons?

We do those things in Washington rather better than elsewhere, for here the Social Column has attained its fullest flower and effulgence, and everybody knows there is absolutely no sense in being in society, being in near-society, or trying to get into either division, unless what you do is fully chronicled. Other cities have social columns, but they are twelfth-carbon copies of the Washington social columns, for, you see, the people in Washington have only two things to do. The first is to try to get a promotion; and the second is to try to spread the idea abroad that they are the real gazooks when it comes to society.

Thus the Social Column flourishes and is glad. Thus the photographers are busily employed and the half-tone makers wax fat. Thus every day we have from one to three columns of guff about the climbers and how they are climbing, and thus the common run of folks learn, with awe and amazement, of the ceaseless whirl, the mad rout of social affairs that happen every day through the season—in the Social Column.

Printers' Ink the Food of Society

There are two classes of people who appear regularly in the Social Column. One class is made up of those in high official life, and they are sought by the society reporters for the news of their doings; and the other class consists of those who try to give the impression that they, too, are some pumpkins when it comes to the social life of the Capital, and send in the stories about their affairs. Really there is not much difference between them, for those who are sought are just as eager to be in print as those who contribute. The consequence is that whenever Mrs. Flubdubbe gives a tea we have all details at breakfast and at supper, and when Mrs. Struggleup has a reception we know the names of all those who were invited, there being no particular attention in the items to those who attended. The social secretary of Mrs. Flubdubbe furnishes full particulars about her employer's function, and Mrs. Struggleup acts as her own social secretary—the results are the same. It makes no difference how much is paid for flowers, and punch, and tea, and other requisites, or for a dinner, if the dinner giver or the tea giver can read next day the thrilling news that: "Mrs. Magusalem, the well-known hostess of Bezinkus Street, gave a charming tea yesterday afternoon. Among those invited were——"

Washington society has two peculiarities. The first is that almost any person can, eventually, get in, at least in a way, if the dinners are good enough and the champagne plentiful. The second is that there are more "sets" here than anywhere in the known world, each revolving in its own orbit, the more important of them at times coalescing, so to speak, with the other important ones. There is the Residential set, the Cabinet set, the Presidential set, the Army set, the Navy set, the Marine-Corps set, the Near-Cabinet set, the Diplomatic set, the Assistant-Secretary set, the Bureau-and-Division-Chief set, the Climbers, the Hope-to-be-Climbers, the Literary and Artistic, and a dozen more. And the way they stuff the news of their comings, goings and attempts into the social columns is wonderful to behold.

Of course, there are cultured and socially prominent people who know how to give a dinner, or a dance, or a reception without telephoning to the society reporters or writing it out and sending the copy down to the offices. There are those who do give functions that are not described at length in the papers, but they are not so numerous that the social columns suffer at all. Most of the people at the Capital are willing, or eager, to have their little personal and social attempts chronicled at full length.

This is the way one part of it is done. Let us take the case of Mrs. William DePuyster Ker-Jones, for example. Mrs. Ker-Jones is in the Near-Cabinet set. Her husband has money. Most Assistant Secretaries have. That is why they are Assistant Secretaries. Well, Mrs. Ker-Jones is away at the seashore, or in the mountains, or somewhere, and it is time to be getting back to Washington to get in the swim in the preliminary season, and to be ready, full panoplied, for the regular season. So she sends a little note to the society reporters from her sylvan retreat, which reads: "Mrs. William DePuyster Ker-Jones, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Whatever-it-is, will return next week to Washington to assume her social duties."

The day before she comes the item reads: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones, wife, and so forth, will return tomorrow to assume her social duties at the Capital."

On the day after: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones returned yesterday to Washington to assume her social duties."

Next day: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones and her husband, Assistant Secretary Ker-Jones, are staying at the Beegin Hotel, pending the opening of their house."

Two days later: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones has taken the house at 1616 Majoriam Street for the winter, where she will entertain with her well-known brilliance."

Two days later: "Mrs. Philander McGuff, mother of Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones, arrived in the city yesterday to visit her daughter, the charming hostess of the Near-Cabinet set."

Next week: "Mrs. Philander McGuff has returned to her home. She has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William DePuyster Ker-Jones, wife of Assistant Secretary Ker-Jones," and so on.

Next day: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones, wife of the Assistant Secretary of Whatever-it-is, is making a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Philander McGuff."

Three days later: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones returned to the city yesterday, after a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Philander McGuff."

Three days later: "Mrs. William DePuyster Ker-Jones gave a large dinner party, followed by a dance, at her handsome residence, No. 1616 Majoriam Street, last night. Among those invited were"—and follows a long list of the best-known society people in the city. Always those invited. Never those who attended.

Then: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones was hostess at a charming tea yesterday afternoon."

Or: "Mrs. DePuyster Ker-Jones assisted at the charming tea of Mrs. Sheffield Playte yesterday. Mrs. Ker-Jones poured."

She gets in when she has two seats at a theater, when she hires a herdic cab and goes calling, when she goes to Alexandria or to Baltimore, when she has a "house guest"—how they do love those words "house guest"! Every woman in Washington, in the social-column bunch, has a "house guest," although she may live in a five-room flat and take her meals at a café on the ground floor for six dollars a week.

The Climbers and Their Ways

The range is infinite. I counted the items about the wife of one Assistant Secretary in one month, when the social season had hardly begun. She was coming, came, hired a house, opened it, went to New York to see her mother, had her mother come to see her, sent her mother back, went to one or two near-by cities—in all she got her name in the Social Column over nineteen times in one month. A very ambitious and resourceful woman, I should say.

Of course, these activities are not confined to the Near-Cabinet set. There are a dozen other sets whose members are just as active and persistent. If they get on speaking terms with a Senator's wife, or with the wife of any other dignitary, they give teas, and dinners, and card-parties, and all sorts of affairs for her, in order to get their names in the papers as associated with greatness and familiar with it. If they can hook on to one of the younger diplomatists they utter loud cries of pleasure. That isn't so hard, by the way. The younger diplomatists are in the market for food and drink, on any and all occasions. It is much cheaper to dine out than to pay board.

When we put a débutante over—that is when we really shine. The first requisite for launching a débutante is to have the bud go to the photographer, take all her pretty frocks with her, and have ten or

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twelve different pictures made. This is essential, and must be done at least six weeks before the tremendous event.

When the pictures are ready the campaign starts. About five weeks before the launching the fond mamma calls up a society reporter and intimates she has a weighty bit of social news. The society reporter calls. Next Sunday, in one of the numerous spreads on society, real or imitation, there appears a two-column picture of the coming débutante, attired in one of her prettiest frocks. The information is vouchsafed that, on a certain day in the future, Gladys Glad-Glad, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gorgonzola Glad-Glad, whose father is prominent in whatever circle he thinks he is prominent in, and whose mother is one of the most charming matrons in Washington's exclusive circles, will be presented to society. "Miss Gladys is one of the most charming buds of the season, highly educated and a talented musician."

Two Sundays later there is another picture, in another frock, and Gladys is exalted again. On the Sunday before this epochal affair Miss Gladys, in another frock, is paraded once more. Suppose the great function is to be on Wednesday afternoon. On Wednesday morning Miss Gladys comes to bat in another picture and another frock, for that afternoon society is to be convulsed by Mamma and Papa introducing their lovely daughter to the world. On Thursday morning there is another picture. It has happened. Miss Gladys has arrived. And on the Sunday following, in the résumé of the week, there is still another picture of Miss Gladys to go with the story of what happened to her on Wednesday. After that the society reporters have plenty of cuts of Miss Gladys on hand, and she can get in whenever she is a bridesmaid, or what-not.

And a wedding! We are stronger on weddings in Washington than elsewhere in the universe. As soon as a girl gets engaged and the date for her wedding is set the game begins. This may be months ahead. There is a continual procession of items about the doings of the bride-to-be, her comings and goings, the teas given for her and the teas she gives, the showers and the receptions and the other entertainments in her honor. Her picture appears about two weeks before the wedding. It always shows up on the Sunday before and on the day before and the day after. If she is marrying into the Army or the Navy or the Marine Corps she gets added glory, with the pictures of the clean-cut young officers who act as ushers and best men and all that. If she marries a Marine officer like as not they will send a file of Marines up to give the affair class, and it looks mighty well in the papers to say that the Marines were there, to say nothing of the impression on the guests at the church or house.

If Mrs. Fromage de Brie, who has voluminously advertised her "days" as Wednesdays, decides she wants to go out on a Wednesday afternoon she puts a piece in the Wednesday morning paper saying she will not be at home that day. Next week, if she stays at home the piece will be there saying she will receive. When she moves the item is there, telling her new address and the old one. If the lithograph man is kind she gives a theater party and chronicles it. When she runs over to New York or over to Baltimore she tells the waiting world of her travelings.

They all do it, from the White House down. Of course, what the White House does is news. The White House recognizes that, and copy without any flubdub is handed out. It progresses down to the department clerk and his wife who want to put on a little dog and to seem to be in it in their particular circle. Moreover, it is harmless; but the extremes to which the business of trying to get into society or trying to show as in society through the medium of the Social Column is carried in Washington are funny.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Snowshoes, and How to Use Them

THE snowshoe is an elemental, irreducible sort of thing. In form it varies, but in principle it does not alter. The axe, the canoe, the horse, the dog, the snowshoe—all these are least-common-denominator answers applied to savage necessities.

The club, the spear and the sword evolved from the broken branch, the flung stone grew into the arrow, and the canoe, no doubt, came from a log. The first snowshoe, probably, was invented by some savage who found that he did not sink so deep into the snow when he stood on the fallen branches of a tree. Wherefore, he braided some of the branches together and took them with him, and later produced a shoe that was good enough for his environment.

The white man has tried out in business and sport most of the savage inventions. There was a time, not very long ago, when snowshoeing, as a sport, was very popular in Canada and the Northern States. Too much rivalry killed it, as it will kill fly-casting, wing-shooting or any other purely personal accomplishment. It is in this latter light that snowshoeing should be regarded, and the man who has discovered the snowshoe has widened his horizon and lengthened his year, if not his years. It opens up to him the interesting world of wintertime. Moreover, no sport is better to cut down a fatty midbody or to build up an impaired bellows. This means a clear mind and more ability to work.

The white man's type of shoe is what is known as the club shoe or Montreal pattern, of medium length and breadth and with upturned toe. As found in the sporting-goods shop it is often a worthless sort of proposition because it is made for sale and not for use. Its bows are apt to be made of spruce or maple, and the webbing is certain to be made of beef hide, which, when wet, stretches and keeps on stretching. The aboriginal filling was of caribou hide, which stretches least when wet, and which is the material always used by the trapper when he can get it. The caribou skin is cut into long, thin thongs called *babiche* in the Northeast, and to take the stretch out of the thong it is passed between two trees again and again, and then twisted by means of a pole inserted between the stranda, or by a heavy rock left hanging suspended from the middle. Properly prepared, such snowshoe filling does not stretch and sag in damp snow.

The swamp ash or black ash makes good bows for snowshoes, being tough and strong, though a trifle heavy. The bows are bent into shape after the long strips of wood have been thoroughly steamed for some time. Then the ends are fastened at the heel, the crossbars are put in, and the laborious and ingenious work of putting in the webbing finishes the job. The only way to get a good pair of snowshoes is to have some trapper or some Indian make them for you. Your Canadian guide can probably do the trick if you pay him for it. The shoes he sends you will probably be flat-bowed, heavy, strong, and honestly webbed with caribou *babiche*.

In a heavily-timbered country where the snow lies deep and soft we will find the stereotyped form of the shoe to be a long oval with a shorter heel, the shoe being about fourteen inches wide and three and a half feet long, the bow flat and having no upturn at the toe. Such a shoe gives full bearing on the snow, is short enough for travel in timber, and hangs well to the snow in traveling uphill. This is the type universally used by trappers. For the amateur the flat bow is not so comfortable, as sometimes the front of the shoe runs under the snow and makes him stumble.

The lumberman who has to work on the snow, or the cruiser who has to carry heavy loads on his back, uses a large and rough shoe, perhaps four feet long and eighteen inches wide. The average width of shoe suited for a man weighing up to one hundred and seventy pounds is about fourteen inches. At first thought one would consider this a wide distance for the feet to straddle apart in walking. In reality they need to straddle only half this distance, because one shoe is down under the snow when the other is drawn forward. The swell or belly of the shoe is so arranged that in clearing one shoe in front of the other the step is a couple of inches or so longer than

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Runabout—Family Car—Delivery Car

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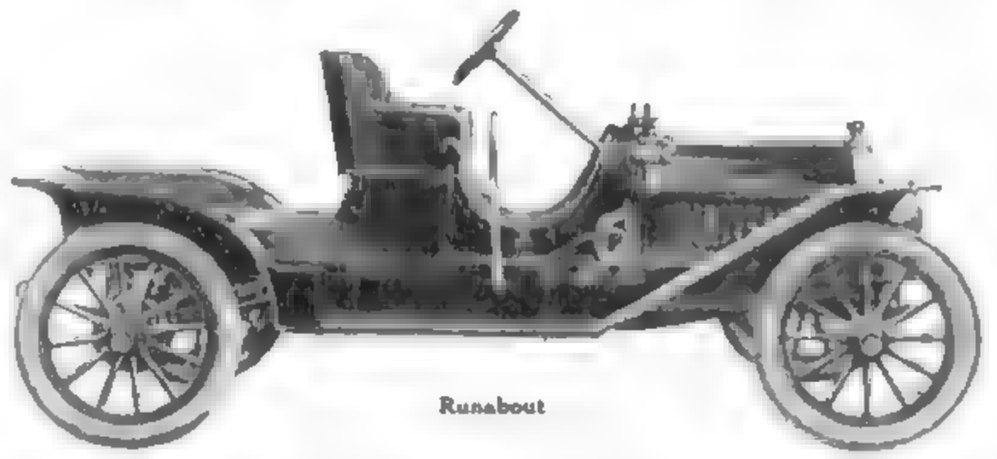

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the natural walking-stride. It does not take so very long to learn the theory of the step, which is a longish, lurching, swinging sort of stride. This gain of a few inches at every step carries one along faster than one would think. There is absolutely no jar to the step, since the foot always falls on the soft cushion of the snow. Many trappers would rather do twenty miles a day on the shoes than on foot, and an experienced shoer will march the most startling distances in a steady day's tramp

Climate and its influence on the condition and quality of the snow have as much to do with the shapes of snowshoes as the topography of the countries in which the shoes are used. Where the snow is dry and light the mesh is fine and light, the shoe is wide and the toe-hole is small. Such a shoe would be worthless in heavy, damp snow such as one often finds even above timber-line in the mountains where the snow is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Hence we find in the Rockies what is called the bear-paw snowshoe.

The bear-paw shoe is built without any crossbar at all, the toe simply working over a stout cross thong. The idea of this shoe is not to keep the snow down, but to let it through the mesh when the shoe is raised No labor is more horrible than snowshoeing in damp snow that fills the sag of the shoe and will not run through the mesh. Then the snow balls up under the foot and causes pain, the weight of the shoe becomes unendurable and the whole physical economy goes out of gear. Wet snow is the bane of the trapper or hunter or packer. Then, if ever, the tenderfoot is disposed to sit down and write yet another story about the horrible *mal de raquette*. This fabled malady has frightened many a novice out of the sport of snowshoeing. In point of fact, it need have small terrors for the man with common-sense.

The Hudson Bay shoe is made on generous lines, about forty-four inches by eighteen inches, and with a curved toe. The Alaskan model runs yet longer, four and a half to five feet, and is not more than a foot wide midships. It always has the upturned toe. Midway between these types comes the shorter, narrow shoe, with sharp, upturned toe, which one often finds among the woods Crees. One has seen a Cree woman sit down and, with no better tool than a butcher knife, fabricate a pair of such shoes with spruce bows. There being no way to steam the wood, she made the bow of each shoe in two halves, lashing the ends together fore and aft.

How the Frame is Made

The frame of the snowshoe usually has two crossbars, one in front of the toe and one back of the heel. These bars stiffen the shoe and give a shorter bearing to the thongs in the part of the shoe where most of the weight comes. The toe-bar of the shoe is a most useful, interesting and dangerous thing for the amateur. Of course, he sees that it serves as anchorage for the heavier thongs that rim the toe-hole. Also, he sees that his toe is intended to work up and down in that hole. What he does not see is that, unless his straps are just right or his handling of the shoes just right, his toe is apt sometimes to land on the toe-bar instead of in the toe-hole. In that case he is in for a stumble and a tumble. It is astonishing into how many different sorts of knots one can tie oneself in a snowshoe fall, but the soft snow prevents injury.

The beginner may divine that his toe must work up and down in this hole, but what is his heel going to do, and what part does his ankle play, and how is he going to keep this contrivance on his foot? Not long ago one saw a snowshoe picture very handsomely painted by an artist who evidently never had been on snowshoes in his whole life. He had the heel of the snowshoer tied down at the rear of the shoe by strong thongs in such a position that the man could not possibly have taken a step without raising the whole shoe with his foot! This, of course, is absurd; but the picture, like many other sporting pictures by non-resident artists, teaches its own lesson in that it brings us to the all important question of snowshoe straps

As to snowshoe fastenings, the Indian simply did the best he could He made his fastenings out of deer or moose hide. The trapper and lumberman improved on these stretchy things in some cases by using rags instead of hide. Both trapper and Indian used a permanent toe-strap adjusted at the rear end of the toe-hole, and both trapper and Indian passed the heel-straps back, allowing them to rest directly on that softest spot of a man, the Achilles tendon. The trapper or the Indian could kick his toe into the toe-strap, wriggle his foot into the loop of the heel-straps, and so put on his shoe without touching them with his hands, a trick the amateur cannot at first master. Of course, as the condition of the snow varies or the temperature of the day changes, the best of thongs will stretch or shrink a little. The trapper or the Indian wears his straps very loose, and when they need tightening he accomplishes this by rolling them together at the heel. He would consider it unprofessional to be stopping all the time to adjust knots or splices. The amateur, however, finds that his straps need continual adjusting. They stretch, and his shoes fall off. They shrink, and he feels agony at the back of his ankle—an agony that not even the fivefold woolen socks serve wholly to mitigate, if he is wearing moccasins or even the grain-leather shoepacks of the North.

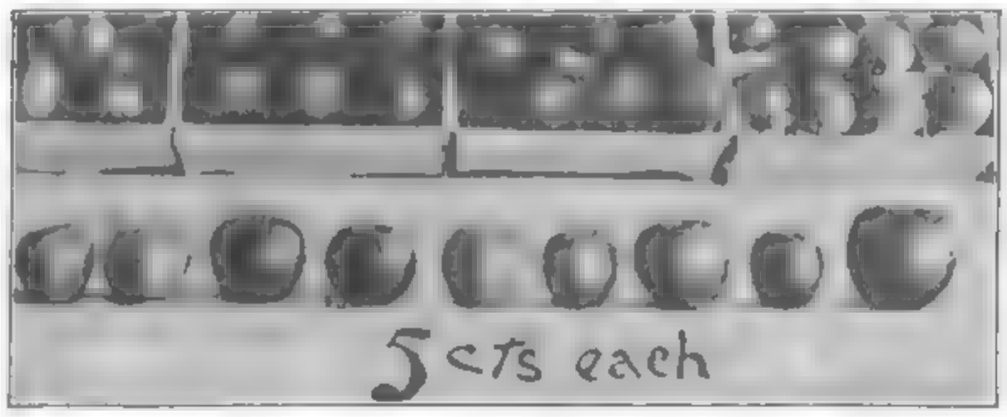
The White Man's Improvements

It is not criminal to use some brains about your snowshoe straps, nor is it necessary to follow the shiftless ways of the savage who had nothing better that he could use than the strips of hide that most folk consider the only snowshoe straps. Since this native leather stretches when wet and shrinks when dry, why use it? Why not use a stiffer harness leather, less subject to elongation or contraction, and why not arrange the straps with buckles, so that at a touch the desired tightness can be obtained? Such questions came to the mind of an inventive Yankee, and he answered them by a set of wholly practicable snowshoe straps whose type since then has given comfort to hundreds of snowshoers in all parts of America. This little invention, in connection with a soft rubber shoe, serves to remove most of the terrors of snowshoeing and to render it an easily obtainable joy and comfort to the average man.

The toe-straps in this rigging are about three-quarters of an inch wide, and the buckle by which they are adjusted is kept from chafing the foot by means of a little washer of leather attached beneath it. Whereas it is not unusual—indeed, is customary and regular—for a Canadian trapper to shed all his toenails in the springtime moulting, thanks to the rigid, pinching thong which makes his toe-strap, this little harness-leather contrivance gives bond to deliver you all your toes in working order at the end of a month or a season of shoeing. The heel-strap is of the same sort of leather, a little wider. The ends of the heel-strap are sewed or riveted to the toe-strap at the corners of the toe-hole. There is a buckle to adjust the length of the heel-strap as desired, and any sort of thong will do to pass over the instep to keep the strap from falling down at the heel. This sort of foot harness is, of course, perfectly pliable and does not bind the foot in any particular. Its only joint, so to speak, is at the edges of the toe-strap, where, of course, it plays with perfect freedom up and down. Thus the foot may work in the straps loosely, not bound tightly at any point; and loose straps are the secret of good snowshoeing.

The shoe itself is, of course, never lifted from the snow. The heel drags all the time in the forward step. One does not think of the shoe or, at least, should not think of it. He does not plant it or plunk it forward, but just allows it to hang on the front end of his foot, which drops down, perhaps, a little more than it does when walking on a level surface. The rear two-thirds of the shoe, lying back and hanging down, will serve to keep the line of the shoe correct, no matter how loose the toe-strap be. The ankle, of course, must play with absolute freedom, and the tightly-laced street boot would be an impossibility in this work. You advance, after a time, without much difficulty, letting your shoes take care of themselves and just raising the front end enough, as you lop forward, to clear the rear curve of the advancing shoe ahead of the front curve of the one that is on or under the snow.

You will in time learn to walk with that roll of the hips that is the secret of the long-distance pedestrian. The average man does not know how to walk at all. He bends his knees too much at the wrong part of his stride, uses his hips too little, and sets down his heels too hard.



Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row. Choose the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company.** For 99 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,

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Why Not a Profitable Retail Business of Your Own?

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A CAR is not a car until it has the Standard Equipment. The unequipped car may serve as a vehicle—but it does not express the last word in safety, dependability and the real luxury of motoring. Without the Standard Equipment it's like a ship without a compass. Here is the story of our business. What we now want is a sentence that tells what we are and what we stand for. This Five Hundred Dollar prize will be awarded to the man or woman who grasps the policies and purposes of our organization—and who puts our story into one sentence most perfectly. You can't win unless you know—the facts are all here in condensed form, so read carefully—it's a simple, clean-cut idea—but it's a big idea—it's a new step forward in merchandising.

To Begin at the Beginning

THE UNITED MANUFACTURERS is the co-operative sales force of five of the oldest and most successful automobile accessory manufacturers: Connecticut Telephone & Electric Company, The Jones Speedometer, C. A. Mezger, Inc., New York and New Jersey Lubricant Company, and the Weed Cham Tire Grip Company. Their products are nearly all as old as the industry itself. In the third column is a brief illustrated description of a few of these products. It is given here simply to acquaint you with a few of the accessories made by these manufacturers. Here are the things we organized for, and below you will find how we are getting them.

1. To reduce the cost of our products to the consumer.

2. To protect the honest dealer by seeing that he gets a profit that will enable him to give the consumer the best possible service.

3. To protect ourselves and the public against the shoddy substituter and infringer.

Reducing Costs

The savings made possible by co-operation and organization are so obvious that details are unnecessary. The interesting thing about these savings is that we give every bit of them to you—not because we are philanthropists, but because it's good business. Here is the proof. The Jones Speedometer, Model 28, was $40.00; now it's $25.00. A No. 1 Mezger Automatic Windshield was $35.00; now it's $15.00. Weed Anti-Skid Chains for 34 x 4 tires were $11.00 per pair; now they are $9.75. And everything else is in proportion.

Protecting the Dealer

It is as much the consumer's interest as ours to have the dealer's profit maintained. There is only a straight business margin left in the automobile business, and when a dealer cuts a price to attract trade he forces other dealers' prices down. The price-cutter always ends up either by going bankrupt and sticking us, or by palming off shoddy substitutes and sticking you. When the five companies were separate, they could not cover the country closely enough with their salesmen to get evidence of price-cutting, and even when caught, the price-cutter could get along well enough with one line left out. Now with our perfected organization the price-cutter gets caught mighty quick, and having his supplies in five lines stopped is so disastrous that he very soon quits "monkeying with the buzz saw."

Patent Protection

Every one of our products is an original invention; nearly all are covered by basic patents. But in this country a patent is simply a license to fight. As is inevitable, a host of imitators and infringers have stolen all they dared of our ideas, often even our trade-marks, and by the only selling method the infringer knows—cheap prices—are trying to trade on the reputation of the genuine products through the aid of unscrupulous dealers. Of course, we are gradually clearing out these trade parasites, but the courts are congested and the law's delays are notorious. No infringer ever made an honest product, because he is not in business to stay. He knows the law will stop him in two or three years, so he makes shoddy and tries to palm it off as the real thing and makes a quick clean up and "get away." It isn't the small percentage of sales we lose that hurts, because there are not many unscrupulous dealers who are willing to handle these goods. It is the damage that is done to the hard won, dearly bought reputations of our products that we object to.

OUR DEALERS SHOW THIS SIGN
UNITED
STANDARD
EQUIPMENT
MANUFACTURERS

A Car is not a Car until it has Standard Equipment

The Sign of Protection

Now, with our new sign and signature, which appear on every package we send out, on all of our printed matter and in our advertisements, there is absolute protection for the consumer. The most unscrupulous imitator will not dare to steal our signature because that is forgery. This signature is printed in black on a bright orange background—it will always appear that way, except in magazine advertising, where two colors are not always available. Then, we will supply all first class accessory dealers throughout the country with this same trade-mark in the form of a handsome enamel sign, which will be hung in front of dealers and garages throughout the country. A substituter may get one of these—but we can promise he won't keep it.

And Now the Slogan

As we stated above, we want a slogan to print under our signature every time we use it. We want it to be trenchant, concise, descriptive. It must tell our whole story—what we make and why our products excel. Slogans are great things. Our country was born with the slogan, "Taxation without Representation." It was saved with "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; and Spain will never forget what happened when our boys took up the slogan, "Remember the Maine." So it is in business. "Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work" and "You press the button, we do the rest" are household words throughout the land. Now that's what we want, a slogan equally as good—it is worth $500.00 to us. Can you supply it?

Our General Sales Manager has written one—it appears under our signature—but somehow it does not quite tell the whole story. It should be more descriptive. He knows it can be improved and has therefore secured the Directors' permission to print this advertisement, because he is sure that from the 1,300,000 "Post" readers a better one can be secured. We want you and your friends to try for this prize—it's well worth your time and trouble.

The Conditions

All answers must be post marked not later than January 15, 1910. You may write on this coupon, or any other paper you may prefer. If two or more send in the winning slogan the prize will be equally divided. In March or April the winners will be announced. Perhaps in February we can give you some news regarding the contest.

This competition is open to everyone except our own employees. It makes no difference whether you are a motorist or not. The judges are men well known in the advertising field and are competent to select the winners solely on merit. They are: Ben. Hampton, of Hampton's Magazine; Henry D. Wilson, of Cosmopolitan Magazine; C. A. Musselman, Cycle and Auto. Trade Journal, and John M. Bruce, Gen'l Sales Manager of the United Manufacturers.

Jones Speedometer

You will never know the fine points about your car until you use a JONES. Indicates your exact speed in miles per hour, but it does a great deal more than merely indicate speed. It has the exclusive instantaneous "trip" reset odometer—tells you whether your tires are living up to the maker guaranteed. Tells how many miles in a gallon. It is simply invaluable as a motoring guide, the "compass of the motor car." Saves you from unwarranted arrest—in fact it proves your car, its speed, efficiency.

Model 28 3 in. 90 mile $25.00
Model 15 4 in. 60 mile Electric Light, Maximum Hand . . . 75.00

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Eliminate the only danger left in motoring. Don't take chances. Don't start without a set of Weeds tucked away. You'll need them when the [illegible] by experts. The Weed Company attach a warning to each policy stating that while they assume all civic liability they cannot protect a policy-holder against the criminal prosecution that may result from a fatality occasioned by skidding because anti-skid chains were not used. The time to put on Weed Chains is when the first drop of rain falls.

34 x 4 . . . . . $9.75
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A soot coat does not stop the rain, but it keeps it away from your clothes. Soot Proofs don't prevent the accumulation of soot, but they put the soot where it can't do any harm. You can't short circuit a Soot Proof. Price $1.00.

Mezger Automatic Windshield

Scrap your goggles. See the road. Keep the dust and water out. [illegible] Convenient. [illegible] business. No stooping and groping to put up this windshield. [illegible] in position easier than taking off a derby and nearly as easy as taking off your cap.

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A distinct advance over fluid greases for automobile lubrication. They drip or spatter and gather no dust and grit from the road. They afford [illegible] cleanly and efficient lubrication than any other lubricant on the market. There is not a particle that does not lubricate—no waste—no need of heat to make them act. 40 manufacturers use them. That's good enough for you.

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It's a coil with [illegible] You realize what [illegible] can you grasp its great possibilities? One vibrator acts for two or four units. When you have adjusted one unit or the Master Vibrator for a given current consumption the adjustment is absolutely the same for all four units.

2 Cyl. with Type P Switch $10.00
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Be sure to make Slogan short.

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- [ ] Jones Speedometer
- [ ] Jones Electric Horn
- [ ] Mezger Automatic Windshield
- [ ] Weed Chains
- [ ] MoToRoL (for cylinders)
- [ ] Non-Fluid Oils (for transmission)

We fill mail orders only if you mention your dealer's name and address, so that we can adjust the matter with him.

DOC

(Continued from Page 14)

his quick, shuffling steps had died away the doctor tried another plan. He stooped over the sick man until his lips were close to the crack that ran down the full length of the blind door, and began to speak the name that the grief-crazed mother at the mine had spoken: "Laurie! Laurie! Laurie!"

He listened. There was no sound within or without. He spoke again, louder: "Laurie!"

First, a movement beyond the partition!—a soft, rustling, creeping movement. Then, close to the wall, a little, weak, long-drawn sob!

The doctor straightened, his heart pounding so furiously that it hurt him, his face hot with the joy of his discovery. Smiling, he glanced down.

He looked into a pair of startled eyes that were staring up at him. "Who are you?" came the husky demand, and the sick man suddenly lifted himself to an elbow, almost as if he were about to leap from the bed.

The doctor could only stare back. The man was conscious. Had he heard him? What was to be done?

Before he could frame any course of action the man with the scar entered

"Your friend's lots better," announced the doctor, turning toward the door. "Come and see."

"That so?" The other crossed to the foot of the bed

"Nick," began the sick man, speaking with great effort, "don't you trust anybody. You get out of here. Do you understand? Never mind me. I'm going to die. Look at my nails." He put out a trembling hand

"Don't you worry," answered the man with the scar. "The Doc came in blindfolded."

"You're taking chances," persisted the younger man. "Go—just—leave me—water, and—a gun." He sank back.

"You got to keep more quiet," said the doctor. "Here." He lifted a cup to the dry lips.

When he left the bedside the man with the scar followed and leaned close. "Bill's going to die," he said in a low voice. "Look at his nails."

Instead, the doctor looked at the speaker. There was a sinister light in those little, alert eyes; a cruel twist to the thin mouth And the whole expression of the scarred face bespoke a sudden determination—a fiendish determination. Bill was past saving. Soon the cabin could be left behind. And the doctor—why let him go back to the town?

"He's going to die," repeated the man with the scar. "And you know it."

"My friend," answered the doctor, "I'll tell you the truth. He ain't got more'n one chance in a hunderd and that's a pretty slim one. If he ain't better tomorrow I've got to operate." He sat down

The man with the scar sat down in front of him. The table was between them. He leaned his arms on it. "Don't take me for a fool," he advised

The doctor folded his arms. "Now, look a-here," he retorted, smiling; "don't take *me* for a fool. I know what's the matter with you."

At that the man with the scar rose so suddenly that his bench tipped backward.

"Yas," the doctor went on, "I know why you brung me here blindfolded and what you're hidin'."

The right hand of the man with the scar stole to his hip.

The doctor ignored the action. He went on, speaking with clear directness: "You two fellers've located a gold mine. And you've got the crazy idear that I'm a-goin' to bring out a bunch of locators. Wal, git over it. I'm not a prospector: I'm a doc."

The hand on the weapon rested quiet. The man with the scar drew a gasping breath. Then long and keenly he studied the face of the doctor. After a time he dropped his arm, picked up his bench and reseated himself

Some little time passed. The doctor smoked and nursed a knee. Once he got up to take the pulse of his patient and again to mark the temperature. But his every movement was leisurely, and he showed no wish to leave. The man with the scar sat, leaning on the table, apparently lost in thought.

All at once he rose. "Well, come on," he said.

Again the doctor examined the sick man "This'll be a bad day for your friend," he explained "I'm leavin' something to chase the pain."

When they were ready to mount the other addressed him harshly. "Doc," he said, "if you and me run into anybody on our way back it'll be you that gets my first shot."

"That's a bargain," answered the doctor good-naturedly.

But, riding out of the cañon, he felt far from confident. The previous night his guide had led briskly. Now the mule was lagging. The doctor found himself moving his body forward in his saddle to urge Bobby on. They had gone only a small part of the way homeward when the mule came to a stop. Bobby halted, too, and the doctor waited like a man who expects a blow in the dark. He listened. The other did not dismount. There was no audible movement ahead. But he felt that sinister face turned upon him.

"Say, that friend of your'n has got a wonderful constitution," he remarked.

There was a short interval of silence. It seemed many minutes to the doctor. Then, "Get up!" said the voice ahead.

Letty was waiting for him when he turned in at the corral gate, though it was long past midnight. He had been under a severe strain, but she had been under a greater. He saw that when he lifted the lantern she brought him and looked into her face

"Good news," he told her, speaking low. "The baby's there."

Five minutes later he was back in his office once more and had Blue Top on the telephone "Come," was his message. "I've got a clue, Mr. Eastman. But don't bring nobody with you."

It seemed to him that he had only just laid down to rest when he was up again, admitting Eastman, who had come as quick as a horse could carry him. The father was more disheveled than ever; and on his haggard, unshaven face stood out the sweat of effort and anxiety. Three days of agony had aged him.

"Oh, my boy!" were his first words.

"I know where he is, but I don't know how to git there," said the doctor. Briefly he explained.

Eastman, half distracted, paced the floor as he listened. "Oh, tell me what to do," he cried when the doctor had finished "My wife—it's killing her."

"The medicine I left'll keep the sick feller up till this evenin'."

"I'll follow you tonight, then. Oh, I must! I must! The boy'll need me They dragged him over all those miles. Think of it! And wore out his poor little legs."

"We got to go about this thing mighty careful," warned the doctor. "You trail me and somebody'll be shot. Mebbe it'll be me, mebbe it'll be your baby."

The father halted before the younger man. "But how can you help him," he demanded, "with your hands tied?

"Wal, I've thought of a scheme. The man that come after me searched me for a pistol both nights. But he's never looked into the oat-bag. So, I'll put a gun in that bag, and when I stand up from feedin' Bobby I'll have the drop on him."

"He may get you first. Then what? Oh, I'll never see my boy again!"

"Wal, if you can think of a better way, go ahead."

But at the end of an hour Eastman agreed with the doctor that there was no better plan. "All right," he said, "—all right—I'll trust to you. Now I must telephone my wife that there's hope."

When the doctor awoke early that afternoon it was to learn that Mrs. Eastman had arrived and was at the hotel. Eastman himself called the doctor up to announce her coming, and the latter asked the parents to remain secluded during the remainder of the day.

There was reason to believe that the kidnapers might have a confederate on watch in the town.

But Eastman had no thought beyond the finding of his child. "Suppose that sick man died today," he said. "Won't the other man leave and take Laurie with him? Doctor, I think I ought to start fifty men out on a search."

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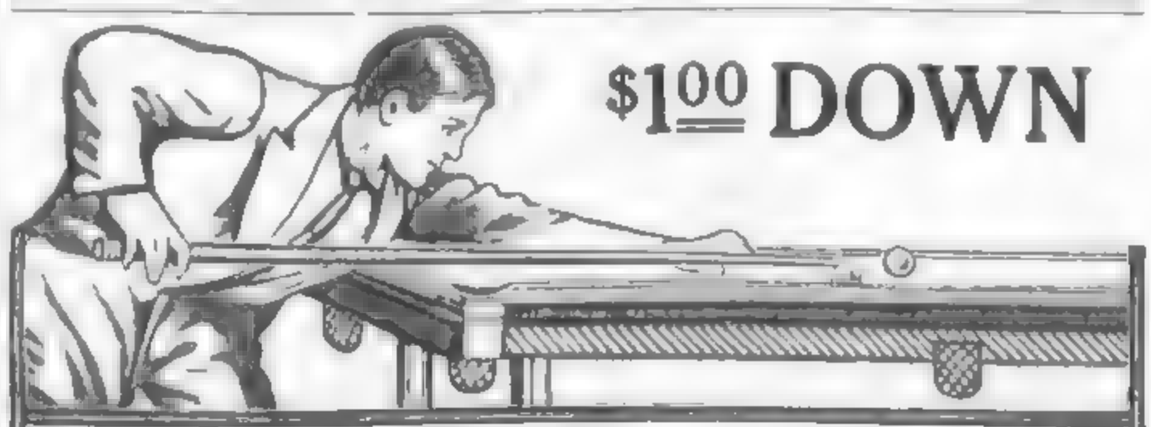

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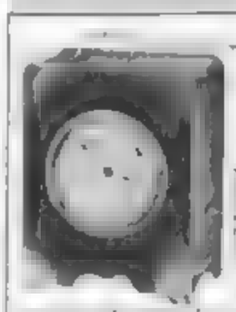

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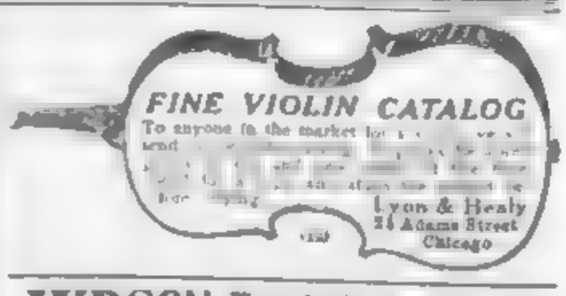

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The doctor opposed the suggestion. "Take my advice," he urged kindly. "Tell Mrs. Eastman to be brave."

Eastman only groaned and hung up. But later on he telephoned again and again, always with some fresh idea that was filling the heart of the waiting mother with forebodings.

Letty telephoned, too. "Don't go alone tonight," she begged. "It's too dangerous."

"I got to, Letty," he declared. "If Eastman starts men out, which way'll they go? It might take 'em a week to find that shanty.

Night settled early, for long before twilight the sky became heavily overcast and a wind rose, sweeping the dust up in clouds as it drove through the town, and auguring a rainstorm. The doctor placed a light in his office, then took his station at a window in an unlighted front room.

The minutes dragged. Eight o'clock struck, and nine.

"Mebbe that sick feller did die," he said to Letty over the telephone. "But ——"

He hung up the receiver abruptly. There was a sound of galloping in the street. It ceased at the gate, when heavy steps came hurrying to his porch. It was the man with the scar.

"Doc," he began, panting with his hard ride, "you said you'd operate ——"

"Ready in a jiffy," answered the doctor, and turned away to pick up hat and case.

The next instant there was a choking cry from the porch, then loud curses and the sound of fierce scuffling. The doctor whirled.

The man with the scar was flat on his back at the threshold, his wrists manacled, his shins ironed; over him stood a smooth-shaven, thick-set, middle-aged man armed with a revolver—the man who had halted the doctor on the Blue Top road; and Eastman was there.

"He stole my boy!" the father called out furiously. "I'm going to kill him!" He flung himself forward.

The man with the revolver pushed him back. And, "No! No!" expostulated the doctor. "Eastman! You're makin' a mistake!"

The prisoner gave a loud, hard laugh. "You bet your life he's making a mistake!" he declared.

"We got you just the same," said the man with the revolver triumphantly.

"Put him on a horse," ordered Eastman, maddened more than ever by the taunting laugh. "He'll take me to my boy or I'll kill him."

The captured man ignored the father. His look was on the doctor, and it was full of hate. "Ah, h—l!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "I could kick myself! Last night I had my finger on the trigger. But like a fool ——"

Eastman was sobbing in baffled rage. "Oh, my baby!" he cried. "Four days with this brute! Think of it!"

"No more monkey business." The man with the revolver was speaking, and he gave his prisoner a rough poke in the side with his boot.

"You're in the hands of the sheriff, and you're going to take us out to that cañon. We start right off."

"No, we don't," was the answer. "You've trapped me, the three of you. Send me up if you can. My word's as good as this doctor's, and I don't have to take you anywhere to hunt for evidence against me."

"Get up," commanded the sheriff. He unbuckled the irons from his prisoner's legs.

The man with the scar rose. "Nobody'll ever find that cabin or what's in it," he said doggedly. "And when Bill dies ——"

"Oh, my God!" It was the father.

The doctor was leaning in the doorway. "What'd you do this for, Mr. Eastman?" he asked.

The tears were streaming down Eastman's face. "We thought the sheriff ought to come," he faltered. "The boy's mother is frantic. And this seemed the surest way."

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid we've lost our best chance," he said.

"See here, Doc," broke in the sheriff. "I made the capture. And I want you to understand that when we find the boy I'm entitled to the reward."

The other turned astonished eyes upon him. "Reward?" he repeated.

"You mean to say you didn't know there's five thousand offered?"

"So that's why you done this," said the doctor, and shrugged his shoulders. "You know, I've heerd tell of fellers that put their foot in it. You've got your'n in plumb to the knee."

"I'll come out all right," retorted the sheriff boastfully. "I'll send for dogs. There's three in Sacramento. I can have 'em here in eighteen hours."

"If I don't git to Bill," said the doctor, "he'll be dead before that." He looked at the man with the scar.

"Eighteen hours!" repeated Eastman miserably.

Now the sheriff advanced upon his prisoner. "You're going to take me to that cabin," he said threateningly. "You don't think so now, but I can make you change your mind. Come along." He seized his prisoner by a shackled arm and jerked him toward the gate.

Eastman started after the two, pleading incoherently. But halfway to the gate he stopped. A girl blocked the walk. It was Letty.

"Depend on the doctor," she said. "He took his life in his hands to find the boy. He was going to risk it again to bring him to you. And he didn't even know there was a reward."

Eastman turned and went stumbling back.

"But he doesn't know the way," he protested. "He said he didn't."

In answer, the doctor took his arm and led him down the street to the wide gate opening into Bobby's corral. "I'll have a horse here for you in a minute," he said. "I'll ride this one. You see, there's another scheme. But it really don't depend on me—it depends on this little bronc."

When Bobby was saddled and bridled Letty put her cheek against his soft nose. "Do your best," she whispered; and to his rider: "Don't fail."

The doctor took both her hands in his. "I'm a-goin' to make it," he declared. "Stay with the boy's maw, little gal, till we come."

Bobby was eager to be off, pawing as the doctor mounted and backing in a circle when his rider held him in to wait for Eastman. The reins loosened, the little horse sprang forward at a brisk canter, leading the way out of town.

It was at the forks of the road that the first halt was made. Here the doctor, having first tied the bridle reins to his pommel, assumed the exact position in the saddle that he had twice been compelled to take, and laid his hands on his saddle-horn.

"Now, Bobby," he said, touching the mustang gently with his heels, "here we are. Go on."

Bobby moved forward, but hesitatingly, and, when he had gone a few steps, stopped, looking about him.

Again the doctor urged him kindly. "Want your supper, Bobby? Come, now."

The little horse made forward at a brisk walk then, traveling straight south along the road that followed the track. Presently, however, he turned sharply to the right and entered the brush.

"Do you think he's going right?" called out Eastman anxiously.

"Wal," answered the doctor, "he acts like he means business. You see, for two days I ain't give him a bite to eat except when he was out yonder in that cañon."

Bobby was taking a westward course that was almost at right angles to the road he had just come down. He wound through scrubby liveoaks and bristling chaparral, evidently along no path. Behind him the other horse had to be urged constantly, for the undergrowth was heavy and hung across the way. But soon the brush parted to leave a straight, open track, so narrow, however, that it seemed only a path. The doctor got down and lit a match. They were on a trail that showed recent use. Upon it, stamped plainly in the dust, were the round, eastward-pointing hoofprints of a mule.

"Are we right?" asked Eastman.

"So far."

Now both horses were pushed to a canter—until the path grew rough and steep. The doctor recognized this descent and listened for the sound of the rushing stream he had crossed both times under the guidance of the man with the scar. When the stream was washing the hoofs of their horses the doctor reached out to lay a hand on Eastman's shoulder.

"My friend, we're half-way!"

Eastman would have pressed ahead then, but the doctor would not permit it.

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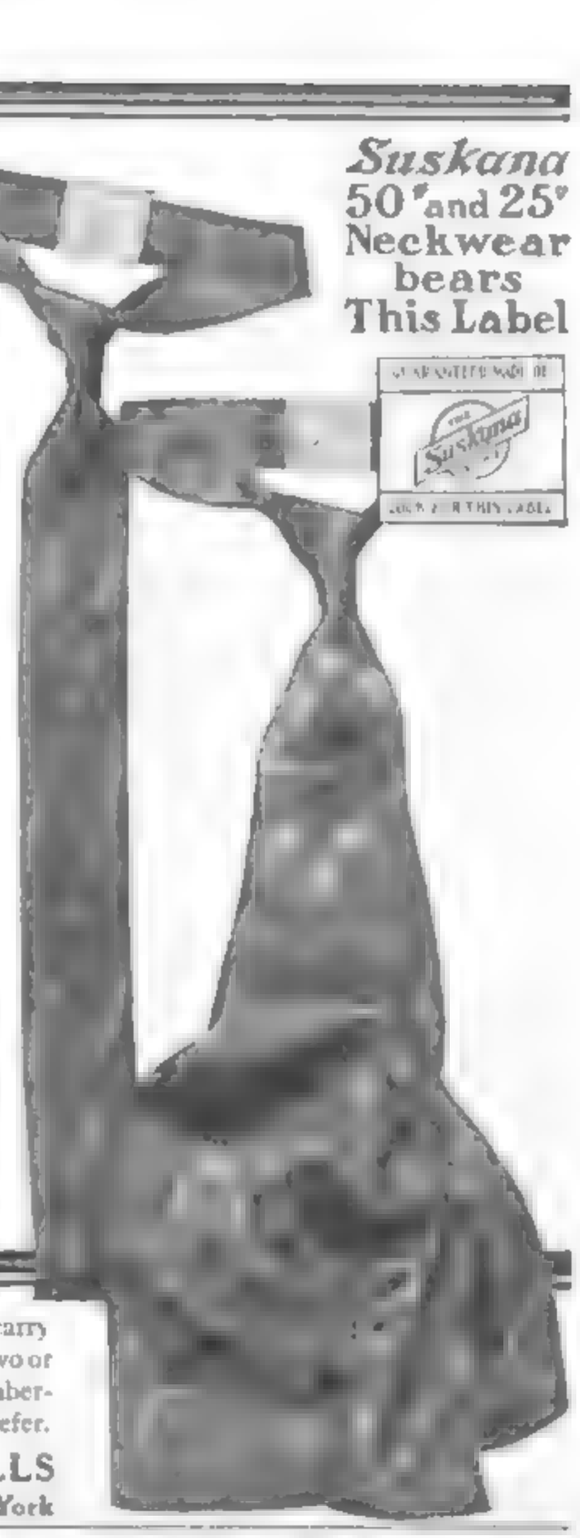

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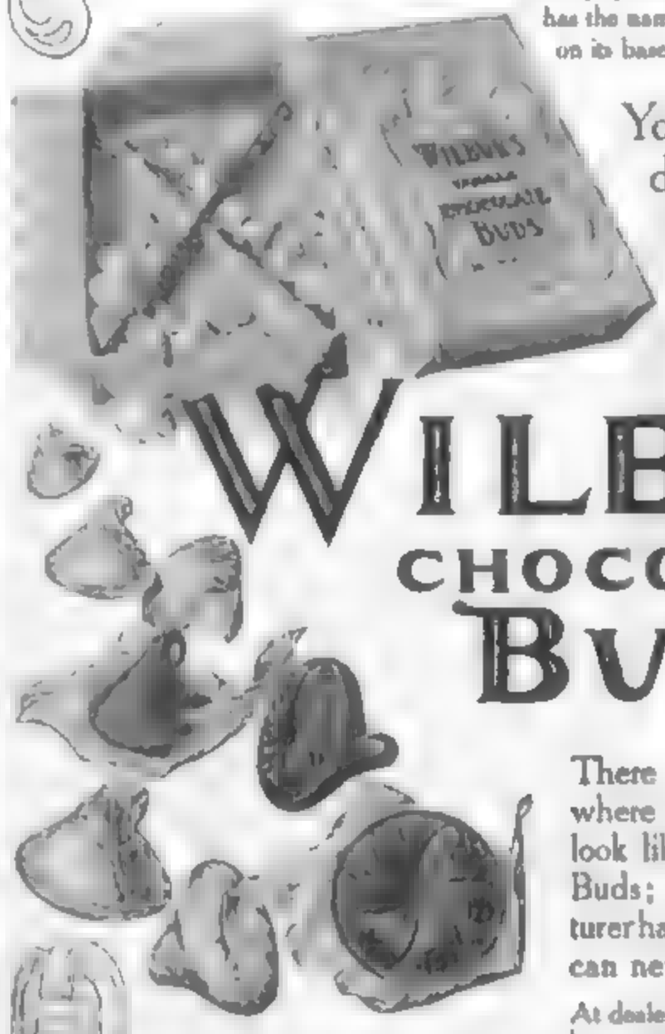

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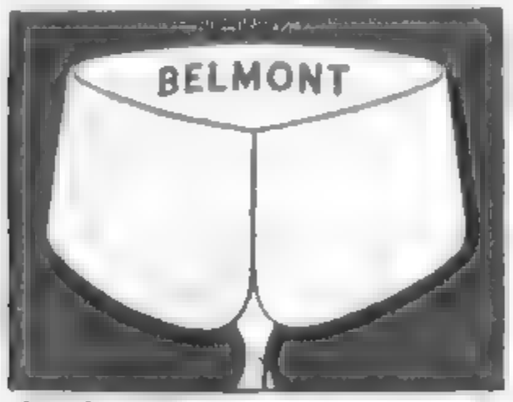

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"Leave it to Bobby," was his counsel. "Mr. Nick didn't blindfold Bobby."

The path ascended the long slope of a hogback. Pine needles covered the slope, and though the doctor dismounted a half-dozen times no path could be seen. But each time, as he stepped into the saddle again, the little horse went forward eagerly.

The hogback ended abruptly. Bobby turned to the left. The trip had seemed so short that now, as the doctor looked into the darkness below him, he could scarcely credit his senses.

"Eastman!" he said. "See below there!"

It was a spot of light.

From then on it was a wild ride. The horses did not leave the steep path; but they stumbled, slid or scrambled for a footing down the whole of the black descent. The doctor kept his eyes on the light. Eastman, divided between joy and fear, shouted out frenziedly toward the nearing shanty.

At the edge of the clearing both men flung themselves out of their saddles, then ran. Eastman led. And as he entered the low door he still hoarsely called: "Laurie! Laurie! Laurie!"

A faint cry answered. It came from beyond the bed, on which lay a quiet form. The doctor reached to shove at the boards forming the blind door. They gave, disclosing a small inner room.

The next moment a little figure in soiled rompers came out of the darkness of the room, toddling unsteadily on bare legs, for the baby stockings were down over worn sandals. Fair hair hung uncombed about a face that was pitifully thin and streaked by tears and dust. The doctor lifted the boy up and swung him out, and the father spread his arms to receive him and caught the child to his breast.

The doctor laid back the rumpled covers of the bed then. "Bill," he said kindly, and began to unbuckle the strap of his case.

"So that's the other one." It was Eastman, on his knees, the child clasped tight.

The doctor laid back the bedcovers very gently. "It was the other one," he answered.

. . . . . .

Midnight, and the lost boy was in his mother's arms, with Eastman hovering beside the two, and the doctor across from him, sitting on his heels, with a baby hand in his big, gentle grasp.

"Doctor, we'll never be able to make it up to you," said the father. "I don't feel that the reward is half enough. But I want you to accept it with our lifelong gratitude." They were in Mrs. Eastman's sitting-room at the hotel. Her husband crossed to a desk.

The doctor stood up, coloring bashfully. "Aw, I can't take money for findin' the little feller," he protested; and when Eastman came back, holding out a slip of paper to him, he shook his head decidedly. "No, sir, I just can't," he declared. Letty entered then, carrying a tray hidden under a napkin. He hastened across the room to take it from her.

"We'll see about this later on," answered Eastman. "You must accept it. And there's another thing I want to offer. You know, Doctor Fowler's been up from San Francisco to look over the Blue Top position. But he won't suit. Do you think he's been worrying about the finding of my boy? Not a bit of it. He's been worrying for fear the bungalow wouldn't be big enough to please his wife. There's one thing I didn't realize the other day, Doc. What we need is a physician that doesn't put on so much style—the kind of a man that can meet any emergency, you understand—take a horse over a trail if it's necessary."

"Yas?" returned the doctor. The tray was still in his hands. And now it began to tremble so that there was a faint clink of glass. He stood looking down at it.

"In fact," went on Eastman, "we need a doctor like you at the mine."

The doctor raised his eyes to the girl standing at Mrs. Eastman's side. And he saw that there was a look of great happiness on her face, like the happiness on the face of the young mother.

"Blue Top!" he said. Then: "Letty, do you think the little shingled house is too small?"

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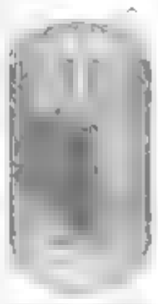

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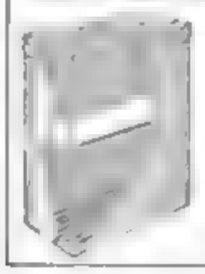

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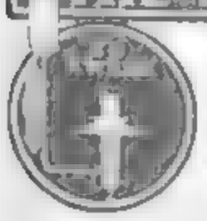

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WHITE MAGIC

Continued from Page 17

thing that can save me from the cold of my life," thought she. Colds were serious matters with her—disfiguring, desperately uncomfortable, slow to take leave. Long before she reached the lower end of the lake she could feel that her dress was a bedraggled wreck, high though she had held it. As she went along the rough shore path she glanced from time to time at the meeting-place on the opposite side. The moon made everything distinct; he was not there. Had it taken her longer to come than she thought, and had he gone? Or had he disregarded her note? Or had he not yet got it? "I don't believe I'll dare come again," she said to herself despondently. But she knew that she would.

She crossed the brook on the stones that fretted it. She reached the place where she could see the grass worn by his working at his easel, the mud of the lake's brim creased by the keel of her canoe. She looked all round, straining her eyes into the dimness under the trees.

"Chang!" she called.

She gazed, listened, waited. "Chang!" she called again, a sob in her voice.

From the deep shadow of the maple tree immediately in front of her came Roger's voice: "Some one is coming toward us in a boat."

"Don't move!" she exclaimed in an undertone. "No matter what happens, don't show yourself. I must speak quickly," she hurried on. "That money you said you had—you must sell out whatever it's invested in and put it in Government bonds—right away. Will you? Promise me!"

"I can't," replied he. "It's in bonds of the Wauchong Railroad, that's just gone into the hands of a receiver."

Beatrice gasped. "Oh!" she cried. But she must not delay. "My father did it," she hurried on, "because he wants to ruin you and drive you out of the country."

Roger laughed quietly. "Don't worry, Rix. I'm all right."

"I've got so much to say. I must see you again ——"

"No. This is good-by. I read about your engagement, and I was glad you had made up your mind to do the sensible thing. I hope you'll be happy—and you will be. I'll send you the picture as a wedding present."

"Chang—don't believe that," cried she imploringly. "I *must* see you. As soon as I can I'll let you know. I'm watched. But I'll give them the slip and ——"

"You'll do nothing stealthy—not with my help," answered he. "I'll not come again ——"

The clash of oar in lock struck both silent. A rowboat glided from the shadows, thrust its nose far up the muddy shore. Beatrice immediately recognized her father the only occupant. He stood up, looking round. He said in a voice of suspiciously-pleasant intonation, "I see Wade hasn't come yet. Well, I'll wait and take you back. The walking's bad—especially in that kind of dress."

Each could see the other's face plainly in that bright moonlight. She showed no more sign of agitation than he, and he was suave. Beatrice spoke. "Yes, I've ruined my dress. And the slippers—they're pulp." She glanced round. "What time is it?"

"Half-past one," he announced, as the result of a look at his watch.

"It's later than I thought. I'm ready to go home now."

"I've plenty of time," protested Richmond.

"No. Let's go. There's nothing to stay for." And she stepped into the boat, steadying herself with a hand on his shoulder as she passed him on her way to sit in the stern. It had been almost necessary that she steady herself somehow in passing him in that rather narrow rowboat. She was hardly conscious that she had touched him; he was touching her as a matter of course, and also his own guiding and steadying hand was on her arm. Yet the incident, apparently so trifling, was in fact most significant in itself and fraught with highly-important consequences. In the first place it showed that, though father and daughter fancied they were hating each other to the uttermost, they in reality were still father and daughter, with at least one strong, uncleft bond of sympathy through the recognition by each

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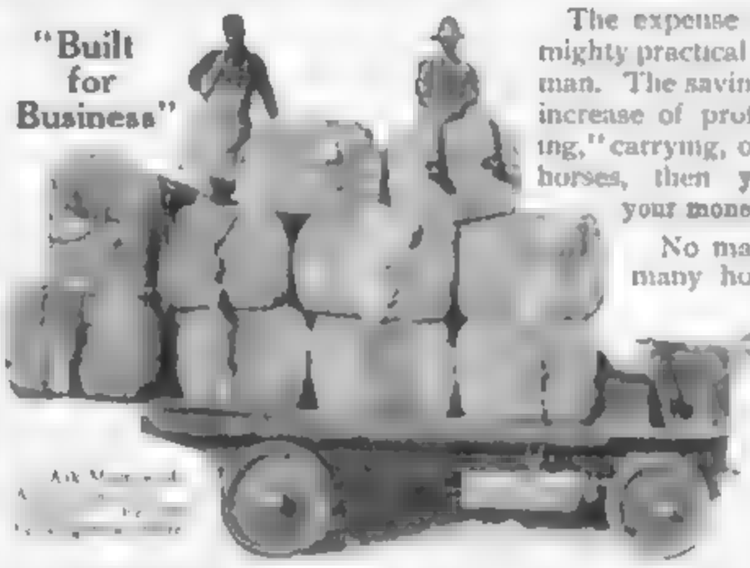

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in the other of qualities both intensely admired—for two people who deeply hate do not touch each other except in anger. Also, it altered their immediate relationship; it softened the animosities that were raging for utterance in each, and made it impossible for the quarrel that was bound to come to be of exactly the same complexion—of the same peculiar character it would have taken had they not touched each other.

When she was seated he pushed off and disposed himself at the oars. He kept to the middle of the lake, where the light was clear and strong. They had not gone many yards on that water journey of three miles before her father said: "You wanted to tell him what I warned you I would do?"

"Yes."

"And then you intended to break your promise to me?"

"No. I made no promise—not in so many words. But I was going to stand by the engagement. Peter has become repulsive to me, but—any man would be equally so. And I might as well marry and have done with."

"A few years from now," said her father, "you will thank me for having saved you from your folly."

She dropped her hand into the water. The moonbeams glistened on her yellow hair, on her smooth, young face and neck.

"You ought to have known," pursued her father, "that I would not have told you I would ruin Wade unless it was impossible for him to escape. I have put his investments in such a position that I can wipe them out or not, according as you are foolish or sensible."

She glanced up for an instant. Then he was not so guilty as she had thought—that is, *perhaps* he was not.

"You say you didn't intend to break the engagement," he went on. "Why, then, did you come here tonight?"

"Because you had made it impossible for me to let him know in any other way."

"You could have written. I've no control over the mails."

"I didn't want to put on paper—such a thing—about—my father."

Richmond rowed in silence for full ten minutes. Then he said, and the note of affection was fully as strong in his voice as the note of suspicion: "Was that your only reason?"

"I thought so," replied she. "I realize now that I also wanted to see him—to see if there was any hope."

"You'd feel fine—wouldn't you—if you made a fool of yourself with this man and then found out that he was already married?"

The change in her expression was apparent even in that misleading light. During the long silence he saw that she was revolving his sinister suggestion. He took his time before going on in a calm, deliberate tone: "We know nothing about him—except that he is a man you, in your right senses, would never think of marrying."

"That is true," replied she, "if you mean by right senses the sort of girl I was brought up to be."

"The sort of girl you *are*," said he with gentle emphasis.

She looked at him with her old-time, gay mockery. "You've decided to take a different tack with me, I see."

Richmond met smile with smile—and it was from him that she had got the peculiar charm of her smile. "I admit I've been blundering," said he. "My eagerness to have you do what was best for you blinded my judgment. And it was very exasperating to see you rushing headlong into a folly you'd repent all your life. It's hard for an older person to remember how inexperienced youth is, and to be patient. But I'll try to do better. . . . I sent your mother to see whether you were in your room. I don't know why I did it. I've got instincts that have saved me in tight places many a time. She went, came back—said you were there. But she can't deceive me face to face. She has learned that I scent a lie like a terrier a rat. So, I went myself. When I saw you were gone it sobered me." He said these things in a thoroughly human way, sincerely, simply—himself as he was for the daughter he loved.

"I'd like to be able to—to do as you wish, father," said she with gentleness. "But when I told you ——"

"Let's not discuss that now," he interrupted. "Tomorrow, perhaps. Not now."

Another silence, with the girl rapidly softening toward her father her always indulgent father, and she, the recently worldly, could appreciate his point of view—why, at times, her own new point of view seemed an aberration in a dream. She said: "Have you reason to think he is—is married?"

"So have you."

"He never told me—never hinted such a thing."

"Did he ever tell you he was not married?"

"Certainly not." Beatrice laughed aloud. "I never told him I was not married."

"You say you asked him to marry you?"

"Yes—I did."

"And you say he refused?"

"He refused absolutely. He laughed at the idea that I really cared for him. If you could have heard, father! That's why it'd be unjust for you to blame him. It was every bit my fault."

"Why did he refuse to marry you?" her father asked calmly.

"Because he did not care, I suppose."

"What reason did he give?"

"He didn't think it would be good for his career. He —— Oh, he had a lot of reasons. They didn't seem to me to amount to much, for, of course, everybody wants to get married, and expects to, some time. That was why I—hoped."

"Don't you think he may have been evading—didn't want to tell you the real reason?"

Her father's calm, searching insistence, free from anger or malice, friendly toward her, not unjust to Roger—it began to agitate her, to fill her with vague doubts and fears. "But if he had that reason," urged she, "he could have ended everything at once by telling me."

"Unless he had a reason for silence," replied Richmond. And with quiet acuteness he explained: "Maybe he's trying to get rid of his wife so that he'll be free to accept you—and the fortune he thinks goes with you."

"You're trying to prejudice me against him!" cried the girl, all in a turmoil over this subtle attack, which seemed to come as much from within as from without.

But her father was equal to this emergency. "If you intend to keep your engagement," said he, "if you have no hope of being accepted by this young man you know nothing about—you wish to be prejudiced against him—don't you, Beatrice?"

There seemed to be no effective answer to this shrewdness.

"Yes, I do want to prejudice you against him," continued Richmond. "I want you to wake up to the fact that you've been doing all these foolish, compromising things for a man about whom you know absolutely nothing."

"I'm *sure* he's not married!" exclaimed Beatrice with over-emphasis.

"Maybe not," was her father's unruffled reply. "But it does look exceedingly strange—doesn't it?—that a girl like you should be refused by a poor nobody—for no reason."

"He is honest and independent," replied Beatrice strongly—but not so strongly as she wished. "He wouldn't marry me unless he loved me."

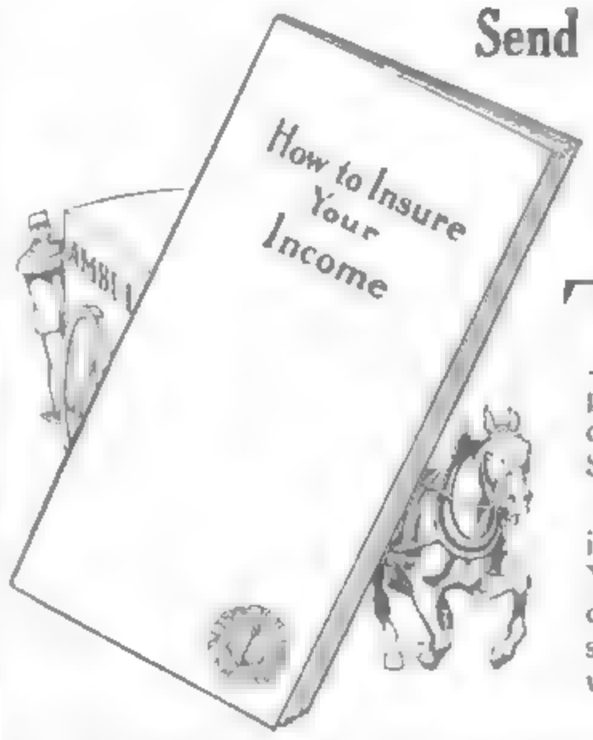
"But I should think," subtly suggested Richmond, "it would be—well, not so very hard for a man to fall in love with a girl who had so many advantages."

Beatrice's vanity lined up strongly behind her worldly common-sense in conceding plausibility—and more—to this suggestion. She laughed, but she was impressed.

When they were near the house her father said good-humoredly: "Will you take me in the way you came out? I've told Pinney not to turn on the alarms until I come out of my study—where he thinks I am."

So, father and daughter reëntered Red Hill by stealth, getting a lot of fun out of the adventure—and separating at her door with a good, old-fashioned, old-time hug and kiss.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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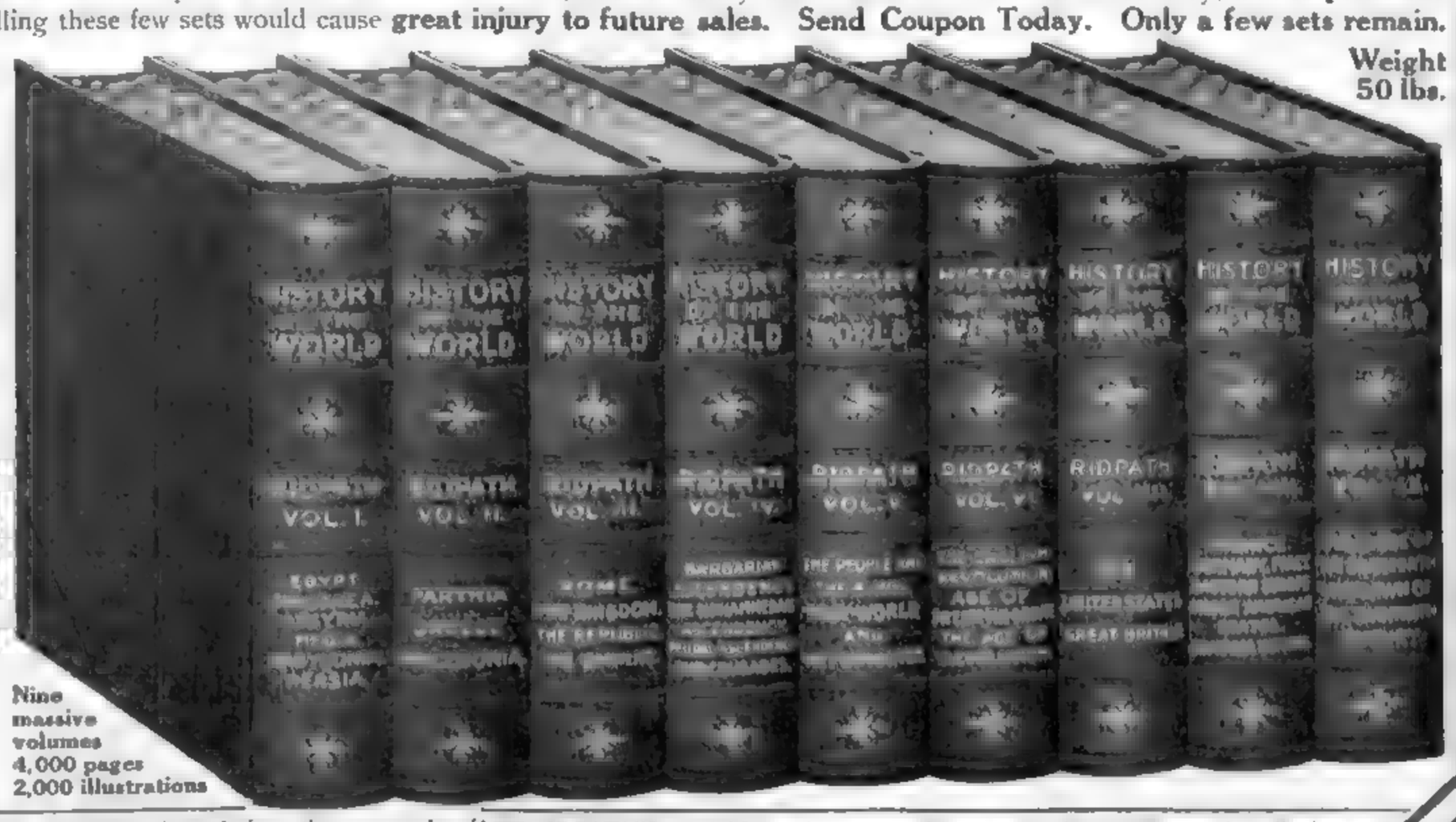

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DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE AND HIS BUDGET

(Continued from Page 3)

bill becomes law in due course. If they do not accept the amendments, and if the bill is one of great importance—as, for instance, the late Education bill or the Licensing bill—there is a conference between the two Houses and a compromise arrived at if possible. In the cases I have mentioned, and others, compromise has proved impossible, and the bills were lost.

This is naturally very irritating to the party in power, for they claim to be, and are, the people's representatives, whereas the Lords are in a position to kill legislation merely through the accident of birth. Yet it has happened on more than one occasion that the Lords made a more accurate shot at public opinion than did the House of Commons. This was conspicuously shown in the case of the Irish Home Rule bill passed by the Government of Mr. Gladstone and thrown out by the House of Lords. The people supported the action of the House of Lords and voted Mr. Gladstone out of office.

It is one of the complaints of the Liberal party that the Lords reject Liberal legislation, while, when a Tory Government is in power, they allow everything to pass. A Liberal Prime Minister might remedy this, upon his taking office, by creating enough peers selected from the Liberal party to overcome the Tory majority among the Lords, for it is the ruling Government that has the power to create peers. Why, then, does not an incoming Liberal Government do this? It is largely on account of the influence of haberdashery to which I have referred. When you place on the shoulders of a Liberal the gorgeous cloak of nobility, and set upon his head the golden coronet, he from that moment begins to turn Tory. Practically all the men whom Gladstone made peers are now Conservatives.

The Song of the Liberals

Then why do not the Liberals tackle the subject squarely and "mend or end the Lords," as was the political cry in Gladstone's reign, for a procession carried a banner through London, inscribed rather cleverly with the Scriptural phrase (less an apostrophe): "The Lords will be done." Why, then, in all these years, have the Liberals not "done" the Lords? Simply because the Liberal leaders have learned that the country really doesn't want the Lords abolished. The mighty Gladstone himself could not mend or end them, so it seems unlikely that the much smaller men of today can succeed in a task that baffled the Grand Old Man.

As long as it is in human nature to pay good money in order to see a circus, why should the English abolish the Lords, whose pageantry is undeniably spectacular and who perform their parts for nothing? And here, I think, the Liberals are using doubtful tactics in making their coming contest a fight against the Lords instead of a fight for the budget.

At the moment these lines are written the Lords are still debating the fate of the budget, and that fate will not be decided until this manuscript is half way across the ocean in the Lusitania. Now, last night in London there was an outside and an inside show at the House of Lords. Five thousand people with brass bands were roaring outside the House of Lords, singing more or less out of tune to that inspiring air, Marching Through Georgia, the new land song, which begins:

The Land! The Land! 'Twas God who gave the Land!
The Land! The Land! The ground on which we stand!
Why should we be beggars, with the Ballot in our hand?
"God gave the Land to the People"!

Inside the House of Lords the proceedings were stopped, not by the tumult outside but by the invisible entrance of the King. You knew the King was present because they had taken the covering off the throne. I now quote from this morning's daily paper so that you may see the spectacle through the eyes of one of the reporters present:

"Again the stage was elaborately set. The throne had been uncovered, and the gorgeous, gilded chairs of the King and Queen gave a further touch of splendor to the scarlet groundwork of the Chamber. The unveiling of the throne arose from a ceremonial prefacing the budget debate. Black Rod summoned the Commons to hear read out his Majesty's consent to various Bills. The Lord Chancellor, in his robes, with a Peer on either side of him, was seated in front of the throne, and on the arrival of the Speaker the Clerk of Parliament, in wig and gown, standing at the table, gave to every Bill as it was read out the King's assent in old Norman French: '*Le Roy le veult.*'"

There follows in the newspaper a long list of the peeresses and distinguished persons present.

Although there is no definite declaration on the point, it is conceded by all parties that the Lords have no power to meddle with a money bill; where taxes are concerned the Upper House can neither add nor subtract. The authorities, however, are rather divided on the question whether the House of Lords has the right to reject a Finance bill sent up from the Commons.

The present Lord Chancellor says they have not this right; his predecessor in that high office says that they have. What, then, have the Lords done with Lloyd-George's Finance bill? Here, in a very few words, is the nub of the matter, and I doubt if ever so much of moment to England has been crowded in so short a space. This single sentence may cause a revolution. It is Lord Lansdowne's motion which the Lords are now debating:

"That this House is not justified in giving its consent to this bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country."

You will see by this that they have not attempted to amend the bill, nor have they rejected it. The Finance bill lies there till the people of England, by their votes, have decided whether they wish it to become law or not. The whole situation is as topsyturvy as one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas. It is the Lords who are appealing to the people, while the Liberal party, which is shouting that the people must rule, is doing everything it can to avoid meeting the voters at the polls.

Lloyd-George, in effect, says to the people:

"You are being flouted through your representatives by the House of Lords."

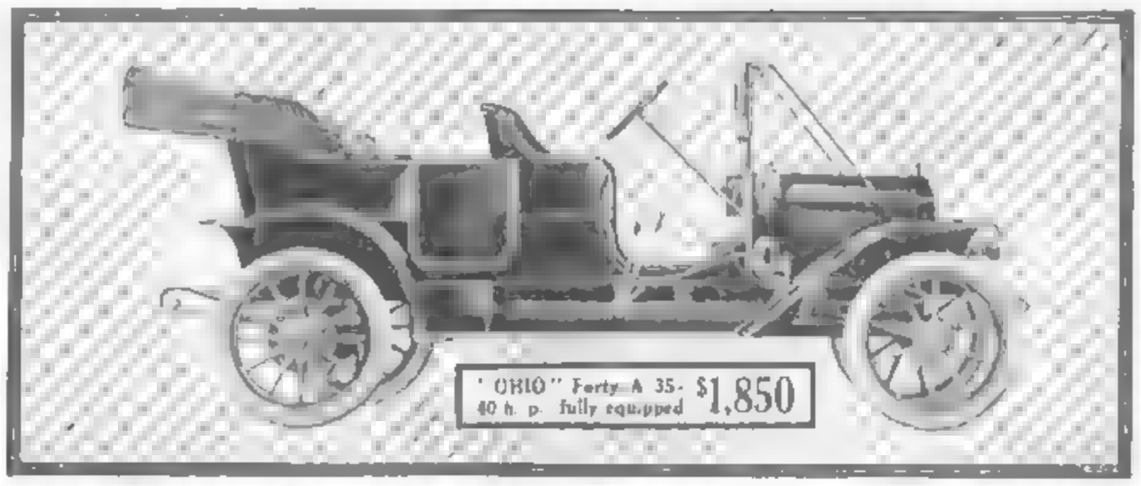
The Lords, in effect, reply:

"How can this be, when all we desire to know is what your wishes are, so that we may accept or reject this bill when you tell us whether you want it accepted or rejected?"

Now a few words about the budget itself. What is in it that has caused the House of Lords to stake its very existence upon a popular appeal when it might so easily have shrugged its shoulders and allowed the bill to pass?

A New Domesday Book

In the first place, Lloyd-George seems to have practiced the trick of a crossroads lawyer upon their lordships. Since he became Chancellor of the Exchequer the Commons passed two bills which were rejected by the House of Lords. One was a Land bill and the other a Licensing bill. Heretofore, when the Lords rejected a bill, that bill was considered dead until an appeal to the country could be made, when, if the bill was important enough, it formed a plank in the Government platform, and if the Government won the bill was again sent up to the House of Lords, and that body then always accepted it. On this occasion the cleverness of the lawyer came in, and he incorporated the two rejected bills in his budget, which the House of Lords dare not touch. He also put into the budget what was practically an order for a new Domesday Book. He had an old enough precedent for this, for we read that in 1085 William the Conqueror gave an order for a survey to be made of all the land in the kingdom. The commissioners sent out for this purpose were to inquire into the extent of land in each district, whether it was wood, pasture, meadow or arable land.



"Little" Details of Construction that Show Whether the Car You Buy Has Been Skimped

IT pays "to get down to brass tacks." The "little" details of motor car construction are never explained and brought out for your inspection on cars that have been skimped—but they are important and **you should hunt for them.**

Here are some of the "little things" that you will find in the OHIO ($1,850, fully equipped). You will also find them in cars that cost two or three thousand more. They are the ear marks of high grade construction.

Look for them in any car before you buy.

Cooling Fan, *six* blades, aluminum (not tin or sheet steel) made in *one piece*. **Ball-bearings,** *imported* F. & S. balls throughout. **Brakes,** all run to equalizers. **Brake Rods,** *Bessemer* steel, 5-16 inch in diameter. **Steering Reach and Rods,** *extra* heavy and strong, joints of spring end reach *protected with leather housings*. **Steering Gear,** irreversible. **Levers,** drop forged, or crucible steel. **Radiator,** genuine *Mercedes* type; ledge of radiator and hood *laced with rawhide* to prevent rattling. **Ignition Cables,** made oil and moisture proof by encasing in *extra conduit*. **Spring Bolts,** case hardened, with *grease cups* in ends. **Oilers and Grease Cups,** provided for *every* part needing lubrication. **Muffler,** extra *length* deadened with *asbestos packing*. **Gasoline Tank,** extra *large* and *heavy*, *tinned* inside and out. **Starting Crank,** drop forged, grip *of hard rubber*. **Rubber Bumpers** on front springs, highest grade ("A") rubber. **Heavy Jump Straps,** on rear springs. **Steering Wheel,** 18 inches in diameter with *aluminum* spider attached to [illegible] mast jacket. **Fenders,** extra *width*, [illegible] *continuous* guards and visors. **Crank and Transmission Cases,** made of aluminum. **Assembly,** castellated nuts and cotter pins throughout.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

Unit Power Plant, [illegible] Engine, [illegible] Transmission—[illegible] active type; 3-plate clutch. **Frame,** straight line, cold rolled steel, channel section. **Wheelbase,** 115 inches. **Wheels,** 34x4, artillery pattern, Q. D. rims. **Axles,** double channel section steel front full floating rear. **Springs,** semi-elliptic front and rear, very long. **Brakes,** two sets, internal-expanding. **Steering Gear,** irreversible, screw and nut type. **Ignition,** dual system, magneto and battery. **Body,** metal, 5 passenger. **Equipment,** fine cape top, automatic wind shield, speedometer, foot-rail, coat-rail, two search lights, two side lamps, tail lamp, gas generator, large horn, tool kit, foot pump, jack and tire repair kit. Same chassis specifications apply to all six models.

Send for CATALOG "P" and list of Agencies

OHIO

The OHIO Motor Car Co.
Members American Motor Car Mfrs. Ass'n
Elmwood Station Cincinnati, Ohio

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Taste—Richness—Sweetness

Adjectives can't describe the pleasant flavor of Velvet.

It is made of the choicest Burley leaf, carefully mellowed and cured by a slow process. An expensive one too, but one that brings out every atom of exquisiteness. Its mild, nut-like flavor will make it your favorite. One trial will convince you.

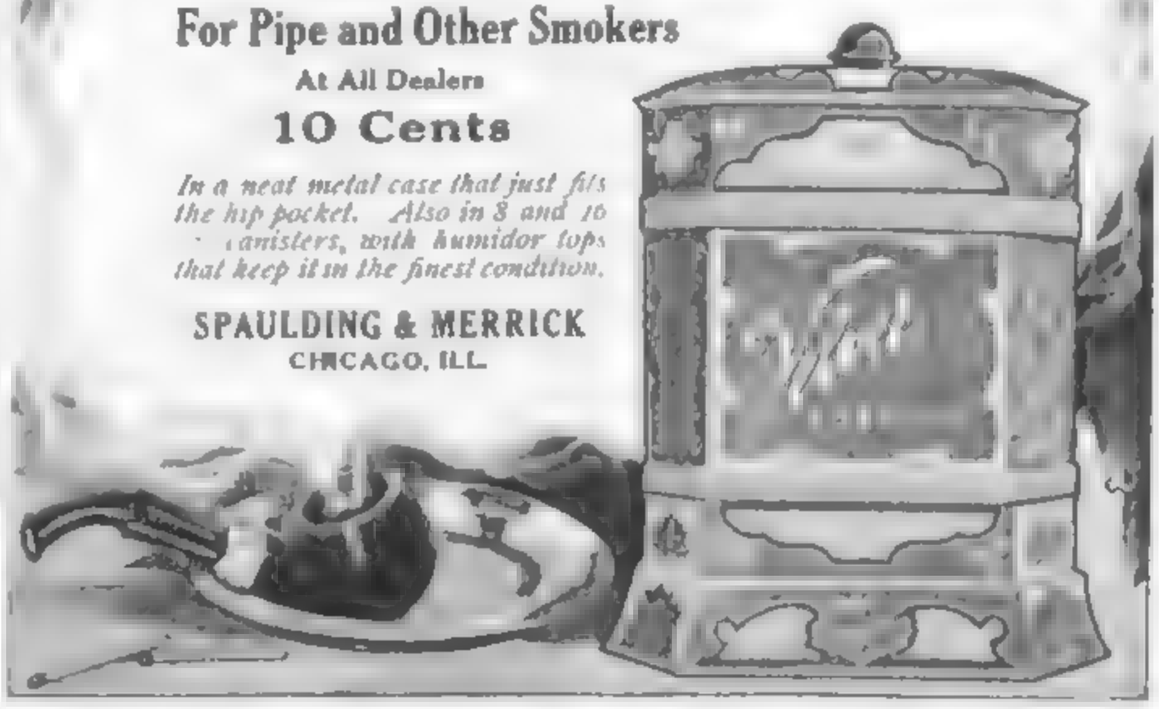
For Pipe and Other Smokers

At All Dealers

10 Cents

In a neat metal case that just fits the hip pocket. Also in 8 and 16 canisters, with humidor tops that keep it in the finest condition.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
CHICAGO, ILL.



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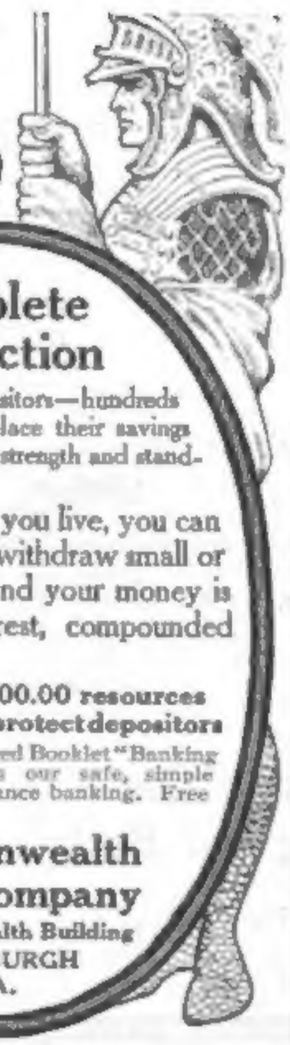

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No matter where you live, you can safely deposit and withdraw small or large amounts. And your money is earning 4% interest, compounded twice a year.

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Our beautiful illustrated Booklet "Banking by Mail" explains our safe, simple method of long distance banking. Free for the asking.

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Don't fail to get the Corning Egg-Book

which tells how two men make a profit of over

$12,000 a year from a small egg-farm

(See S. E. Post of Dec. 18th)

Send only **$1** for the Corning Egg-Book and the **Farm Journal for FIVE YEARS.** It is the standard farm, home, and poultry paper, with 600,000 subscribers.

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The only modern *Sanitary* Steel Medicine Cabinet or Locker.
Handsome beveled mirror door. Snow white, everlasting enamel, inside and out.

FOR YOUR BATHROOM

Costs less than wood and is better. Should be in every bathroom. Is dust, germ and vermin proof and easily cleaned with warm water.

Made in four styles and three sizes.
Price $7.00 and up.
Send for illustrated circular.

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Makers of the Hess Steel Furnace. Sold on Approval. Free Booklet.

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Surplus funds in any amounts can be invested conveniently, satisfactorily and safely in our Certificates of Deposit yielding 6% per annum.

Write for booklet "S."

THE FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

Madam, you need never sweep nor dust again—

Rugs and furniture not disturbed—***every particle*** of dust and dirt quickly removed—and ***all germs***—with the

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

Five sizes: $40, $65, $95, $115, $125. Hand-power machine $50.

For detailed particulars see our large ad. in THE POST for Jan. 28th—or, write today for catalogue.

Duntley Mfg. Co.
434 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

ascertain its value and set down the number of people who lived upon it. This Domesday Book, nearly a thousand years old, reposes in the Public Record Office just off Fleet Street, within sound of the hum of the newspaper presses.

It is quite admitted that this new Domesday Book will cost a large sum of money to produce and that it will not in the immediate future put much money into the Treasury. But indeed, Mr. Lloyd-George makes no secret of the object of this new inquisition. He, like William the Conqueror, intends to capture the land and bring into operation the theories of another George—the late Henry George, of New York. The Socialists all hail this first step in land nationalization with joy. They call it the entering wedge. The House of Lords does not believe that the people of England desire Socialism, therefore they refuse their assent to the bill until the people have been consulted.

On January 17 Lloyd-George will celebrate his forty-seventh birthday, and just about that time will begin the general election that will have such far-reaching results. Lloyd-George is so talented a man that I don't believe even a crushing defeat will keep him under for very long. He is young and can bide his time. But for two very important factors in English political life the coming election will be a life-or-death struggle. The only thing that can save the Liberal party is defeat, and when I say the Liberal party I mean the party of Gladstone, of John Bright, of Lord Goschen and Sir William Harcourt of the past, and Premier Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane and Lord Morley of the present—the historic Liberal party that has done so much for English liberty.

These four members of the present Government have been dragged at the chariot wheels of the strenuous Lloyd-George into an *impasse* that they never contemplated. The victory, if there is one, will be a Lloyd-George victory, and he will be the next Premier. The moderate Liberals will undoubtedly leave the party as they left Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question. The House of Lords will be destroyed, and some sort of elective second chamber will be substituted.

If, on the other hand, the Conservatives win, the Liberal party as it is today will break up into half a dozen groups; the Lloyd-Georgeites cursing the coldness of the moderate Liberals, and the moderate Liberals maledicting Lloyd-George for leading them down into defeat. The moderate Liberal party will then purge itself of Socialism, and may in time get into power again.

Lloyd-George has a pleasant home in the pleasant Welsh coast town of Criccieth—please remember that "c" is pronounced "k" in Welsh. From his back door he can look out on the Snowdon range, and in the bay in front of him rises a little mountain, on the top of which stands an ancient ruined castle. In the reign of King Henry III there lived in this castle a Welsh King named David. David imprisoned in the castle a Prince by the name of Gryffydd. It may be mentioned that "dd" in Welsh is pronounced "th," and that in the course of centuries this ancient name has come to be Griffith. Now, Gryffydd was related to all the Lords round about, and they demanded that David should release him, but David curtly told the nobility to go to thunder. The Lords appealed to the King of England, who in turn applied for Gryffydd's release and was refused. Henry III thereupon said to the nobility:

"Get together your bowmen and spearmen. I have summoned an army to meet me at Gloucester, and we will smoke out this jailer of Criccieth Castle."

When David saw the armies approach he said:

"Don't shoot; I'll come down."

So, Prince Gryffydd was handed over to the English.

I wonder if the Right Honorable Lloyd-George ever cogitates on this ancient historical event as he gazes at the old castle from his front yard. Not likely, for there is no lack of confidence and courage in his composition. More probably he hums to himself the Welsh ballad:

"He fled to his hall pillars,
And ere our force we led off
Some sacked his house and cellars
While others cut his head off.
We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle
And the head of him who owned them."

ALL-WOOL CLOTHES

THERE are four different kinds of clothes for men; all sold at the same range of prices. Which kind do you want?

No. 1—Ready-made, of cotton-mixed fabrics.
No. 2—Ready-made, of all-wool fabrics.
No. 3—Made-to-measure, of cotton-mixed fabrics.
***Or*—No. 4—*Made-to-measure, of all-wool* fabrics.**

The prices being the same, you naturally pick No. 4. Because you know that clothes made to your measure fit you better than ready-made. Because you know that all-wool gives better service than cotton-mixed.

If you want the No. 4 kind of clothes, at the same prices you've been paying for No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3—here is the way to get them: Write us for the name of our representative in your town or locality. He has (ready to show you *now*) our full line of Spring-1910 fabrics—hundreds of them—*every one all-pure-wool.* The prices for suit or overcoat, made to your own individual measure, under a guaranty of perfect satisfaction, are $17.50 to $35.

TO-YOUR-MEASURE

Above is a reproduction of our big Book of Samples and Fashionplates. The finest tailoring representative in your town has this Book.

We Make a Specialty of Tailoring for *Young* Men

When you look at our fashion-pictures, you'll see what a tremendous feature we make of styles especially designed for college men and others who demand the more extreme effects. These young men's styles of ours are refreshingly different—they haven't that freakishness found in some ready-made clothing.

Our booklet, entitled "*Made-to-Measure and All-Wool*," illustrates and describes the clothes that are produced in our great tailor-shops in Cincinnati. We send this booklet for the asking—and it's worth asking for. A postal card request will bring it to you. Write today.

Clarence Mayer & Co., Dept. B, Cincinnati, Ohio

MAYER-CINCINNATI

***The* Car of Refinement**

When we first planned to build Rauch & Lang Electrics, the policy was to build the best car on the market regardless of its cost to the buyer.

And we've held to this rule ever since; yet the prices we ask are no more than some cars of lesser grade cost.

Each individual body represents 3 months' work of a master carriage craftsman. We have made carriages for over 57 years in Cleveland.

We build for particular people. Our Electric is perfection mechanically.

Safe for Women and Children

Any woman can run the car safely.

All the power and a strong brake are controlled through one simple lever.

The car can't possibly start 'til this lever is first in the neutral position.

Yet all power can be shut off instantly with the lever in any position. The car is accident-proof.

It's a wonderful car for hilly cities. It will go as far on one charge as you will ever care to ride in a day. [26]

The highest type of Exide Batteries are used—noted for their extreme ruggedness.

In fact there isn't a car made to compare with the Rauch & Lang.

Cut out the memo to send for the catalog. See if you know of a car that is half so exquisite as this. We have dealers in all the principal cities.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.
2219 West 25th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send your catalog and name of your local agent.

Name _____
Address _____
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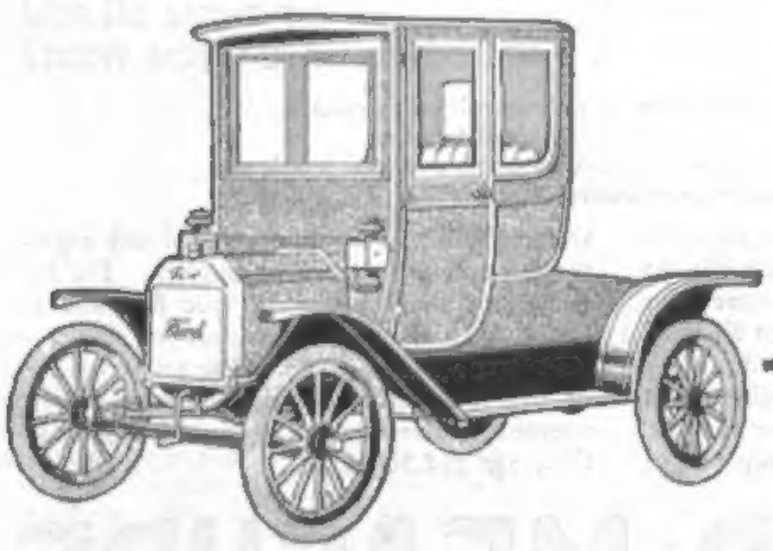
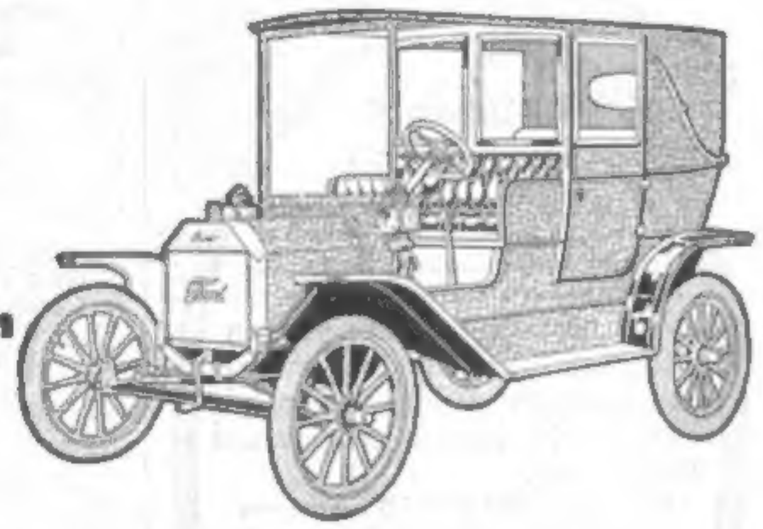
Facts From Ford



For the Ford Owner
Bad weather is Automobile weather



This Coupé . . . $1050.00
Touring Car Body . 125.00
Two cars for . . . $1175.00

This Town Car . . $1200.00
Touring Car Body . 125.00
Two cars for . . . $1325.00

The owner of a Ford Coupé or Town Car keeps dry on a wet day, keeps warm in cold weather, is on time when the street car is late, makes as good time through slush, mud and snow as he cares to make when streets are clean, in fact has all the good weather advantages of an automobile in the worst sort of weather and instead of paying two or three thousand dollars for the privilege, he pays Ford little more than the price of the average runabout.

On a stormy morning this car quickly takes its owner dry shod to his office while the man on the street car gets his feet wet walking to the corner, gets chilled to the bone waiting for the car, stands up and is jostled by the crowd all the way down town and gets into his office in a frame of mind that isn't conducive to good business judgment.

At noon our business man steps into his Ford Coupé and is soon home where a warm lunch is ready. The less fortunate man, who would be an owner if he really appreciated how big a value the Ford really is, either goes without a lunch or gets cold and wet walking over to the restaurant. Then he gets the lunch, also a cold, likewise a bad temper.

In the evening after the car has taken him home dry and warm, there's the trip to the theater or the social affair. The discomforts of a stormy, wet, cold day are multiplied after sun down. No matter how disagreeable the weather, how blockaded the streets, how near zero the thermometer, the Model "T" Coupé or Town Car quickly carries you and your family or guests, landing you warm and dry and with clothes unspoiled right at the door of your destination.

During the day, this closed car "fits in" in a number of ways. The town car, for instance, takes the children to school, then is used for a shopping trip, in the afternoon is called upon for a round of social calls. It will often save, in Doctor bills, in clothes kept dry and clean and in time saved, more than its entire cost.

The busy Doctor is greatly benefited by this low priced enclosed car. He makes his calls quickly, extends the radius of territory in which he can practice, loses less time between calls and in emergency cases gets from his office to his patients in the time otherwise required waiting on the corner for a street car. A physician's patients ought to insist on his owning a Model "T" Coupé. Their welfare demands it.

To afford a comparison of prices. Here's this Ford Town Car for $1200.00. Add to that price the salary of a man to drive and care for the car for two years. Add to that the total maintenance cost for the same period and the result, the entire cost of car, of driver and of upkeep, is less than the purchase price asked for the average limousine that isn't one whit more serviceable than the low priced, high quality Model "T."

Next spring you may want an open car, a touring car or a roadster. This same town car or coupé that has been doing splendid service all winter now starts on a summer campaign. The closed body is interchangeable with any of three of the open type of body. $125.00 buys a 5-passenger touring car body, an hour's labor makes the transfer and the coupé is put away until next winter.

And mind you this—the Model "T" isn't a dinky runabout equipped with a crowded coupé or town car body. It's a roomy, commodious, well proportioned and built automobile. Its motive power is a four cylinder 20 h. p. engine—more power in proportion to its weight than any "30" made. It has a unit, 3-point suspended, power plant, is shaft driven through one universal joint, has left hand control so that the driver and passengers step directly from car to curb. In spite of the long wheel base—100 inches—the car will turn in a 28 foot circle. In short, it isn't a little car at a little price, it is a big car at a little price.

We have some territory open for good dealers, if interested, write right now.

BRANCHES
Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
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Cleveland
Dallas
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Detroit
Houston
Kansas City

The Model T
Roadster $900.00
Tourabout 950.00
includes full equipment

Prompt delivery assured on 1910 cars
Phone, write or call for a demonstration
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The Model T
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Ford Motor Company

Compare This Car With Any Other

Every point of excellence in any car at any price you will find equalled or bettered in the Speedwell "50"—and many features found in no other car.

This wonderful value of the 1910 Speedwell "50" at $2500 is the result of **concentration.**

Our sole aim is to build the best car regardless of price. Quality is the first thing insisted upon. We then devote our entire facilities—our complete equipment, our great buying power, to making this price the lowest possible—by **concentrating on this one car.**

The Speedwell represents the finest possible quality, made at the greatest possible economy of production. It is a car which appeals to everyone for its mechanical excellence and perfection of detail, a car that satisfies the most critical as to power, quietness, comfort and luxurious appointments.

A Great Saving on the Tires

It is not the actual weight of the car so much as the *unsprung weight*, that is, weight not mounted on the springs, that grinds the life out of the tires and racks the motor.

The rear axle is not mounted on the springs, its weight rests directly on the tires.

In the Speedwell rear axle there is not an ounce of unnecessary weight. This is accomplished by the use of a one piece drawn housing instead of the usual construction built up from castings.

A heavy rear axle actually leaves the ground when running over inequalities in road surface. The engine momentarily races and the return impact grinds the tires and strains the motor.

In the Speedwell rear axle this evil is reduced to a minimum.

Every constructional detail of the Speedwell has been brought to equal perfection.

Ample in Size and Power

Every part of the car is of ample proportion and designed for the maximum of comfort and convenience. The Speedwell wheel base is 121 inches. The motor is four cylinder with 5 inch bore and stroke which we rate at 50 horse power—by actual brake test all Speedwell motors are developing in excess of 50 horse power.

Thorough Lubrication

The motor lubrication is self-contained in the sub-base of the crank case, efficient under all conditions and engine speeds, and requiring almost no attention. Lubrication amply provided for in every moving part and frictional surface throughout the car.

Safety in the Brakes

Two sets of brakes with unburnable linings make this car absolutely safe on the steepest grade. Actually one square inch of braking surface to each seven pounds of car; a proportion not found in any other large car.

Materials in the Car

The finest of steel best suited to the requirements of each part are used after the most rigid tests and inspection. The frame is pressed from special carbon steel and toughened by heat treatment.

The transmission gears are of Halcombe Vanadium steel, the drive throughout of chrome nickel steel.

Timken roller bearings are used in transmission, axles and steering knuckles.

Comfort

The springs are semi-elliptic—wide, long and almost flat, extremely flexible and easy riding. Improved torsion tubes and radius rods absorb all driving shocks and still further contribute to riding comfort.

Economy in Maintenance

Large tires, perfect proportion and distribution of weight, and working harmony of all parts make the Speedwell the most economical of all cars to maintain. Many Speedwell owners testify to five thousand miles of service with a total repair and tire expense of from $1 to $3.

Other Details

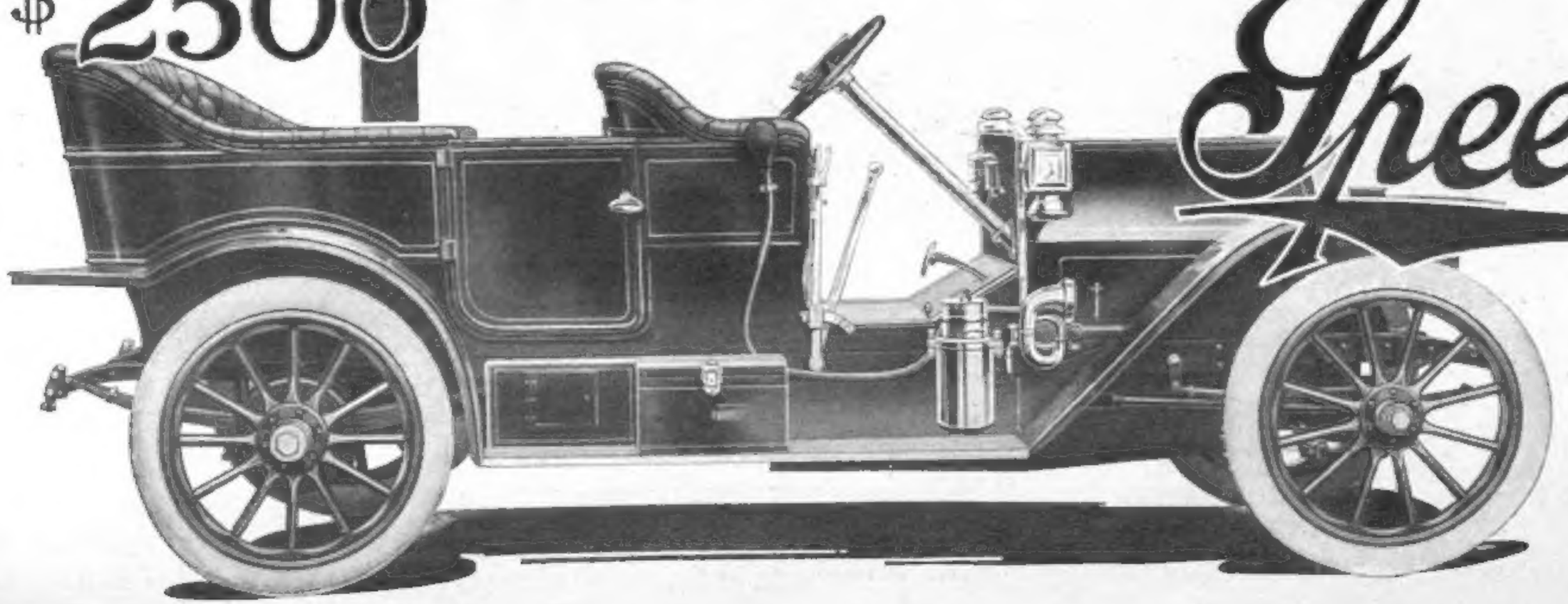
Tires 36 in. x 4 in. front and rear on all but seven passenger models which have 36 in. x 4½ in. tires.

Bosch dual ignition.

Cooling by cellular radiator, never overheating.

Finished in five passenger Touring, Close Coupled, Toy Tonneau and Semi-Racer Roadster at $2500. Modified Torpedo and seven passenger Touring at $2650. All completely equipped except top. Limousine at $3850.

$2500



Speedwell "50"

Fill out attached coupon and mail today. Arrange for a Speedwell demonstration. No test is too severe for the Speedwell. The more rigorous the test the better the demonstration of unfailing superiority.

The Speedwell Motor Car Co., 41 Essex Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Please mail me your new 1910 catalog, showing the constructional advantages incorporated in the 1910 Speedwell cars.

Name .....

Address .....

The Speedwell Motor Car Co. Dayton, Ohio

Oldsmobile 12th Year

LUXURY in a Limousine
means more than fine upholstery
and plate glass . . . Easy springs, tires of adequate
size and a quiet, powerful motor are essential elements.

Neither the essentials nor the refinements are lacking here; — luxury in an Oldsmobile is all that you have imagined possible in a motor car.

"Special" Four Cylinder "Limited" Six Cylinder

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

MEMBERS ASSOCIATION LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS